THE

Fourth Volume

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. Thomas Brown,

Which Compleats the Whole Sett.

Containing a Collection of his

MISCELLANIES,
POEMS,
LETTERS,
DIALOGUES,
LYCONICS,
MAXIMS of State and Converſation,
FABLES,
TRACTS on ſeveral Subjects,

Either MSS. or privately printed and handed about to the Quality in former Reigns.

Together with

His Tranſlation of HORACE, MARTIAL's Epigrams, and a Criticiſm on the STAGE.

To which is added,

An ESSAY on *Humor in Comedy*; in a Letter to Mr. *Dennis*, written by *William Congreve*, Eſq;

London, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*, and *Ja. Woodward* in *Scalding-Alley* againſt *Stocks-Market*. 1711.

To the Honourable

Sir Richard Child, *Bar^t*

THE *Succeſs of the former Volumes of this Ingenious Author, and the* Equal *Merit of this, give me Aſſurance of laying it at* Your *Feet, and under* Your *Protection.* The Great *and the* Wiſe *have ever been the* Patrons *of the* Muſes; *and the*

Fortune, Figure and Qualities of Sir Richard Child *every way render him worthy of their Hopes.*

I thought I cou'd not do the Memory *of my dead Friend more Juſtice, than in ſheltering them where he himſelf wou'd, with a juſt Vanity, have ſought a* Patronage, *had he ſtill been alive. For, how cou'd he hope a better* Patron *than the* Son *of ſuch a* Father, *whoſe* Wiſdom *and* Capacity *oblig'd a* Nation, *and gave* Jewels *to a* Crown: *Whoſe Judgment and Induſtry fixt that valuable* Trade, *which all others had been either deter'd from attempting, or attempted in vain; and ſo extended the* Britannic Powers *as far as the* Riſing Sun.

In

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

In You, *Sir, he wou'd have found* Fruit *worthy ſuch a* Tree; Merits, *the juſt and natural Offſpring of thoſe of Sir* Joſiah; Merits, *that render* You *dear to Men of* Probity *and* Senſe, *and fit* You *for the* Patronage *of ſo valuable a* Poet *as Mr.* Thomas Brown, *whoſe pleaſant and agreeable* Works *have thus long entertain'd the* Great *and the* Fair.

For, Sir, as he could not have deſir'd a nobler Patron, *ſo few* Authors *could have offer'd a more delightful* Preſent, *full of ſo pleaſing a* Variety, *that every Leaf almoſt, beſides the Spritelineſs of its* Air, *and Poinancy of its* Wit, *affords a New and Uncommon* Diverſion.

Theſe

These being the Motives, *and these the* Qualities, *that induc'd me to make* You, *Sir, this* Present, *I hope they will sufficiently excuse my subscribing my self,*

SIR,

Your most humble

and obedient Servant.

THE

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

I Muſt beg leave to detain you with a few Words in relation to the ſeveral Pieces which compoſe the following Volume. I have not only been at great Trouble to Collect them, but at a conſiderable Expence to Purchaſe many of them of their Proprietors. For, the Value which the Men of *Wit* have ſhown for every Thing Mr. *Brown* has Written, aſſur'd me, That a Collection of thoſe Pieces, of his which were ſcarce to be met with in Print, and others which a Friend procur'd from the late Ld *Clarendon*'s Library, *in Manuſcript*, and from ſeveral Gentlemen who preſerv'd them for their own Entertainment, wou'd be a *Preſent* worthy their Acceptance.

One

The Bookſeller to the Reader.

One thing I think my ſelf oblig'd to obſerve in my own Behalf, and that is, That tho' ſeveral of the following Pieces have a Turn which inclines too much to *Jacobitiſm*, (in which he much alter'd his Opinion before we loſt him; for inſtance, his *Character of Non-Jurors*, *Satyr againſt the French King*, &c.) I thought, that the Candid of all Sides would let Wit paſs without too ſevere a Cenſure, ſince that entertains the Fancy, but never perverts the Judgment: And this I thought leſs liable to any ill Effect at this Time, becauſe, GOD be thank'd, the Nation is now ſettled in a more Rational Opinion, ſecur'd by the Excellence, as well as Univerſally-acknowledg'd Title, of HER MAJESTY, and the Law of the preſent *Eſtabliſhment*.

I *am*

Your Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE.

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THE

THE Fourth Volume OF THE WORKS OF Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

LACONICS; *or, New Maxims of* STATE *and* CONVERSATION.

WE naturally love to Cheat; 'tis interwoven with our Conſtitution, by the ſame Token we often boaſt, that we have palm'd falſe Dice upon others, when we our ſelves are the Bubbles. Do but hear, ſays Sir *John Squander*,

der, what a Trick I put upon a Whore laſt Night! 'Fore George, I made the ſilly Baggage take a *Lewis d'Or* for Seventeen and Six-pence, after the Proclamation.

A Soldier, a Vintner, and a Phyſician, are the three Degrees of Compariſon; and ſo are a Cut-throat, a Backbiter, and a Flatterer: But the Phyſician is the ſuperlative Murderer, and a Flatterer the ſuperlative Villain.

How is it poſſible, ſays Madam *B*———, for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpick'd, when every Raſcal has got a Key to't? Aye, but Madam, the Raſcal's Key ſignifies not a Farthing, unleſs the Owner of the Cabinet at leaſt goes halfs with him.

A Widow and a Government are ready upon all Occaſions to tax the new Husband and the new Prince with the Merits of their Predeceſſors, unleſs the former Husband was hang'd, and the former King ſent to Graſs; and then they bid them take fair Warning by their Deſtiny.

For a King to engage his People in War, to carry off every little ill Humor of State, is like a Phyſician's ordering his Patient a Flux for every Pimple.

Scandal is a never-failing Vehicle for Dulneſs. The *True-born Engliſh-man* had dy'd ſilently among the Grocers and Trunk-makers, if the Libeller had not help'd off the Poet.

Merit is not always the Road to Preferment; ſome Men get it by reſolving not to be deny'd, as *Iriſh-men* in Town pick up Women, by hunting them as Schools-boys do Squirrels, 'till they are weary, and fall down before them.

A

A thouſand Actions paſs in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord releaſed *Arſennus* out of Goal, and paid his Debts. This every one applauded, as an Act of the higheſt and moſt diſintereſted Generoſity. They little knew that my Lord, at the ſame time, lay every Night with *Arſennus*'s Siſter.

Tho' a Soldier, in Time of Peace, is like a Chimny in Summer, yet what wiſe Man would pluck down his Chimny, becauſe his Almanack tells him 'tis the Middle of *June*.

War, as the World goes at preſent, is a Nurſery for the Gallows, as *Hoxton* is for the Meetings, and *Bartholomew-Fair* for the two Play-Houſes.

A Woman may learn one uſeful Doctrine from the Game of *Backgammon*, which is not to take up her Man 'till ſhe's ſure of binding him. Had Madam *C*— and ſome of our young Ladies, conſidered this, they would not have made ſuch a Blot in their Tables.

'Tis a Mortification to a Prince to ſee an old Miniſter torn from him; but Self-preſervation is the firſt Law of Nature, and any Man in his Senſes would ſooner ſubmit to part with his Crutch, than his Leg.

The ſureſt way of Governing, both in a private Family, and a Kingdom, is for a Husband and a Prince ſometimes to drop their Prerogative.

Could a Woman keep her Failings to herſelf, as well as ſhe does her Age, *Cheapſide* would be the

happieſt Place in the World, and the Houſe would not be troubl'd every Seſſion to grant Bills of Divorce.

'Tis the moſt nonſenſical Thing in the World, for a Man to be proud, ſince 'tis in the meaneſt Wretch's Power to mortify him. How uneaſy have I ſeen my Lord *All-pride* in the *Park*, when the Company turn'd their Eyes from him and his gaudy Equipage!

Gaming finds a Man a Cully, and leaves him a Knave.

The Generality of Women would ſooner be found in Bed with a Gallant, than in their Undreſs; and ſome Men in the World would rather be ſeen with their Miſſes in the *Park*, than their Wives.

The greateſt Men may ſometimes over-ſhoot themſelves, but then their very Miſtakes are ſo many Leſſons of Inſtruction.

Examples make a greater Impreſſion upon us, than Precepts. The Sight of Sir *Edward B——h* running after a Coach for Six-pence, will ſooner reclaim a Prodigal, than a Sermon.

An old Counſellor in *Holborn* us'd, every Execution-day, to turn out his Clerks with this Complement; Go, ye young Rogues, go to School, and improve.

Of all our Infirmities, Vanity is the deareſt to us. A Man will ſtarve his other Vices, to keep that alive.

How

How many Fops at *Man*'s Coffee-houſe and *Will*'s, have laid out the only half Crown they had in the World upon an Ounce of Snuff, when they wanted a Dinner, and their Lodgings were unpaid?

Young *Cotilus*'s Penſion for his Weekly Expences, amounts juſt to twenty Shillings. His Chairmen run away with eighteen of it, and he finds Tea and Chocolate, Eſſence and Powder, out of the reſt.

Vanity is ſo inſeparable from our Nature, that it ſurvives our Aſhes, and takes care of Epitaphs and Tombſtones before we die. *Clearchus* was as brave as *Hercules*; he had given Proofs of his Valour upon a thouſand Occaſions, yet once upon a time had a Diſh of hot Coffee flung in his Face, and bore it patiently. The Reaſon was, he had a foul Shirt on, and was loath to die in it.

A Citizen that thinks to compound for forty Years Knavery, by building a lowzy Hoſpital and endowing a paultry Lecture, does not offer ſo much for a good Seat in Heaven as he would do for one in *Middleſex*. He does not bid above ten Years Purchaſe for Eternity.

In Point of Intereſt, if there were no more in't, a Man ſhould rather leſſen himſelf, than pretend to too much. A famous Inſtance of this we had in a late *Quack*: Not content to be the ſeventh Son of a ſeventh Son, he muſt needs call himſelf the unborn Doctor. This was too much for the Multitude to ſwallow, ſo the Coxcomb ſtarv'd between his two Titles.

The Church of *England* generally preaches *Alcali's*, the Presbyterians *Acids*. Both may do well according to the different Conſtitutions they meet, but the former ſeem to operate beſt with the Men of Senſe, and the latter with the Mob.

There's nothing like bearing an Injury or a Jeſt Heroically. The Town may da—da—damn me for a Poet, ſays *Cherilus*, but they ſi—ſi—ſing my Songs for all that.

'Tis in vain to regret a Misfortune, when 'tis paſt retrieving, but few have Philoſophy or Strength enough to practiſe it. A famous Phyſician ventur'd five thouſand *Guineas* upon a Project in the *South-Sea*. When he was told at *Garraway*'s, that 'twas all loſt, Why, ſays he, 'tis but going up five thouſand Pair of Stairs more. This Anſwer deſerv'd a Statue.

We have different Notions of Providence. What one Man calls a Misfortune, another Man would call a Bleſſing. Bully *Dawſon* was overturn'd in a Hack, not far from his Lodgings. This ſav'd him Coach-hire, or at leaſt the Trouble of bilking poor *Jehu*; and to his dying Day, he look'd upon it as one of the greateſt Mercies that ever befel him. A big-belly'd Woman would have miſcarry'd upon't.

That which diſcompoſes one Man, and breaks his Reſt, makes another laugh.

Damon met *Macer* once in an extravagant Heat, railing at the horrid Ingratitude of the Age, and what not. Never was any Man, ſays the latter, ſo barbarouſly and inhumanly us'd, as I have been. There's no Faith, nor Honeſty, nor Morals, in the World. Why, what's the Matter? crys *Damon*.

That

That eternal execrable Dog of a Printer, replies the other, has work'd off the laſt Sheet of my Poems without ſending me a Proof.

A Change is not always for the beſt. We have ſometimes ſeen the Miniſtry diſcarded, and a new Set of Men brought in their room, ten times worſe than their Predeceſſors; like the Devil in the Goſpel, that left the poſſeſs'd Man's Body, and came afterwards ſeventy ſtrong.

Well, I muſt get me a Floor of new Fellows, ſays the Maſter of a *Weſtern* Barge, otherwiſe one Sheepſtealing Rogue will ſpoil all the reſt.

What is the Reaſon that the Clergy-men never forgive an Injury? Why, 'tis becauſe they have better Memories than the reſt of the World, and never forget.

All Parties blame Perſecution when they feel the Smart on't, and all practice it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended Meekneſs, *Calvin* made Roaſt-meat of *Servetus* at *Geneva*, for his Unorthodoxy.

When *Moliere*'s *Tartuff* was acted in *France*, all the Church-men complain'd of it. The *Feſtin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beaſtly Piece, went down without the leaſt wry Face. At ſo much an eaſier Rate may a Man expoſe Religion, than Hypocriſy.

I very much queſtion, after all, whether Mr. *C—r* would have condeſcended to laſh the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been guilty of the abominable Sin of making familiar now and then with the Backſlidings of the Caſſock.

Hypocriſy may chain up a Man, when he is among Brethren of the ſame Claſs, but Nature will certainly break out, whenever it finds an Opportunity. How many *Caledonian* Peers, that can ſit out four long-winded Sermons at a time on the other ſide the *Tweed*, whore and drink, and deny themſelves nothing in the *Pall-mall* and St. *James*'s? 'Tis a mighty Refreſhment, to be out of the Reach of Scandal.

A Whore, in the Buſineſs of Love, is what Farthings are in the Buſineſs of Trade; only us'd for the Convenience of ready Change.

'Tis the moſt unpardonable Affront in the World, to tell a Woman, that ſhe's old. My Lord *A*——, who was the greateſt Courtier in his Time, us'd to ſay to his Lady every New-years Day; Well, Madam, how old will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to be this Year?

The Virtuoſo's may talk as long as they pleaſe, that the Seaſons are inverted, and the Sun decay'd, whatſoever becomes of our Fruits, our Women ripen much earlier than formerly.

Madam *S*— laſt Year brought her Daughter to St. *Martin*'s to be Marry'd. Little Miſs look'd ſo unfit for Buſineſs, that the Parſon innocently ask'd her Mother, And what, have you brought this Child to be Baptiz'd?

A Man would willingly have it in his Power to oblige the Fair Sex, to the laſt Moment of his Life. When Sir *H*— was to be cut for the Stone, in the Sixty-ſeventh Year of his Age; Well, but Doctor, ſays he, this Operation won't make a Man impotent, will it?

Cove-

Covetouſneſs, like Jealouſy, when it has once taken Root, never leaves a Man, but with his Life. A rich Banker in *Lombard-ſtreet*, finding himſelf very ill, ſent for a Parſon to adminiſter the laſt Conſolations of the Church to him. While the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit: As ſoon as he was a little recover'd, the Doctor offer'd the Chalice to him. No, no, crys he, I can't afford to lend you above Twenty Shilling upon't, upon my Word I can't now.

When the High-Prieſt enter'd the Sanctuary, which was but once a Year, the *Jews* have a Tradition, that he begg'd of God not to hear the Prayers of Travellers, who, to have Fair Weather for themſelves, don't care what becomes of the reſt of the World. Had we any ſuch Cuſtom among us, it would not be amiſs if our *Arch-Flamen* pray'd to him, not to hear the different Petitions of the ſeveral Sects among us, that, if heard, would not only ruin the reſt of the World, but themſelves.

What Sect of Men could Set up with ſuch Diſadvantage as the Quakers, when they were kick'd, and buffeted, and laugh'd at by every body? But their darling Principle ſooth'd the Vanity of Men, and made them Judges of every Thing, *Dans le Dernier reſſort.* Of late they have lick'd their Cub into ſome Shape, and are far from making a contemptible Figure. Who knows but it may be their Turn to be the Reigning Religion a hundred Years hence?

A Gigantic Man, and a Book of a monſtrous Size, generally fall ſhort of what they ſeem to promiſe. An ordinary Soul can more inform an overlarge Body, than an ordinary Genius can enliven a big Volume. 'Tis as if a Gentleman of 200 *l.*

a Year ſhould affect to live in *Hampton-Court*, where the very Repairs would exceed the Income. Is not a Leaf of the *Diſpenſary*, worth a Cart-load of King *Arthurs*?

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver are falſify'd, to procure Gold and Silver.

If we muſt have War with *France* about *Spain*, the ſooner the better, before Affairs are ſettl'd, and while the Government is young. In King *Charles* the Second's Time, *Jack Ogle*, a very famous Perſon in his Generation, had got a Clap. Doctor, ſays he to a Chirurgeon, what wi--wi--will this Buſineſs coſt me? Why, ſome three *Guineas*, Sir. And wha-wha-what Rate does a Pox go at? About ſix, Sir. Well then, ho-ho-honeſt Friend, crys he, I'll e'en let it run up to a Pox, and cure both under one. Pray Heaven there be no *Jack Ogle* among our preſent Politicians.

How unnatural a Sight it is to ſee a Parſon with a florid Countenance and a double Chin, preach up Abſtinence in *Lent*!

Some Clergy-men in the Pulpit are ſuch different Animals from what they are elſewhere, that Mrs. *K*——, when ſhe acts a vertuous Part upon the Stage, is not more different from Mrs. *K*—, with a Rummer in her Hand, at the *Horſe-ſhoe*.

It has been an old Remark, ſaid a Presbyterian Miniſter in his Sermon, that *Opinio* is of the Feminine Gender, becauſe Women for the moſt part are poſitive and opinionated; whereas *Judicium* is of the Neuter, becauſe in all critical Exigences Men of Judgment chuſe to be Neuters. The Grammatical Obſerv.tion is not worth a Farthing, but a

whole-

wholeſome Mythology's couch'd under it, which the *Venetians* at preſent practice.

A Speculative Religion is only Calculated for a few Philoſophers, and not the groſs Vulgar. 'Tis too thin a Diet for courſe Appetites, as we find Soops and Sallads are for common *Engliſh* Stomachs. For this Reaſon the Popiſh Prieſts amuſe them with Pictures, Shows, and Images; the Presbyterian Parſons with Apiſh Geſtures, Fantaſtic Expreſſions, and Sordid Similies that are full as groſs as Images: The Church of *England* goes the middle Way to work, and gives it them half in Surplices and Organs, and t'other half in good Senſe and Reaſon.

Tho' a Clergy-man preach'd like an Angel, yet he ought to conſider, that two Hour-glaſſes of Divinity are too much at once for the moſt patient Conſtitution. In the late Civil Wars, *Stephen Marſhal* ſplit his Text into twenty-four Parts. Upon this, one of the Congregation immediately runs out of Church. Why, what's the Matter, ſays a Neighbour? Only going for my Night-gown and Slippers, for I find we muſt take up our Quarters here to Night.

A long Reach and a little Conſcience are as neceſſary Qualifications to a Miniſter of State, as a long Hand and little Fingers are to a Man-Midwife.

A Wit and a Beau ſet up with little or no Expence. A pair of red Stockins, and a Sword-knot, ſets up one; and peeping once a Day in at *Will*'s, and two or three ſecond-hand Sayings, the other.

Every Man thinks ſo well of himſelf, or ſo ill of his Neighbour, that he would not change with him in every Reſpect, tho' he would in ſome. Thouſands

ſands perhaps may wiſh they had Mrs. *Abel*'s Voice, or Sir *Charles*——'s Eſtate, yet there's ſcarce a Man in the Kingdom, I believe, would Change with them for good and all; that is to ſay, would have Mrs. *Abel*'s good Manners, and Sir *Charles*'s Gratitude.

'Tis wiſely done, as a Gentleman obſerv'd, of a Chirurgeon to live next Door to a Bawdy-houſe, of a Short-hand Teacher to a Meeting-houſe, and one that has a good Hand at Pimping to place himſelf near the Court; for then they may expect Buſineſs.

A Man of Merit may be allow'd to inſinuate it modeſtly. Prince *Maurice* being ask'd who was the greateſt General of the Age, handſomely anſwer'd, the Marquis of *Spinola* is the ſecond.

Well, this Thing call'd Proſperity makes a Man ſtrangely inſolent and forgetful. How contemptibly a Cutler looks at a poor Grinder of Knives, a Phyſician in his Coach at a Farrier a Foot, and a well-grown *Paul*'s *Church-yard* Bookſeller upon one of the Trade that ſells ſecond-hand Books under the Trees in *Moreſields?*

'Tis hard that a Man ſhould go out of the World almoſt as weak a Wretch as he came into it. *Senes bis pueri*, Old Men are twice Children, ſays, the Proverb. There is an old Drawer at the Baptiſt's Head in *Chancery-Lane*, that drew Vinegar when the *Scots* came into *England* with their Bag-pipes and Convenant, in the Year 1640. Soon after, he was preferr'd a Story higher, I mean to draw Wine, in which Station he continu'd about forty Years; and ſince the late Revolution, he is a Vinegar-drawer again.

'Tis

'Tis a very hard Caſe if a Man can't find ſome Excuſe for his Frailty, let it be what it will. About ſeven Years ago, when there were ſuch Complaints of the ill Summers, and Mr. *Flamſtead* talk'd, that there were *Maculæ* in the Sun, I knew a Gentleman that us'd to get up about the Dusk of the Evening, and went to Bed by Break of Day, and this was the conſtant Courſe of Life he led. His Uncle ask'd him, what the Plague made him ſuch a Sot? Oh, ſays he, the *Royal Society* ſay the Sun is ſick, and for my part I hate to ſee ſick Folks.

A Man does not attain to the Top of Preferment in an Inſtant. In one Houſe a young Member generally is initiated by moving for the bringing in of Candles, and in another by ſnuffing them.

Aſſiduity is one of the beſt Qualities in a Courtier, to recommend him to his Maſter. As Prince *Maurice* was once at Dinner, in came a huge Maſtiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table. The Pages beat him out of the Room, and kick'd him, but for all that, *Monſieur Chien* came punctually at the ſame Hour next Day, and ſo continu'd his Viſits, tho' they ſtill continu'd the ſame Treatment to him. At laſt the Prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that Time the Maſtiff commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince wherever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber-door, ran by his Coach-ſide as duly as one of his Lacqueys; in ſhort, ſo inſinuated himſelf into his Maſter's Favour, that when he dy'd he ſetl'd a Penſion upon him for Life.

If your Friend is in Want, don't carry him to the Tavern, where you treat yourſelf as well as him, and entail a Thirſt and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of

of *Burgundy*, or fill his Snuff-box, is like giving a pair of Lace-Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt on his Back. Put ſomething into his Pocket.

When a Man has contracted a Habit, 'tis a hard matter to leave it off. A Fellow of a Houſe had got ſuch a Trick of talking *Latin*, that he could not forbear it even to the Scullion-Boys and Bed-makers. One Afternoon, ſeeing one of the Turn-ſpit Dogs bask himſelf deliciouſly in the Sun, he thus accoſted him. *Non Studes, ignave, non Studes, ſed toto die otioſus es, & oſtendis ingentis tuos Teſticulos ad Solom.*

What is Sawce for a Gooſe, is Sawce for a Gander. When any Calamities befel the *Roman* Empire, the *Pagans* us'd to lay it to the Charge of the Chriſtians: When Chriſtianity became the Imperial Religion, the Chriſtians return'd the ſame Complement to the *Pagans*.

That which paſſes for current Doctrine at one Juncture, and in one Climate, won't do ſo in another. The Cavaliers, in the beginning of the Troubles, us'd to trump up the 12*th* of the *Romans* upon the Parliament; the Parliament trump'd it upon the Army, when they would not disband; the Army back again upon the Parliament, when they diſputed their Orders. Never was poor Chapter ſo unmercifully toſs'd to and fro again!

The *Jeſuits* here in *Europe*, in their Diſputes with the *Proteſtants*, have Recourſe to Miracles, as a Proof of the True Church. In *Æthiopia*, where the *Abyſſines* over-number'd them in Miracles, they very fairly deny'd the Argument, and reaſon'd againſt them as we do.

The *Quakers* here in *England* won't take up Arms, no, not they, becauſe all War is unlawful. When the *French* attack'd them in *Penſilvania*, the Caſe

Caſe was alter'd; the Drums beat, the Guns fir'd, and Carnal Weapons were not thought ſinful.

An *Engliſh* Bull-dog, and a *Scotch* Presbyterian, are of a different Species from all the Bull-dogs and Presbyterians in the World.

Not to flatter ourſelves, we *Engliſh* are none of the moſt conſtant and eaſy People in the World. When the late War pinch'd us, oh! when ſhall we have a Peace and Trade again? We had no ſooner a Peace, but, Huzza, Boys! for a new War; and that we ſhall ſoon be ſick of.

It may be no Scandal for us to imitate one good Quality of a neighbouring Nation, who are like the Turf they burn, ſlow in kindling, but when once throughly lighted, keep their Fire.

What a fine Thing it is to be well-manner'd upon occaſion! In the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, a certain worthy Divine at *Whitehall*, thus addreſs'd himſelf to the Auditory at the Concluſion of his Sermon. In ſhort, if you don't live up to the Precepts of the Goſpel, but abandon your ſelves to your irregular Appetites, you muſt expect to receive your Reward in a certain Place, which 'tis not good Manners to mention here.

We can't properly call that Man unhappy, who knows nothing of his Misfortunes. *Liſander*'s Wife is the moſt inſatiable Strumpet that ever liv'd, yet *Liſander* jogs on merrily, ſnores contentedly, and believes her honeſt. T'other Day he made a Viſit to *Chærephon*, whoſe Wife denies herſelf no innocent Freedoms, but is as chaſt as a *Veſtal*. Lord! crys *Lyſander* to himſelf, what an unlucky Wretch is poor *Chærephon*, to have ſuch a Viper in his Boſom!

Con-

Conſcience is a Riddle I don't know what to make of; 'tis ſometimes Pride, 'tis ſometimes Obſtinacy, 'tis ſometimes Intereſt, 'tis ſometimes Nothing; like a skittiſh Jade, it will ſtartle at a Wind-mill, and ſtand buff to a Cannon; it will keck at Pap, and digeſt Steel.

Æmilia would not let her Husband take the Oaths to the Government, and yet never ſcruples to try a Fall with the next Comer for half a Crown. Her pious Husband too, tho' he won't ſwear, will ſooner get drunk upon Tick, than go ſober to Bed.

In the Time of the laſt War, a *French* Woman kept a little Bawdy-houſe in *Ghent*. To ingratiate with the *Engliſh* Officers, her conſtant Compliment was, *Ayez pitie, Meſſieurs, d'une pauvre Refugee, qui eſt venue pour la Religion.* Notwithſtanding her Religion, ſhe had Harlots always at their Service.

Since this Revolution, a worthy Church-man, that for ſeveral Reaſons muſt be nameleſs, thank'd God that the Majority of the Clergy-men had taken the Oaths, and that others again had refus'd them; for, ſays he, by taking them, we have ſecur'd our poor Church, which otherwiſe had been in danger of falling, as our Siſter of *Scotland* has done; and by ſome of us refuſing them, and ſacrificing all we had to them, we have ſhown the Nation there's ſuch a thing as Conſcience ſtill among us. And yet this Reverend Parſon choſe rather to ſave the Church, than ſhow his Conſcience.

Meliſſa looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a Day to Church, abhors the Play-houſe and Players, has always the Catalogue of the *Lent Preachers* by Heart, rails at Patches and Commodes, and yet is

a Fury Incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Meliſſa* a Sum, ſays a Gentleman, laſt Night, and ſhe was ſo fond of my Money, that I thought, in my Conſcience, ſhe would have run away with the Purſe.

Women tax their Gallants of Inconſtancy without Reaſon. Their Humours, their Faces, their Charms, daily change; what makes them then complain?

For a Woman to think to ſecure her Lover, when her Beauty, that made him ſo, is gone, is to expect as great a Miracle as Tranſubſtantiation wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents are ſaid to remain, when the Subſtance, that ſupported them is vaniſh'd. But this is no Age for Miracles.

What unaccountable Creatures are Women! They treat their humble Servants like Slaves when they ſee them; they rail at them, they deſpiſe them, they'll hardly vouchſafe them a Look, yet are uneaſy in their Abſence.

A Miniſter, by ill adviſing his Prince, and putting him upon wrong Methods, has often had the Honour to ſee a flouriſhing Country reduc'd to Beggery. A Gentleman was railing as faſt as his Lungs would give him leave, at Cardinal *Richlieu*. Don't talk ſo loud, ſays his Friend to him, leſt ſome of his Creatures there ſhould over-hear you, meaning a parcel of Beggers that ſtood by them.

Some Authors are ſo long a correcting and mending their Works, that, like *Paul*'s, they may be ſaid to be old before they are finiſh'd.

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To acquaint a Man with his being a Cuckold, and to preach the 30*th.* of *January* Sermon before the Houſe, are two tickliſh Points that one would willingly avoid.

'Tis merry to conſider what ſort of Reaſons ſome Men give for what they do. A diſſenting Parſon was preaching a Funeral Sermon in *Moreſields*; he laid about him ſo powerfully, that all the Congregation wept, except one Fellow, who ſeem'd not a jot concern'd. Being ask'd the Reaſon why he did not weep? What have I done to weep? ſays he; I am not of this Pariſh.

A good Outſide is the beſt Sir *Ch. Cotterel* in a ſtrange Place.

Servants are careleſs and impudent, and their Maſters, generally ſpeaking, may thank themſelves for't. A worthy Knight near *Twickenham*, had ſome Gentlemen at Dinner with him; he calls for a Bottle of Ale, his Boy opens it juſt under his Noſe, by the ſame Token it flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Periwig. The Knight not at all diſturb'd, and wiping himſelf, Well, ſays he, this is the wittieſt Boy in the World; I warrant you he ſerves me a hundred ſuch witty Tricks in a Year. Here, Sirrah, ſays *Tom Otway* to him, who chanc'd to be then in the Company, here's a Shilling for you to encourage you in your Wit.

How glad a Man is when he hears another accus'd of a Fault, which does not reach him! Some People were talking againſt Pluraliſts, and what a horrid Scandal and Shame they brought upon the Church. Heaven be prais'd, ſays a certain Prelate, no-body can tax me with Pluralities. I have but one Benefice, God knows.

If

If the Church has a Mind to make any Thing paſs for a Sin, 'tis an eaſy Matter to lug and ſtretch a Text 'till it fits the Purpoſe. A Parſon would needs prove Dancing to be ſinful, and thus he brought it about. *Imprimis*, Dancing is a circular Motion, deny it who can. In the next place, 'tis as plain as a Pike-ſtaff, that a circular Motion is Diabolical; for doth not the Text expreſly ſay of the Devil, *Circuit terram quærens quem devoret?*

The late Ordinary of *Newgate*, Mr. *Smith*, who was one of the moſt famous Scruple-drawers of his Time, had one impenitent Clipper once to deal with. Why, ſays the Fellow, what Harm have I done? A parcel of over-grown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They would have bought but Twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips at firſt, and they'll buy Twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips ſtill. Ay, but hark you, my Friend, crys the Ordinary, what is it to clip a Thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring round call'd in Scripture, but Circumciſion? And who, under the Evangelical Diſpenſation dares practice Circumciſion, but one that has actually renounc'd the Chriſtian Religion, and is a *Jew*, a moſt obſtinate perverſe *Jew* in his Heart? Upon this, the poor Clipper threw himſelf at his Feet, own'd the Heinouſneſs of his Sin, confeſs'd, That Sabbath-breaking had brought him to't, and wept like a Church-ſpout.

A jolly red-fac'd Preacher, at the upper-end of *Thames-ſtreet*, had a great Mind to prove a ſtanding Army to be *Jure Divino*; and how did he make it out? Why, as plain as you'd wiſh: God Almighty, ſays he, keeps a ſtanding Army of Cherubims and Seraphims, to prevent the Incurſions and Depredations of the Devil: And what are Kings, but

his Vicegerents? The Man meant all well, that's certain, and the Fraternity at *Young Man*'s are bound in Honour to preſent him with a Silver Bottle-ſcrew and a Tobacco-box.

A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Aſtrologer does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What Stuff it is to Preach againſt Uſury at *Whitehall*, and Fornication in *Lombard-ſtreet!* No, invert the Tables; preach againſt Uſury in *Lombard-ſtreet*, and Fornication at *Whitehall.*

One Sunday Morning a Shower of Rain drove a Gentleman of my Acquaintance into the College-Chapel at *Chelſea.* The Miniſter, as he told me, was very furiouſly inveighing againſt Covetouſneſs before a Parcel of Fellows that were in no great Danger of being infected with that Sin, or ever ſeeing a greater Sum than half a Crown. He ought to have preach'd againſt Swearing, Pilfering, rubbing out of Ale-houſe Scores, and building of Sconces.

Ingratitude, Perfidy, Oppreſſion, Bribery, and the like, may be preach'd againſt in every Church between *Berwick* and St. *Michael*'s *Mount.*

St. *Epiphanius*, St. *Theophylact*, St. *Gregory* of *Nazianzen*, the *Concilium Illiberitanum*, and St. *Auſtin de Civitate Dei*, rumble well in a Country Church, and make the Parſon admir'd by his Flock; but is not one good Argument more convincing than a thouſand Citations out of St. *Gregory?*

To quote St. *Ambroſe* or St. *Jerome*, or any other Red-letter'd Father, to prove any ſuch important Truth as this, That Virtue is commendable, and all Exceſs to be avoided; is like ſending for the Sheriff

Sheriff to come with the *Poſſe Comitatus* to diſperſe a few Boys at Foot-ball, when it may be done without him.

Some Divines make the ſame Uſe of Fathers and Councils, as our Beaus do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Ornament and Show; and cover themſelves with fine Cobweb-diſtinctions, as *Homer*'s Gods did with a Cloud.

Tho' Ignorance is none of the beſt Qualifications for one that ſets up for Director of others, yet 'tis better we ſhould have a few ignorant Parſons, than our Pariſhes have none to look after them. My Lord *D*—— ask'd a certan Biſhop, in the late Reign, why he conferr'd Orders upon ſo many Block-heads? Oh! my Lord, ſays he, 'tis better the Ground ſhould be plough'd by Aſſes, than lie untill'd.

All Churches, let them pretend what they will, aſpire at Power. The *Huguenots* in *France*, after the Aſſembly of *Rochel*, in the Year 1623, gave Commiſſions to their Officers to raiſe Horſe and Foot *in nomine Eccleſiarum.*

The Presbyterian Divines have been obſerv'd of late, to preach after the Manner of the Church of *England-men.* Without ſetting up for a Prophet, I dare venture to affirm, that this will be their Ruin. 'Twas the melodious Twang of the Noſe, the duſting of the Cuſhion, the black Cap tipt with White, the zealous Toſs of the Handkerchief; in ſhort, the Fire, the Vehemence, the Impetuoſity of their Action, that gave them all their Authority with the People; which they'll ſoon loſe, if once they quit Show and Grimace, for good Reaſon and Senſe. People then will go to their Pariſh-Churches.

Singularity of Expreſſion, Habit, and the like, keep up a Sect that would otherwiſe fall. This, for ought I know, has been the chief Preſervation of *Judaiſm*. Whenever the Quakers part with their broad-brimm'd Hats, little Cravats, and Coats without Pockets before, the Author of *The Snake in the Graſs* may e'en leave off writing againſt them, for their Farthing-Candle, call'd the private Spirit, will go out of it ſelf.

People may talk what they will of the Liberty of *Amſterdam*, but 'tis no where in ſuch Perfection, ſay I, as in *London*. A Man in *Amſterdam* is ſuffer'd to have but one Religion, whereas in *London* he may have two Strings to his Bow.

A Man that ſplits himſelf between two Churches, is true to neither, but to his own Intereſt.

There muſt be ſomething more than ordinary in the Wind, when a ſplay-mouth'd Linſey-woolſey Sir *Humphry*, to qualify himſelf for a Gold Chain and Scarlet Gown, can ſwallow ſo rank a Pill as Superſtition, and ſubmit to the Popery of St. *Paul*'s.

Sometimes the Church of *England* and Presbytery ſhall be one, ſometimes as different as Light and Darkneſs, juſt as the preſent Juncture of Affairs will have it.

The Miniſters of both Churches, that can admit ſuch amphibious Animals by Turns to their Communion, have ſome inviſible Loop-holes to creep out at, which no-body elſe can ſee. For Shame charge the Jeſuits no more with Equivocation!

A Man that keeps ſteady to one Party, tho' he happens to be in the Wrong, is ſtill an honeſt Man.

He

He that goes to a Cathedral in the Morning, and *Salters-hall* in the Afternoon, is a Raſcal by his own Confeſſion.

A true Citizen's Conſcience makes a Gain of every Thing, even of Godlineſs it ſelf.

Mahometaniſm came into the World with Teeth and Claws, was nurs'd up in Violence, Rapine, and Murder; yet, grown up to Man's Eſtate, generouſly gives Quarter to thoſe of a different Belief. Chriſtianity, whoſe diſtinguiſhing Character is Love and Meekneſs, allows cutting of Throats for the Propagation of the Goſpel.

A Man in throwing Dirt at his Adverſary, does often beſpatter himſelf. Two Country Fellows quarrell'd in the Field, and one purſu'd the other up to his own Village. When he found himſelf ſafe; Now come on, ſays he, you Cuckoldly Dog, if you dare; we are four to one of you.

A Woman will ſuffer any Thing, ſooner than ſee her Husband beſtow his Kindneſs elſewhere. My Lady *B* —— found Sir *John* and her Gentlewoman too familiar together. The very next Moment ſhe turn'd her away. Huſſy, crys ſhe at parting, I have no Occaſion for ſuch as you; all the Buſineſs you do here, I can as well diſpatch myſelf.

Selfiſh never ſpeaks well of any one, and never dines at Home. 'Twas juſtly ſaid of him, That he never open'd his Mouth, but at another Man's Expence.

A jealous Man and a Cuckold, ſays Sir *John Sucklin*, differ like Alderman and Mayor; a little

Time makes one the other. A common Slanderer wants only an opportunity to be a Cut-throat.

What greater Torment can there be on this ſide Hell, than Deſire and Impotence?

The *Epheſian* Matron, of famous Memory, was an Angel to ſome of our modern Wives: She had the Manners to ſtay 'till her Husband was cold, before ſhe diſpos'd of herſelf. Ours enter into Articles before the old Bond is cancell'd. Dear *Betty*, ſays a Butcher in *Smithfield*, a little before he dy'd, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I would adviſe you to marry our Man *Jack*; 'tis a clever, well-built, ſtrong Fellow, and our Buſineſs, you know, requires ſuch a one. Well, Husband, anſwers ſhe, and ſo it does; but if that's all, never trouble your ſelf; *John* and I have agreed that matter already.

'Tis not a fine Show of Books makes a Scholar; and yet, crys the *Fleet-ditch* Quack, why ſhould not I know as much as any of the College? I'm ſure I have as good a Library. As if ſtaring upon a Parcel of Books neatly bound, or upon a heap of Guineas through a Gold-ſmith's Glaſs in *Cheapſide*, would either make a Man learned or rich.

Buying of Books is grown into a Faſhion, even with thoſe that can't read them. The aforeſaid Quack hearing a *Buxtorf*'s *Hebrew* Lexicon put up at an Auction, crys aloud, I'll have it. When he had look'd upon it a little, he return'd it back to the Auctioneer. Mr. *Millington*, ſays he, you may e'en keep this Book for your own Uſe; I'll have none on't. Why, the damn'd Book-binder has ſpoil'd it; he has made it begin at the End.

In

In ſome Grounds every Thing degenerates. Wheat runs into Barley, Artichokes turn to Thiſtles, Grapes give nothing but Verjuice. And thus the beſt Subject groes flat and inſipid in ſome Hands, that have the Reverſe of *Midas*'s Talent, and turn every Thing into Lead.

He that writes abundance of Books, and gets abundance of Children, may in ſome Senſe be ſaid to be a Benefactor to the Publick, becauſe he furniſhes it with Bum-fodder and Soldiers; but 'tis impoſſible he ſhould beſtow enough upon them to make them appear handſomly in the World.

'Tis a Sign of the laſt Neceſſity in an Author, when he is forc'd to ſteal from himſelf. 'Tis worſe than robbing the Spittle.

Mr. *Shadwell*, in one of his laſt Plays, is ſo honeſt as to own, that he had ſtole a few Hints out of a *French* Comedy, but pretends 'twas rather out of Lazineſs than Want. This Confeſſion, inſtead of mendinig Matters, would have hang'd him at the *Old-Baily*; and why it ſhould ſave him in *Parnaſſus*, I can't tell.

'Tis ſtrange that an Author ſhould have a Gameſter's Fate, and not know when to give over. Had the City Bard ſtop'd his Hand at *Prince Arthur*, he had miſsd Knighthood, 'tis true, but he had gone off with ſome Applauſe.

Cleander, don't give your ſelf the Trouble to write againſt *Nævius*; ſtay but a while, and you'll find he'll ſcribble himſelf out of his little Reputation.

One would almoſt ſwear, that ſome Authors had ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip to a Faggot-maker. A ſubſtatial Stick or two on the outſide, a promiſing Title, a tolerable Preface, and all Rubbiſh within.

Never was there ſuch a Shoal of Verſifiers, and ſo few Poets.

Some Books, like the City of *London*, fare the better for being burnt.

Plays and Romances ſell as well as Books of Devotion; but with this Difference, more People read the former, than buy them; and more buy the latter, than read them.

'Tis natural for every Man to be fond of his own Country, and what it produces. In the Pariſh-Church of *Soeſt* in *Weſtphalia*, there is a Repreſentation of the Laſt Supper in a Glaſs-window, where our Saviour and the Apoſtles ſit down before a Gammon of Bacon, the topping Diſh of the Country, inſtead of the Paſchal Lamb. Two hundred Years ago perhaps, in the Days of *Popery*, an *Engliſh* Painter would have made it a Surloin of Beef.

Tho' Life is ſo ſhort, we ſpend it as unprofitably as if we had *Methuſelah*'s Age to ſquander away. How many tireſom *Dutch* Volumes, and tedious Nights has Dr. *B*——*y* gone through, to acquire all that uſeful Learnig about *Theriolean* Cups, and *Sicilian* Groats!

'Twas a merry Saying of *Rabelais*, That a Man ought to buy all the bad Books that come out, becauſe they will never be printed again.

Mr.

Mr. Brown's *Dialogues of the Dead,*

In Imitation of Lucian.

The Scene, Hell.

The Tryal of Cuckolds.

Lucifer. HOld! Porter, ſhut the Gates of this our Auguſt Court, that we may not be thus throng'd. Let no more come in, till we have clear'd the Bench of theſe Numbers we have before us already.

Porter. Mighty Emperor, your Commands ſhall be obey'd.

Lucif. Now, *my Noble Lords*, ſet we our ſelves to ſearch and examine what of late Years brings daily ſuch Gluts and Spring-Tides of Souls to our Infernal Manſions, 'ſpecially at this time, when neither War, Famine, nor Plague, are abroad in the upper World, or at leaſt in that part of it from whence I obſerve moſt of this Gang arrive; *Europe* I mean: If there were War, 'twould be no Wonder ſo many were damn'd; the Liberties of the Sword ſurprize enough in their Sins to throng our Courts of Juſtice. Nor is the *Plague* without Advantages for us that the

way; the few that have Spiritual Relief in such contagious and quickly-destroying Distempers, encrease our Crop: And the general Cruelty of Mankind is such, that in Famine, those that have will keep for Themselves and their Dogs, and let the rest of their own Species perish, without so much as a pitying Look: And this makes many *Atheists* in their Wants, and does that without our instigation which we could not persuade *Job* to do, that is, *Curse God, and die.*

But, *my Lords*, when none of these our loyal Vassals are abroad, 'tis not strange that I am to seek in the Cause of this great Concourse at our Tribunal; and therefore that *Virtue*, for want of Reward and due Praise, may not slacken, we will examine to what industrious Friend we owe this unexpected Success. Wherefore, you *Minor Devils* and *Under-Officers* of our Court, bring them in order to the Bar, and let no Devil of Honour, that has past that inferior Office of touching the Uncleanness of Humanity, defile himself with too near an approach to any of them.

Here several Lacquey-Devils and Porter-Devils, with the rest of the Mob of Hell, bring on the first Band to the Bar in Italian Garbs.

Speak Criminal, whence art thou? Of what Nation, Quality, or Condition in the World? And what's the happy cause of thy coming hither?

Ghost. First, *Senior*, adjust some Points in dispute which highly concern the Honour of our Country, and the Decorum of good Breeding, and I shall, for all this noble Train that follow me, answer to your Devilships Queries. Coming to the Confines of your flourishing Empire, we were met by some of the Officers of this honourable Assembly, who gave us safe Conduct to your Royal Presence: But, just now entring into these Lists, confronted us a company

pany of paltry Scoundrels, and preſs'd for Precedence, ſwearing, That as they were *Engliſhmen*, they ought to take place of all that were damn'd for *Cuckolds*. We urg'd our Title in Heraldry, That We ought to take place of all Nations, being the Succeſſors of the once Maſters of the Univerſe; but they were deaf to Reaſon here, as well as in the World, and one ſwore *D—me*, *Bl—d* and *Z—ns*, another Oaths all round the Compaſs; and in this Volly of Mouth-Grenadoes, one very demure Gentleman preſt by *Tea* and *Nay*, that we were in the wrong; and had it not been for this *Honourable Devil* here that's a Friend to our Nation, we had been worm'd out of our Birthright by the *Arſe* and *Refuſe* of the World: *Et penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos*; as our noble Countryman has it, Dogs ſhut out of doors from all the reſt of Mankind. I therefore appeal to this thrice-excellent Senate, and you the *right and moſt reverend Doge*, to redreſs this Affront.

Lucif. Hey day! What, has not Hell yet brought you to your Senſes, that you can think we Devils are ſuch Sots to trouble our Heads about the ridiculous *Whims* of *Ceremonious Mankind?* But ſince they were ſo obſtreperous to make a Diſturbance in *Hell*, they ſhall be the laſt heard: Therefore proceed to the Queſtion.

Ghoſt. An't pleaſe your thrice-puiſſant Devilſhip, *Noble Senior*, I was coming to that Point: Therefore to be brief (for I hate Prolixity) I am, Sir, an *Italian* by *Nation*, and a Nobleman by *Quality*. My own Vanity and ill Chance gave me a pretty Wife, and my Honour made me chuſe her of an *Illuſtrious Houſe*, but ſhe prov'd *Lewd* and *Prodigal*, the natural Iſſue of *Beauty* and *High Birth*; my dotage on her Charms had bred in me ſuch a fond, blind, uxorious Vice, *(which my Countrymen are ſeldom guilty of)* that I was almoſt ruin'd before I found I was betray'd: But travelling toward *Genoua*, I met the Spark, my pretended

tended Friend, on the Road to my Dwelling; I ſeemingly paſs'd on my way, but in the Night return'd unexpected and ſurpriz'd 'em all, and therefore as my Honour bid me, I murder'd him, and bak'd him in a Pye, and (*ingeniouſly in my Revenge*) ſwore ſhe ſhould eat no other Food but her Lover: The Cruſt ſhe a while did eat, but one day having prepar'd a *Stelleto*, at Supper ſhe diſpatch'd me thus to your thrice *Noble* and *Illuſtrious Devilſhip*.

Luc. Very well! and worthy thou art of ſuch a Puniſhment, that couldſt not forgive Beauty a gentle Slip of that nature thou thy ſelf hadſt ſo often tranſgreſs'd. Speak the next.

2 *Ghoſt.* I am alſo an *Italian*; and obſerving a Gentleman often ogling my Wife, which ſhe did not a little encourage, I ſent a *Bravo* to diſpatch him, (for we *Italians* do not love to look *Revenge* in the Face our ſelves) but the Rogue of a *Bravo*, won by my Wife, and by a greater Sum of Mony of my Adverſary's, comes back to me, and cuts *my Throat*. And this, *moſt Noble Senior*, is moſt of our caſes, our Wives have given us the caſting-throw for Damnation.

Luc. You, the reſt of this malignant Train, Is this true, that your *Wives* have ſent you hither?

Omnes. Yes, yes; we have all had Wives. —All the Plagues of *Egypt* let us undergo, but no Wives, we moſt humbly beſeech your *moſt noble Devilſhip*.

Luc. Prayers are in vain, Tranſgreſſions are to be puniſh'd by the ſame way they are committed; nor muſt you be your own Carvers here in *Hell*, Gentlemen. Away with 'em down into Cuckolds-Cave, ten thouſand fathom deeper than the Whoremaſters, and next the Keeping-Cullies, *and let each have two Wives to torment him.*

Omnes. O Wives! Wives! [*They are remov'd off, and others brought on*

Luc. Proceed to the next Band. Say what were you in the World, and what dear Sin brought you to this place? *Spa-*

Spaniſh Ghoſt. Great Prince of *Darkneſs*, and Lord of the *greateſt part of Mankind*, may it pleaſe your *Catholick Majeſty*, I was by my Worldly State and Condition a *Spaniſh Grandee* of the firſt Magnitude, rich as Fortune and an indulgent Prince well could make me, (for, your *Devilſhip* muſt know, our King is but a Sheep for us to fleece when we pleaſe, which we do in all places, letting his Soldiers and inferior Servants ſtarve) happy, till too much Succeſs was my undoing; for by that I gain'd the Lady I lov'd, and ſo in one *unhappy Word* was Married. 'Tis tedious to repeat the Injuries I receiv'd from the Ingrateful Fair, who, after all, to make room for another, ſent me away *(like an Italian as ſhe was)* in all my Sins, with a poiſonous Draught.

Luc. Is the ſame your Fate, you the reſt of this beſotted Crew, that have met with juſt Puniſhment from one part of your ſelves, for preferring your private Grandeur before the Service of your King, and Honour of your Country?

Omnes. Yes, yes; Thirſt of Honour and Wealth made us cheat the King, *that* drew down the Judgment of Wedlock, and *that* brought us to this long Home and Fiend of Matrimony.

Luc. Away with theſe, and drive 'em out of their Snails pace. [*A tatter'd Ghoſt comes forward.*

Ghoſt. Juſt may be their Puniſhment, moſt *Noble Devil*; but why ſhould I be condemn'd to *Wincing*, who was ſo far from cheating the King, that I could never get my Due of him, and being a Gentleman born, never did any thing below my Extraction, and have gone without a Meal many a time, rather than degrade my ſelf to get one? And tho' I could arrive to it no otherways, yet kept up my part ſtill in ſtately Walk and my Wallet, tho' I had no Bread for either, or a Shirt to my Back.

Luc. Since thy own Folly made thee marry, 'tis now too late to prate; you muſt away with the reſt.

[*They*

[*They are all carried off, and others brought on.*

Bring the next to the Bar: Declare the Cauſe of *your* deſerv'd Damnation. My Life on't, theſe dapper Sparks are in for Cakes and Ale too; the very Air of their Faces ſpeaks 'em CUCKOLDS.

French Ghoſt. Sire, may it pleaſe your moſt Victorious Majeſty, *Voſtre Eſclave* is a *French-man* by Birth, and a Leader of the *Moſt Chriſtian Kings* moſt Magnanimous Forces; and whilſt I with my *Commilitones* was reaping *Lawrels* in the Field of *Renown*, and engaging the Enemy abroad, my Lady Wife (as moſt of our *French* Wives will, for having once taſted the Sweets of Love, they'l ne'r have done till they have undone us one way or other) my Lady Wife, I ſay, was engaging with a Friend at home, who very genteely gave her the POX, which I at my return, like a gay *Cavalier of a Husband*, receiv'd of her as genteely without Rebuke, it being no matter of Scandal with us. But *Madamoiſelle POX* proving a very *Virago*, gave me a damn'd Thruſt in *Quarto*, and ſent me hither in *Decimo ſexto*, *Monſeigneur*.

Luc. You the reſt, ſpeak.

Omnes. We are all *Frenchmen*, and therefore you need not doubt the Cauſe, the *Pox* and our *Wives*, *Ma foy*.

Luc. Away with them: They'l make a Fire by themſelves, or will ſerve inſtead of *Small-coal*, to kindle others; for they are half burnt out already. Place 'em next the *Spaniard*. The next there ſpeak.

[*They are carried off, more brought on.*

Ger. Ghoſt. I am by *Nation* a *German*, and by *Damnation* a *Husband*, a *Cuckold*, or what you pleaſe, for I hate to mince the matter with a long Preamble, when *a Word to the Wiſe* is enough.

Luc. Very well; you the reſt ſpeak.

Omnes. Ev'n ſo, an't pleaſe your Imperial *Devilſhip*; whilſt we drank and fought againſt the *Turks*, our

our Wives whor'd with the *Chriſtians*. O Wives! Wives!

Luc. Away with theſe into the hotteſt, for their Carcaſſes are ſo ſoak'd with Liquor, that they'l put out an ordinary Fire. You the next ſpeak.

[*They are carried off, others brought on.*

Dutch Ghoſt. Gads Sacrament, I am a Member, or rather two Members, of the *Hogen-Mogen Common-wealth* of *Europe*. Two Members I ſay, for I am a Member *govern'd*, and a Member *governing*; for the People with us, and in all ſuch Common-wealths, are both Subjects and Maſters, govern Laws, and govern'd by the ſame.

Luc. Your Country's Name then is *Contradiction*. Is it not?

Ghoſt. Contradiction to *Monarchy*, tho' ſet up by ſome Monarchs to ſpite others. But to your Queſtion, old *Tarpaulian*: Whilſt I was getting Money and drinking Punch and Brandy, to hearten me for the noble Combats of *Snick* or *Snee*, or ſome illuſtrions Sea-fight, or ſome generous Undertaking at the Iſland of *Formoſa*, (for a true *Dutchman* never fights without his Head full of Brandy) my Wife made it fly like *Suterkins* at home; at laſt ſhe made me turn Bankrupt, and cheat my Creditors, and ſo dying, I came with a full Sail and brisk Gale into *your Port*.

Luc. You the reſt, ſpeak.

Omnes. For our *Wives*, *O Suterkin Hogen*, our *Wives*, whoſe *broad-built Bulk the boiſtrous Billows bear.*

Luc. Away with them into the Den of Anarchy and Confuſion, below the Founders of *Babel*.

[*They are carried off, and abundance of Engliſh Bands come forward.*

Luc. Numerous Crew! anſwer me; what has brought you into this Kingdom, and what you were in the *World*.

A Ghoſt of a Beau ſpeaks to another of the ſame feather.

1 *Beau's Gh.* D—me *Jack*, didſt ever hear ſo ſilly and impertinent a Queſtion? as if *Marriage* was *not* the only Cauſe of *Damnation*. (*Aſide.*

2 *Beau's Gh.* R--t me *Ned*, as thou ſay'ſt, I never heard a Country Juſtice ask more *ma la propos*; but, The Devil's an Aſs, and ſo let him paſs.

The firſt of the firſt Band anſwers the Devil.

I am an *Engliſh-man*, who after I had been a notorious Cuckold, was perſuaded by my *Wife* to fight the Man that made me ſo, and was fairly kill'd for Satisfaction, as all this Band that follow me were; and we are damn'd for *Fools* as well as *Cuckolds*.

Omnes. 'Tis true, *Honour* and *Wedlock* have been our Ruin.

Luc. Away with them into *Fools Paradiſe*, below the Keeping-Cullies, as the more *unpardonable Monſters*. (*They are carried off, and as the next come in, the Beaux ſpeak.*

1 *Be. Gh.* D——me *Ned*, didſt ever know ſuch Fools as they, that could not be ſatisfied to live *Cuckolds*, but muſt die ſo too with a witneſs. (*Aſide.*

2 *Be. Gh.* R——t me, *Jack*, if ever I was of that fighting Humor; nor did I ever fight but once, and then forc'd to it; but my *Stays* ſav'd my Life, and I wore my Glove that was cut in the Rancounter as long as 'twould hang on my Hand: Therefore tho' I knew Sir *Roger All-fight* kiſs'd my *Wife*, yet as long as I could ſup at the *Roſe*, and break the Drawer's Head if he made not haſte, or brought *bad Wine*, or ſo, gad I let him kiſs her and welcome. (*Aſide.*

1 *Be. Gh.* S——k me, *Ned*, I was always of thy mind, as long as I could flutter abroad in my Glaſs Coach, have my Diamond Snuff-box full of *Orangeree* or *Roderigo*, *&c.* D——me if I car'd a ruſh who rode in my Saddle. But mark that formal Coxcomb is now going to ſpeak: Lord! how fine a thing it is

to

to be a Man to of Wit, and what a ſingular figure he makes! but hark, old Gray-beard begins. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Speak you the next.

Ghoſt. I was a Man of Quality, of the ſame Country, but my Fortune being in my youth run out, in *France* for breeding, and in *England* by keeping; I thought in my riper years to retrieve all by marrying a *City Heireſs*; but ſhe had by Nature ſo much of the Mother in her, that by Intreaguing and Equipage, ſhe ſoon brought me into a worſe Condition than before: ſo that, as my laſt refuge, I was feign to turn *Plotter*, and being diſcover'd, was lopp'd ſhorter by the Head, as all this honourable Tribe that follows me were.

Luc. Away with 'em.

They are carry'd off, and as the next are bringing to the Bar the Beaus Diſcourſe agen.

1 *B. G.* D——me, *Ned*, this was a worſe Fool than t'other.

2 *B. G.* R——t me, *Jack*, *vous avez raiſon*: for I always lov'd to keep my ſelf out of the *Jeopardy of Action*: *Jack*, I'd talk Treaſon, or ſo; ſort my ſelf with the diſaffected, and blow up Coals of their *diſcontent*, or ſo: but for *Engagements*, *Covenants*, *Conditions*, *and Unlawful Aſſemblies*, gad they muſt pardon me. [*Aſide.*

1 *B. G.* Z——ns, *Ned*, thou and I were always one Man; I could rail at the Magiſtrates, pen a *Lampoon*, or at leaſt convey it to *Julian*, give penny Pyes to the *Mob* to make a noiſe, *Ridicule the Tranſactions of the Government*, and give ſquinting *Reflections on the King*, that was my *ne plus ultra*; for all that I can ſee, we are in the beſt caſe ſtill *Ned*. But now our Band advances, let us preſs forward, or our Cauſe may fail. [*Aſide.*

2 *B. G.* Hell and Damnation, all's loſt; for look yonder, that conceited Coxcomb my Lord *Flippant*,

preſuming on his *Quality*, has taken upon him to be our Chief, and Spoaks-man. [*Aſide.*

1 *B. G.* S——nk me *Ned*, ſo ſay I: I never knew a conceited Man, but he was a *Fool*; but let's hear, we may put in an *Appeal*, or a *Writ of Error afterward*, or award *Judgment*, if our cauſe be ill handl'd. [*Aſide*

O! what an admirable thing it is to be a Man of Parts!

Luc. Speak thou fluttering Fool for the reſt of this thy *Pea-Cock Gang*.

L. Flippants Ghoſt. D—me, Sir, I have been a Man of the Town, or rather a Man of Wit, and have been confeſt a *Beau*, and admitted into the Family of the *Rakehellonians*: And D—me, Sir, I think I am much under that *Dilemma* at preſent.—— I was learn'd in the ingenious Art of *Dumfounding*; a Wit I ſaid, *dear Devil*, I was, and it lay as a Gentlemans ſhou'd, moſt in Lewdneſs and *Atheiſm*. I marry'd in jeſt, or a frollick, which you pleaſe, but as I thought a Fortune *(got by Cullys)* I was made a Cuckold in earneſt; tho' that was no great grievance to me, ſince it only made me in the Mode: nor cou'd I expect any better, ſince I knew ſhe was a Whore before I had her, but 'twas with my Betters, and ſo I was contented her Mony ſhou'd paſs current with me, where her Reputation would not, but *Sharping* was her beſt *Quality*, and *Gaming* her greateſt *Patrimony*: and ſhe ſet up a *Baſſet-Table*, and whilſt I was at the *Groom-Porters* throwing *a-main*, ſhe wou'd be ſure to ſet me at home a pair of *Horns*, I ſeldom coming to my Apartment, but I met ſome *Cully Nobleman* or other; but that which was worſt, ſhe ſtill had a *Knave* in her Mouth, or an *Alpue* in her Tail, that carry'd away all the Gain: Whilſt I was at *Will*'s *Coffeehouſe*, faſtned in *Controverſy* or *Poetick Rhapſodies*, though I had neither *Religion* nor *Learning*, ſhe was ſure of me 'till Play-time, and then too: for at five, come *Dick*, ſays I (to a Brother of the *Oringe*, and *Cravat-ſtring*)

D——me,

D——me, let's to the Play: R——t me, ſays he, 'tis a dull one: D——me, ſays I, I value not the Play, my province lyes in the Boxes ogling my Half-Crown away, or running from *ſide Box* to *ſide Box*, to the inviting *Incognito's* in black Faces, or elſe wittily to cry out aloud in the Pit, *&c. Bough*, or *Boyto*, and then be prettily anſwer'd by the reſt of the *Wits* in the ſame *Note*, like Muſical Inſtruments tun'd to the ſame pitch. And whilſt I was thus generouſly imploy'd, my Conſort had her retreat of Quality to be provided of what I fail'd in. From the Play to the *Roſe*, where we drank till four or break of Day, from thence to Bed, were we lay till four or five again, ſo in *infinitum*.

1 *B. G.* D—me *Jack*, did'ſt ever hear a Sot ſpoil a good Tale in the telling ſo?

2 *B. G.* Z—ns, *Ned*, we're undone through this Scoundrels Ignorance and Nonſenſe: Shall I ſpeak?

1 *B. G.* R——t me, if thou wilt, thou may'ſt; but I am ſure I cou'd make more of it: For tho' thou art a Man of *Wit*, and a good Judge of *Poetry*, and all that, yet R—t me *Jack*, *Oratory* is thy blind ſide.

2 *B. G.* D—me, Sir, don't put upon your Friends; For I have been bred at the *Univerſity*, and think my ſelf as good a Judge as you or any Man alive: And Sir, were we out of the Court, I believe you wou'd not thus have abus'd me.

1 *B. G.* Nay, D——me, *Ned*, now thou art unjuſt to thy Friend: R——t me, to Quarrel for't, I acknowledg'd thee a Man of Parts, *Ned*, and all that.

Luc. Away with the *Gay Sots*, and becauſe I have no Plagues in Hell equal to their Deſerts, let them be a Torment to one another. Away with them.

[*As they are carrying off, the Beaus Diſcourſe.*

1 *B. G.* Well *Ned*, ſhall I ſpeak before it is too late? You may depend on my Excellence in *Oratory*, 'tis my Talent, I never writ *Billet-deux* in my Life, but it prevail'd with the cruel Nymph: And do ye

think I can't with the *Devil?* I'll perſuade him out of his ſeven Senſes Man: D—me, I'll make it appear to him, that he is a God, and all that, Man: R—t me *Ned*, be not obſtinate.

2 *B. G.* Z—ns, Sir, no more of that ſtrain. Sir, you'r a Coxcomb. What! doubt my Univerſal Parts?

[*They are carried off.*

Luc. You with ſuch a buſy Face, ſpeak, what are you?

Here abundance of Cits in various Dreſſes, come forward.

Cit. Ghoſt. An't pleaſe your infernal Majeſty, I was a Right Worſhipful Citizen of *London*, that famous *Metropolis* of *England*, and I have born all the honourable Employments of the ſame, ev'n to Sheriff and Lord Mayor: I was long of the Court of Aldermen, and one of the chief Spoaks-men of the Common-Council: I made Speeches, and pen'd moſt of the Addreſſes; But 'tis not for being a Cuckold alone, or that I was feign to cheat ſo many to maintain my Wives Pride and Luxury, that I am dam'd with this Right Worſhipful Crew here; for thoſe are Crimes common to the reſt of our Brother Citizens, as well as us; but we were ſo mad to marry ſecond Wives, and for their ſakes turn our Children out of doors, after we had bred them up in all the Eaſe and Luxury of the Age, to ſeek their Fortunes in the wide World, and left our Eſtates to our Wives at our Death, who will be ſure to beſtow them on ſome ſilly, Hectoring *Spend-thrift Bully* of *Alſatia* or other, and let the Children begot of our own Bodies ſtarve.

Luc. Away with that Rank Gang of Fools as well as Knaves, who cou'd ſo much forget Nature, and it's neceſſary and known Laws, as to caſt off their own Off-ſpring, to give away their Subſtance to thoſe that will not only miſuſe it, but contemn the Memory of them that were their Benefactors, with ſo great an Injury to Nature.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* May it pleaſe your Noble *Devilſhip*, to hear me before you give Judgment upon us; and I don't doubt ſeriouſly, but I ſhall offer ſuch Reaſons of our Behaviour in that Matter, as ſhall ſufficiently move that Ignominy your *Devilſhip* was pleas'd to caſt upon us. Firſt then, tho' it be true, that upon my Marriage, I agreed with my ſecond Spouſe to turn all my Children out of door; yet I did it not, till ſhe or I had found ſome cauſe ſo to do; for ſome of them were undutiful, and others put Tricks upon me (as my good Wife ſaid,) and others were Lewd and Extravagant, and ſome Self-will'd; ſo that I deſerted none of 'em without ſome Fault. If they were undutiful, was I to blame to puniſh 'em for it? Or was it my Duty to keep and maintain them after they were of ſufficient bigneſs to prog for themſelves? The Birds and Beaſts take care of their Young no longer than till they are able to care for themſelves; And why ſhou'd Man be confin'd to more ſevere Laws in that Point than his Vaſſal Creatures? I muſt profeſs, on the word of a Citizen, that I can ſee no reaſon why a Man that gets his Eſtate himſelf, may not give it away to whom he pleaſes, and none ſo near and deſerving as the Wife of ones Boſom. What tho' ſhe may have Slips, the Witcherys and Temptations of Love are great to their ſoft Sex; and if we have been ſo imploy'd in getting, that we could not mind that other buſineſs, why ſhou'd we blame them for eaſing us by other Supplies, where we wanted Power to give them.

Luc. Thou haſt ſpoken as much to the purpoſe as when in the World thou us'd Harangue at the choice of a Sheriff: And therefore I ſhall proceed to a ſingular Puniſhment for you. Your Argument of puniſhing your Children for their undutifulneſs turns here on your own Head; for when they are little, you encourage their Impudence: And that is a witty Child with you, that can prate ſaucily and lewdly

before he can read; and Swear and catch the Maids by it before ſeven Years Old; and then when you have given them their Head without controul, during their Childhood and Minority, you puniſh them for the Fruit of that Tree which your ſelves have planted, which is in it ſelf the height of Injuſtice; but on the contrary, you are condemn'd for breaking the Laws of your Maker, which you were bred in fear of, and taught to obey: and you that cou'd puniſh your own Fleſh and Blood ſo for nothing, without relenting, have a juſt Judgment for being puniſh'd here without Mercy. And as for their being Lewd and Extravagant, that is no Plea for you, ſince that is the Leſſon you have taught 'em both by Example and Precept, from the time of their Birth till their coming to Years of Underſtanding; for you let a Taylor's Daughter with you go in the Garb of the Children of a Duke in the *Country*, and even Miſs *Ketch* be call'd away from the Mob: Your Sons muſt keep their Horſes, and their Whores too, before they know the uſe of either, and then you puniſh them for perſevering when they are better skill'd. And as for the Birds and Beaſts (Examples I think unworthy to be follow'd by a Nobler Being, or quoted as a Precedent) they are ſo far excelling you in that Point, that they educate their Young in the ſimple courſe of Nature, not elevating them above what's neceſſary, nor leaving them, till they have ſufficiently inur'd them to provide for themſelves all that Nature requires. But juſt contrary to the Example you quote, you, all the Infancy of your Children, keep them from Hardſhip, and knowing how to live, and to provide for themſelves, and then on the ſudden caſt 'em out of their Neſt unfledg'd, without teaching 'em to fly. Nor is your proud Suppoſition, that you may diſpoſe of your own Gettings, more pious or juſtifyable, unleſs you will make your ſelves Gods, and claim the Propriety

ty of that, which you cannot carry out of the World with you, no more than you brought it in. 'Twas Heaven that gave Succeſs to your Endeavours, to provide for thoſe other Bleſſings it beſtow'd upon you, of fine hopeful Children, and you were in right but their Tenant for Life, to improve your Subſtance for their good. Nor can you in reaſon imagine any one deſerves it better; for Juſtice and Reaſon both will have it, that you that have begot them into the World without their ſeeking or deſires, to ſatisfy your own Pleaſure, ought to provide all you can for them, that you brought thus involuntarily into the Maze of Fortune and the Treachery of Mankind. And of all in the World, you have the leaſt reaſon to leave it to a Wife, that not only betrays the Rights of your Bed, proſtituting herſelf and your Honour to Raſcals; but ſhew'd at firſt ſo little Reſpect and Love for you, as to deſire ſo unreaſonable a thing, that you ſhou'd caſt off all the Bonds of Nature, and forſake your own Children, which ſhe cou'd not but love, if ſhe lov'd you: For you know the Proverb, *Love me, Love my Dog*. Having thus therefore ſhewn the Villany of your Crimes, 'tis fit I proceed to your juſt Puniſhment, for which you are ſent hither. You that have thus more than monſtrouſly prevaricated againſt Nature, ſhall want all the Benefits of Nature; Fire you ſhall have, but not to give you gentle Warmth from the Cold of the Seaſon (as when you liv'd and hugg'd your ſelf in all *Epicuriſm*, whilſt your Children ſtarv'd) but to ſcorch your wretched Conſciences; and continual fears of burning your Goods, Houſes and Writings, ſhall attend you; to which ſhall be added, the piercing Fire of Jealouſie, that ſhall prey upon e'ry part of you; nor ſhall you be without the knowledge of your Wives Tranſactions on Earth, and ſee how they mourn in Sack and Claret,

and how they Marry, and Whore, before you are Cold; how they ſpend that profuſely which you ſcrap'd together to give them, with ſo much Injuſtice to your poor Orphans, whoſe Injuries ſhall never let you reſt, but with all the Fury of Hell for ever torment you worſe than *Onan* or the *Sodomites*; away with them whoſe Villanies raiſes a Horror, even in me the Prince of Hell, and great Source of all Wickedneſs.

[*As they are going off, two Quakers Ghoſts ſpeak.*

1 *Quakers Ghoſt.* Ah! um! ——— *Joſiah!* Verily, who wou'd have thought, that *Rebecca* wou'd have fall'n with the Ungodly ſo, or that your *Tabitha* wou'd have let the Spirit move her, to play with the Calves of *Bethel*, the wicked of *Sidon*, or the prophane Children of *Moloch?*

2 *Ghoſt.* By Yea, and by Nay, *Abadoniah*, as thou ſay'ſt, it was more verily than cou'd enter into the Heart of Man to believe. Why, there was my Neighbour *Sad-Face*, and my Couſin *Goggle*, *Nahu Sneak-phir* and [*The Lord ſaid unto* Moſes, *Praiſe God*,] was his Fore-name; had they not holy Siſters as to the Appearance of the Fleſh for their Spouſes? yet behold with them, and within the *Tabernacles of their Manſions*, inſtead of raiſing up Seed to the Lord among the Choſen and Godly, they did Sacrifice to *Baal* with the Giants of *Moab*. Oh *Abadoniah!* What a falling off was there! What a Backſliding!

1 *Gh.* Oh *Joſiah!* As Thou ſay'ſt, Verily, and by Yea, and by Nay, that the Spirit ſhou'd move us to come to the Devil for our *Neceſſaries*, without a *Convenience*. But our Lord will remember our Captivity in *Babylon*. [*They are carry'd off.*

The Lawyers puſh forward, and ſpeak very urgently.

Lawyers Ghoſt. Sure my Lord, if the *Decorum* of any place ought to be kept, that of a Court of Juſtice ought, and not to let a paltry Citt ſpeak before a Man of the Robe. But in theſe *Popiſh Times*,

all

all Law is neglected, and all its honourable Profeſſors contemn'd and poſtpon'd. However, my moſt honourable Lord and Patron of all that wear Black, I ſhall humbly move this honourable Court, that I may at length be heard, ſince my Cauſe is of ſo great import and concern, and in which the Wiſdom of this Court will be highly intereſted, if it ſhou'd be brought in *Billa Vera*, and it wou'd too much reflect on the impartiality of this Court of Judicature, to be ſlack in indagating into a Cauſe of this Weight and Moment. My Lord, before I open, I ſhall only premiſe, that I take this to be the *High Court of Equity*; which granted, I ſhall begin to open.

I will confeſs, that Statutes in *Banco Regis* may prevail, and Cuſtom in the *Common Pleas*; but humbly preſume, with ſubmiſſion to your Lordſhips, that this being a *Court of Equity*, it will give the Devil his due. But, my Lord, where a Precedent of the like nature may happen in a Caſe decided by the Great Council of the Nation, I hope it will not be Foreign, if I alledg it here *where it has nothing to do*; the Caſe is parallel, as I may ſay, my Lord, conſidering the Circumſtances, that is, in ſhort, *Conſideratis Conſiderandis*, in *Primo Henrici Primi*, according to my Lord *Cook* upon *Littleton*; and if your Lordſhips will let us *read*, you ſhall find ſo many groſs Errors in the Bill, and the material Objections ſo fully anſwer'd, and Coſts, if not Charges and Damages. But, my Lord, I do humbly ſuppoſe, that part of this Bill ought rather to have been put into an *Indictment*, and ſo falls not under the Cognizance of this Court; and that is, my Lord, that we are made *Felo's de ſe*, the Cauſes of our own Damnation, by an Inſtrument call'd a *Wife*, value Two-pence. Therefore, my Lord, if you pleaſe to let us try it upon a Jury in any County your Lordſhips ſhall think fit. Tho' I think in

The Devil Laughs e'ry now and then.

our

our Caſe, your Lordſhips may decide it without further trouble; for thus I prove the *Negative* (hoping your Lordſhips will let me bring in a *Writ of Error*) To deny, my Lord, that we are damn'd, wou'd be perfect Nonſenſe, and againſt all *Form of Law*; yet that we are damn'd for our Wives, I preſume, does not follow. And I will prove, that it does not ſo undeniably to all that have any profound inſight into the Law, that I queſtion not but your Lordſhips will acquieſce *Nemine Contradicente*; for tho' it be,

The Devils all Laugh at his Negative Proof.

Mark Brothers how I will puzzle the Devil, and all his Learned Bench with one turn, one notable Quirk; mind it well.

Aſide to the other Lawyers Ghoſts that follow him. They look on one-another rejoycing and hugging themſelves.

[*Aloud.*] For tho' I ſay, it be true, that our Wives ſpent a great deal of Money on our Clerks, *Et cætera quæ nunc perſcribere longum eſt*, and Cuckold us as often as they pleas'd in ſpight of our Teeth, and tho' I will not deny that they were as profuſe as *Heliogabolus*, or *Caligula*, and as proud as *Lucifer* (with ſubmiſſion to your Lordſhips) yet (now comes the *Paradox*) yet I ſay (pray mind this) *We did not get Money to maintain their* Luxury, *but they maintain'd their* Luxury *out of the Money that we got:* Which I humbly conceive falls not under the ſame *Predicament*, but brings us within the Act of *Habeas Corpus*, that we may not be carry'd away into the Den of ordinary *Cuckolds*. For, to give your Lordſhips yet a more lively Repreſentation of this matter in queſtion, be pleas'd to reflect on another very pertinent *Precedent* in my Lord *Cook*, where *John a-Noakes* is Tenant only for *Life*, and *John a-Stiles* Tenant in *Tail*.——

Luc.

Luc. Heyday! What, is it Midſummer-Moon with Mankind? What have we got here! A Cuckold Horn-mad, prating Nonſenſe, and ſalving his Knavery and Folly with a Quirk in Law, a turn of a Sentence? Thoſe Shams won't take here, where there needs no Fee for Counſel, nor Bribe for Judgment. Away with him, and his Villanous Tribe.

Lawyers Ghoſt. Nay, but my Lord, I humbly move your Honour, that we may not be condemn'd *Cauſa indicta*, that is not *Right* nor *Equitable*: Wherefore, I beſeech your Lordſhips to have ſome regard to me as I am a Barriſter of 30 years ſtanding, and a Serjeant of 10, that you wou'd be pleas'd to reflect, that tho' I cheated the *Ignorant*, and ſqueez'd and impos'd on the *Neceſſitous*.——

Luc. Has not Hell yet brought thee thy Senſes? Away with this impertinent Fellow, and all this Black Gang, among the reſt of the moſt deprav'd Cuckolds, but in the deepeſt Cavern, for whom they ſhall plead in *Forma Pauperis*, till their Lungs crack without *Fees*; let the Writings of their ill-got Eſtates be for their Food. Scoundrels that had no more ſenſe, than after they had cheated ſo many Wiſe and Honeſt Men, to ſuffer themſelves to be abus'd by Women. Away with them, away with them.

Lawyer. As to that, my Lord, I always fetch'd my Dear home in her Coach from her Gallant, who had pawn'd her in a Tavern.——

Luc. Away with 'em, I ſay.——What, am I not obey'd!

[*As they are carry'd off, they cry,* O Tempora! O Mores!

Luc. Who art thou, with ſo preciſe a Grimace?

A Parſons Ghoſt. I was in the World above, moſt mighty King, of the Reverend Crew, and having a handſome Wife, as moſt of us Love, who was Proud,

Proud, as they generally are, my Benefice (tho' good) was too ſmall to maintain the Grandure ſhe affected; but I being of a good comely Port, with a pair of broad Shoulders, and ſufficient Abilities, and the Man of God to boot (which made an eaſie and open way for all the reſt) I ventur'd to crack a Commandment with ſome of my Wealthy Pariſhioners Wives, that they being ſo oblig'd (according to my Text) might prevail with their Husbands to be the more generous to me in *Supererogatory* Offerings, which flow'd all into the bottomleſs Bagg of my Spouſes Pride and Luſt; for that too muſt be ſupply'd. [*They are carry'd off.*

Luc. You the reſt of this mad fooliſh Crew, what are you? and what the cauſe of your Damnation?

Poets Ghoſt. *Quis Talia fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyſſei
Temperet a Lacrymis?

Ha! Brothers of the Quill, what Fate for us remains?
But *Death*, or worſe than *Death*, in glorious Chains.

Luc. What ragged Regiment are you that lagg behind your Fellows? What are you the Black-Guard of the Cuckolds?

Poet. No Royal *Pluto*, no: (Altho' indeed we are the pooreſt Cuckolds that come hither, I believe) we are of the Learned Rout.

We have on PARNASSUS *ſlept,*
And in the Sacred Stream
(To guild our Amorous Theam)
Of HELICON *our Pens have dipt,*
And thro' AVERNUS *and Black* STYX.
By which to Swear
The Gods do fear
We hither ſlipt;

And

And fairly Bilk'd Old CHARON,
As we were wont to do of Yore
Poor HACK *or* CHAIRMAN,
Or our half-ſtarv'd Whore.
Wherefore, O Sir PLUTO,
Since we cannot Bilk you too.———

Luc. Hold, hold, I know your Tribe of old; if you once get to repeating your Works, or into the Jingle of your Rhimes, you'll never have done. Away with 'em to Old *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, and the reſt of the *Crambo-Sparks:* Ye ſenſeleſs Scoundrels, that make Wives of your Muſes when Single, and Whores of your Wives when Marry'd.

Poet. O paſſi Graviora! ———
Solamen miſeris, ſocios habuiſſe dolorum.

Luc. Clear the Court, and let no more come in: The Fatigue of this Sitting has been enough; For my part, the Follies of Mankind are ſuch, that the very hearing of them, has quite turn'd my Stomach for this Month at leaſt.

Porter. Great Sir, here is a throng of *Wild Iriſh* that will take no Denial, but thruſt in whether we will or no.

Iriſh. Nay, nay, mee Deer Joy, Chreeſt bleſs the ſweet Majeſtees Faaſh indeed; poor *Teague* is St. *Patrick*'s own Country-man, be Chreeſt, and poor *Teague* will come into St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory, and if there be no Vacancee, indeed thee muſt make a Vacancee.

Porter. Nay, but this is Hell, and not St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory. Therefore keep back.

Iriſh. Boo! boo, boo, boo, boo, oo, hoo! Hell indeed! Say'ſt thou mee Deer Joy; be mee Shoul, and bee Chreeſt and St. *Patrick*, ee was think that hee that was in the High-way to Hell, cou'd not miſs St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory, ſince there is but a Wall betwixt 'em.

Porter.

Porter. Ouns ſtand back, or I'll ſend ye back to the *Boyn*, ye impudent *Paltroons* you.

Iriſh. Boo, hoo, ooo; Bleſs the ſweet Faaſh of thee indeed, poor *Teague* will have patience till his good Grace will let him in indeed. [*A Noiſe without.*

Luc. What Noiſe is that without?

Porter. Here is a Troop of *Scots* that ſwear and ſtare to get in, and beg they may but skulk into ſome cold Corner of Hell (which they wou'd not know from their own Country above) with their *Ganymeds*, from the Fury of their Wives, whom they hear are juſt following them at their Heels. And then here is ſome Thouſands more from *Aſia*, *Africa* and *America*, puſh'd on with the ſame fear: But I'll keep 'em here in the *Lobby* till your Infernal Majeſty is more at leiſure.

Luc. Do ſo.——For the horrid Nauſeouſneſs of theſe Sots have almoſt put me into a fit of Vomiting and Looſeneſs. And, now my Lords and Gentlemen, that have given your Attendance at this Court, you may depart till further Orders; but, tendring my Health, both for your ſakes and my own, I ſhall confer the Office of my Deputy on our Right Reverend and Well-beloved Couſin *Belzebub*, Prince of the *Flyes*; for I am unable to undergo this Fatigue any more.

Belzebub. I humbly beg your Majeſty wou'd excuſe my Age, and give me my *Quietus*. Here is Prince *Satan*, an Able and Active Devil, and worthy your Choice.

Satan. Good Prince *Belzebub*, you might have ſpar'd your good Word; for I ſhall beg to be excus'd, if my former Services may be reſpected; for I had enough of Mankind when I tempted *Eve*, ſhe foil'd me ſo at my own Weapon. Therefore, I hope your Majeſty will confer that troubleſome Imployment on ſome Devil of leſs Quality than my ſelf.

Lucifer.

Lucifer. So be it then, and let the Mobb of Hell make Choice of one, for I am reſolved to trouble myſelf no more about 'em. But before we riſe, let Proclamation be made of a general *Play-day* and *Jubilee* for all the leſſer and laborious Rank of Devils, who have been thus long continually employ'd in damning Mankind; let them take their eaſe as long as *Matrimony* prevails above; for now our buſineſs is much better done by Woman to our Hands: Or if any are ſo zealouſly inclin'd to be ſtill buſie for the good of their Country, let them employ their Time and Talents to better purpoſe than formerly, in perſuading the eaſy World againſt Cœlibacy, by ſtigmatizing all that affect it with the Names of *Whores*, *Rogues* and *Hypocrites*; and if that prevails, we gain our Point, and *Widow'd Heaven* may bid good-night to Mankind. For if we get 'em into our Nooſe, we may be ſure of our Purchaſe. Let none therefore loyter away his Time in tempting the Marry'd, for one Woman will out-do a Legion of you.

For ſince their Grandame Eve *in* Eden *fell*,
The Sex *has learnt the Damning Trade ſo well*,
Where e're that Rules, there's little need of Hell.

A

DIALOGUE

IN THE

Elizium Fields

BETWEEN

LÆLIUS *and* TIMON.

In Imitation of LUCIAN.

Of FRIENDSHIP.

Timon. SO, ſo, ſo. —— Thanks, ye gracious Powers! that have once more freed me from that ſordid Carcaſe of Mortality, in which I was juſt now coop'd up, and ſet me at Liberty again to breath at large in theſe happy *Elizium* Fields, where Nature appears to the clear ſight of new unclouded Reaſon, in all her eaſie Plainneſs, diveſted of that Jargon of Words, and thoſe gaudy *Robes* and *Trappings*, which the weak Brains and contradictory Gueſſes of the fond Philoſophers have hid in it above. Hail! happy Shades, ſecure and free from Ambuſh and Deſign, where Villany, Uſury and Treaſon, and the falſe Train of inconſtant Paraſites above, ſo miſcall'd *Friends*, dare ne're approach,

proach, and nothing but what's generous, compaſſionate and juſt, is e're admitted! all hail! But what Noble Man's this comes skimming by? —— Thoſe glorious Wreaths that circle in his ſacred Head, declare him a true, perſevering and faithful Friend. I ſee now, 'tis the fam'd *Lælius*; I'll accoſt him.——Generous *Lælius*, have you forgot your old Acquaintance in theſe happy Fields?

Lælius. Who?—Thrice Noble *Timon!* how come you thus ſoon to us again? You've taken but a ſhort turn in the frail Walk of Life above.

Timon. Not by much ſo ſhort as I deſir'd, I aſſure you; tho' I rejoyce the damn'd Fatigue is over, and that it will not come to my Lot again this good while. But when, Dear *Lælius*, are you for thoſe upper Regions?——If you can perſuade your old Friend *Scipio* to accompany you, you'll make a pleaſanter Voyage than I did, who cou'd not meet with that divine *Idea*, a Friend, in either of my Viſits to Mortality. Nor will you, unleſs you carry him with you from hence.

Lælius. I know not how far the Charms of Friendſhip might engage me, were my Dear *Scipio* to return thither; elſe I find no great inclination to quit theſe calm Retreats, theſe bleſt Abodes; for the tempeſtuous Ocean of the World, I lik'd it not ſo well when I was laſt there, where e'ry thing is ſubject to the blind governance of Chance, which rarely favours the Nobler Beings, but makes the Brave Man truckle to the Villain, the Wiſe and Honeſt to the Fool or Knave, where none enjoy the benefits of Life, but ſuch as are not fit to Live. If the baſe World be alter'd for the better, pray inform me.

Timon. Oh! *Lælius*, I find you baulk'd your Glaſs at *Lethe Lake*, you wou'd not elſe have remembred theſe inconveniences of Humane Life, but a been thronging for a New Birth into ſome of thoſe nu-

merous Bodies which Mankind above beget Day and Night without any fear, or consideration. But to answer your Query: I must confess, the World is indeed alter'd, but by vast and incredible degrees, for the worse. For if Villany were sometimes successful in your Age, in this nothing else is. If Honesty and Wisdom were in little esteem then, now they are in None. If Vertue was then less sought after, 'tis now grown the greatest Scandal. Now from the Crown to the Cott, from the Peasant to the Prince, there are not the least footsteps of Honour, Justice, or Moral Honesty. Nay, e'ry individual Man has more subtilty and designing Cunning in his own private Affairs, than the greatest Tyrant, or or the most famous for Dissimulation (in which there's not a Farmer but excells a *Claudius*) if you'r ever understood in Administring of the Publick. Stedfast Honour (that generous Idol of Antiquity) veers now with every Wind of Interest or Ambition, as changeable as the *Chameleon*, or the Poetick *Proteus*; and there are as many differing Notions of this Plain, this Well-known Excellence, as of Religion.

Læl. I fear the unparallel'd Injuries you receiv'd from the Old *Athenians*, makes you speak thus of all Mankind.

Timon. No, upon my word *Lælius* (for in these Fields you may believe one on ones word,) my Account reaches not to half the reality and truth of the present Villany of Mankind. No, no: Were *Athens* with all it's Ingratitude now in being, 'twould be such a Pattern and inimitable Example of Honour and Gratitude, that the present World wou'd never arrive at it. I tell thee *Lælius*, I cannot give so refin'd a Spirit as thee art, who knew not half the less criminal Vices of your own Age, any tolerable Idea of this, where *Murder*, *Treason*, and *Parricide*, find an *Apotheosis*, and whose greatest Vertues arrive not at an Excellence of the greatest Vices of Old *Rome*.

Lælius.

Lælius. Where's Religion then? That ſacred Tye, that bound the World to Vertue; What's become of that?

Timon. That ſacred Name ſtill remains in the World, and nothing but the *Name*, which makes a mighty Noiſe and Buſtle, and affords as ſolemn and pompous ſhew as the Anti-Feaſts of Old, and has no more of Subſtance.

Lælius. Does the old Opinion of the Plurality of Gods prevail with the Vulgar ſtill? The Vulgar, I ſay, for it never did with the Wiſer ſort.

Timon. That Opinion, however irrational, prevails very far to this day; for if we conſider the whole Circumference of the Earth, and all the numerous Nations that dwell on the ſurface of it, the old Opinion of Plurality of Gods takes up the largeſt extent; but if we conſider only thoſe parts where the *Roman Eagles* were known, they are quite of another Opinion, generally all admitting of one only God. But then, they differ again ſo in point of Worſhip, that they make more various Religions for that one God, than we had different Gods for one Religious Worſhip; and indeed, they make Gods of their own Opinion, e'ry one being ready to ſpend his Subſtance, nay, Life and all, to force his Neighbour to be of his mind. They are divided into three ſorts, *Turks*, *Jews* and *Chriſtians*. The *Jews* you heard of in your time.

Lælius. An imperfect Account we had of them.

Timon. Why, they are the moſt Ancient of theſe three great Bodies, and draw, as they ſay, their Original from the firſt Man, never altering their Opinion of the Unity of the Godhead, with whom they us'd to have frequent Converſe, and by whom they were promis'd a great *Theantropos* that ſhou'd deliver them from Thraldom, not of Princes, but of their own deprav'd Appetites, their Avarice, Treachery, Pride and Sedition. And when this

great Deliverer came, they very fairly Murder'd him; and from this *Theantropos* it is that the *Chriſtians* derive themſelves, I mean their Religion, which is not only compos'd of all the excellent Morals which the Old Philoſophers found out in the Law and Dictates of Nature, but ſeveral wonderful Myſteries that paſt my Underſtanding there, and muſt my Narration here. Theſe *Chriſtians* now poſſeſs old *Rome*, and great part of *Europe*, tho' cut and rent into a Thouſand Sub-diviſions, which are more averſe to one-another, than to the common Enemy of the whole. But notwithſtanding all theſe elevated Precepts of Morality, which they boaſt are ſo much improv'd above ours of Old, you ſhan't find one of theirs arrive to the Practice of the worſt of us; if indeed they were follow'd, the Life of Man wou'd be ſo happy above, that all our bleſt *Elizium Shades* below wou'd be Deſerted for it; for it wou'd make a large and general Amity betwixt Mankind, baniſhing all Cauſes of Strife, diffuſing an Epidemick Love through the whole Creation; and whereas you formerly confin'd Friendſhip to the narrow compaſs of two, or a few, this has made it appear it wou'd, if practiſed, unite the whole World in the ſtricteſt Bond of Alliance and Friendſhip. But as it is, it proves but a Pearl caſt before Swine, which no body values or takes notice of, unleſs to deceive another.

Lelius. Have they no Philoſophers and Inſtructors in this admirable Law, whoſe excellent Example of the Contempt of the World, Honours, Intereſts, Strife and Enmity, tranſcend Antiquity, and are a living Leſſon of the Good, and advantage of theſe wiſe Inſtitutions?

Timon. O, yes: They have numerous Inſtructors, but ſuch as leaſt of all follow what they teach; to hear them, wou'd cauſe a Veneration for them next to a Divinity; but to ſee their Practice, wou'd breed

breed a Contempt beyond all Expreſſion. There is no Villany forbid, but they will greedily embrace, if Intereſt perſuade; and no good commanded but they will more readily abandon to gratifie their brutal Pride, Luxury and Revenge. They extol Humility in their Pulpits, but know it not in their Behaviour. They perſuade Commiſeration for the Misfortunes and Miſeries of their Fellow-Creature, as a Duty commanded, and not to be diſpenſed withal; but are themſelves inexorable to the moſt moving Object. They defie Obedience in their numerous Elogiums of it, but if it ſuit not their Ambition and Violence, they run it into endleſs Diſtinctions till they have loſt it. They inculcate mutual Love and Amity, as the neceſſary and characteriſtical Mark of their Profeſſion; yet are the moſt violent *Boutefeu*'s. They enjoyn Forgiveneſs of one-anothers Injuries as an indiſpenſible Precept, and arraign Revenge as unpardonable, and an Uſurpation on the Province of the Deity, yet never forget the leaſt Offence againſt themſelves, but proſecute an accidental Error with all the Malice of an inraged Revenge. Prudence they have none, aiming only at Cunning, under that Name. Juſtice they think Folly to practice in any Concern, where they have any Profit: Fortitude is an Antiquated Vertue, which they tell of Primitive Gentlemen that were ſtock'd with it, ſo as to contemn Life and Torments, rather than to forſake their receiv'd Opinion of Truth; but the Examples are ſo old, that they look almoſt like our Golden Age, and are quite out of uſe; there being no greater Cowards in Nature as to Paſſive Fortitude, and will rather veer with e'ry Wind that blows, than let their Spouſes have a Knot leſs on their Commodes. And as for Temperance, *Epicurus* was a Stoic to the moſt Moderate; in their

Qui ſummum credere nefas Animam præferre pudori & propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.

Diet and Eaſe, they tranſcend, in proportion to their Capacities ev'n *Heliogabala*'s, or the greateſt Gluttons of the old or new World. Thus you ſee they have no one of thoſe Vertues that were known to the Ancients; nor are they more ſtock'd with thoſe peculiar to themſelves, which they call Theological; as Faith, Hope and Charity, words which neither you nor I can underſtand no more than they poſſeſs.

Lælius. If their Teachers are thus, ſure their Followers muſt think their whole Pretence a Farce or Cheat.

Timon. Truly they generally are of that Opinion, and therefore the greateſt Pretenders to it are moſt commonly the greateſt Villains. For I know not by what Witchery it comes to paſs, that none of all the Race, either Hearer or Teacher, have or believe any thing of the Matter; yet the major part of thoſe ſame People ſhall be gull'd with a pious Cant, a preciſe Look, or any other Religious Viſor.

Lælius. Dear *Timon*, we have had enough of theſe Chriſtians, and ſure there can be no worſe among the other Sex of Mankind?

Timon. You are in the right. For the *Turk*, if his Moral Precepts are not ſo Refin'd and Excellent, yet he practices abundantly more; and I am perſuaded, if they had the Doctrine of the other without their Commerce (for that does corrupt wherever it comes) they wou'd arrive to a pitch of Happineſs.

Lælius. But I have neglected one Queſtion, which more nearly hits my Humour: Is there no Friendſhip among any there? Are there no *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, no *Theſeus* and *Perithous*, no *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, no *Damon* and *Pythius*? Or in ſhort, no *Scipio* and *Lælius*, famous for their Faith and Loyalty to one-another, which no Fortune nor Diſtreſs cou'd ſeparate or deſtroy?

Timon.

Timon. O, yes Sir; there are abundance of Friendſhips in the preſent World betwixt all Sexes; the Men have their Friends Male and Female; but with this Difference, they keep neither any longer than their Pleaſure or Profit prevails, which is ſeldom long. If you have Plenty, you ſhall not want Friends that ſhall careſs and admire you above all Mankind; but then they are like Shadows, they all vaniſh at the firſt Cloud that obſcures the Sun of your good Fortune; or if any ſtick to you, 'tis no longer than there is ſome hopes that you may once retrieve your loſt Glory: Nay, if you raiſe a Worm, a little reptile Animal, that us'd like the Serpent to eat the Duſt of the Ground, if (I ſay) you ſhould raiſe ſuch an Out-caſt to be your Boſom Friend, and give him all that is delightful or deſirable to Mankind, yet if the leaſt Storm threatens you, he ſhall betray you to your Ruine. So that tho' you have never ſo nice an Idea of Friendſhip, and reduce it to Practice, either with the Illuſtrious or Ignoble, with thoſe that Birth and Education ſhou'd have taught the Noble Principles of *Honour*, or thoſe that have not had the advantage of great Parents, but might be thought, thro' the Dictates of Nature, to be won by the higheſt Obligations, you will find there is ſcarce one in a Thouſand Millions that is worthy your Love.

Lælius. You give me a Character of the preſent World from the paſt Injuries you receiv'd, and the Villanous Returns the *Athenians* made you for all thoſe Generous Services you did them and your Country. But, I hope, in this turn into the World, you avoided thoſe Inconveniences which you knew before proceeded from too Noble a Temper, and too exceſſive a Liberality.

Timon. Tho' thoſe incredible Ingratitudes of my old Countrymen of *Greece* might perhaps prevail with another leſs generous and brave, to condemn

all Mankind for ever for their ſakes, as I did in my angry Mood, in my Epitaph; yet I do aſſure you, that I repreſent them very ſhort of their Deſerts; and the *Athenians* were but Dwarfs in Ingratitude and Selfiſhneſs to the preſent World. Tho' the Memory of their Villanies to me, rendred my abode here very uneaſy for many Centuries, which made me at laſt reſolve to drink of *Lethe-Lake* to forget them, that I might not diſquiet my ſelf any more about them; but as I had the Water in my Mouth, I began to reflect, that if I ſhould wholly forget them, I might in my Return to the World incur the ſame Misfortunes again, and therefore I let but a drop or two go down, and ſpurted out the reſt again. So keeping my Reſolution to be as Selfiſh as any, and to give nothing, unleſs I had almoſt a certainty of getting twice as much by it, I enter'd at laſt into a Body that was juſt come to a ripeneſs to receive a Soul, and as 'tis a Lottery to us, you know what Body we are convey'd into, ſo I found too late that I was born an *Engliſh-man*, and as I grew up, I found that Opinion by Experience verify'd, *That the Organs and Conſtitutions of the Body form the Inclinations of the Mind.* For ſpight of all my former Reſolutions, I began to imbibe the pernicious Opinion, That none was born for himſelf only; and, that there was nothing more worthy a Man, or indeed made nearer Approaches to *Divinity*, than to redreſs the Misfortunes of my Fellow-Creatures, ſhielding off Ruine from thoſe in Diſtreſs.

Among the reſt of my beloved Follies, reading your Examples, and thoſe of old *Greece*, fam'd in the Schools for Friendſhip, I fell into a ridiculous Opinion, That it was poſſible for me to cull out ſome Dear *Pylades* or *Scipio*, to build up that Chymera of a Pleaſure call'd Friendſhip. Nor cou'd I then imagine, I cou'd purſue a ſurer Tract to find that

that Noble *Phœnix*, than in the Circle of the Sciences, which generally inform'd the Minds of their Adorers with more refin'd and generous Principles than the groveling Souls of the ignorant part of Mankind ever riſe to, believing their elevated Beings to be above thoſe little ſelfiſh Tricks of the Crafty Deſigning part of the humane Emnets. But in ſuch a one to ſhew you the extremity of the leſs perfect, I'll give you a ſhort touch of his Prevarications.

The agreeableneſs of our Inclinations I laid for the Baſis of our Amity, you allowing no proſpect of Advantage and Intereſt in theſe Aſſociations; and as I deſir'd and expected, he firſt ſtood in need of me. Liberty is the Idol of all Men; that I gave him with the hazard of my own; and Life it ſelf he ow'd to my Sword and Purſe: Nor cou'd Fortune (envious as ſhe is at the ſucceſs of the Ingenious) caſt more Diſtreſſes on him, than my Friendſhip did (unask'd) endeavour to hinder him from, as long as my Abilities remain'd: But no ſooner had my Generoſity to others reduc'd me to want the returns of a Friend, but he grew faint in the Noble Courſe, and repay'd my paſt Services with odd, long, ſtrange, needleſs, baſe Put-offs, monſtrous Proteſtations without any Effect, and Promiſes without any Preferment. Extravagantly kind in Words when I ask'd nothing, but wretchedly, and beyond meaſure, penurious in Action when entreated. An Inferiour and Impudent Fellow ſhou'd ſucceed, when the modeſt Importunities of his Friend were fruitleſs. Behold, in a word, the Difference betwixt us. The leaſt occaſion was ſufficient for me to throw my Favours without being ask'd (as you in your Divine Rules preſcribe) and the greateſt and moſt extraordinary Emergency too little to make him remember a Promiſe,

Lælius.

Lælius. By this Account I find the World is indeed much alter'd for the worſe; for in *Athens* of old, the Senate and People had ruin'd and condemn'd *Calicias*, for not aſſiſting his poor Friend *Ariſtides*, if by the Teſtimony of him he had not ſatisfy'd the Publick, that *Ariſtides*'s Poverty was owing to his own abſtenuous Inclinations, not his baſe deſerting him in his Diſtreſs.

Timon. Ah! if *Athens* had been always of that Mind, how many of my *quondam* Paraſites had been hang'd?

Lælius. But perhaps, Good *Timon*, you weigh'd not well your Man before you made your Choice. For as the Offices of Friendſhip are reciprocal, ſo neglect ſhewing want of Love, was a juſt Cauſe of a Change, without that ignominious imputation of Levity. For as I aſſerted, 'tis no eaſie matter to find out one that is fit Matter to make a Friend of.

Timon. Oh! during my better days, none more ready in returning all the ſuperficial and little Offices that coſt nothing, or at leaſt no more than he was ſure of again; but when Fortune had cut off preſent Hopes, all his kindneſſes were procraſtinated till a more lucky Hour; nor wou'd he part ev'n with Words to raiſe me from Diſtreſs.

Theſe Faults may perhaps, *Lælius*, ſeem Villanous enough to you, yet compar'd with others, the Dog was a *Cherubim*. For tho' he aſſiſted me not, he wou'd not depreſs me farther; tho' he prefer'd not my obliging Love and generous Services to a Whore and a Bottle, yet he betray'd me not; and tho' he'd rather let me periſh than ſpeak for me, yet he wou'd not cut my Throat himſelf. Thus, noble *Lælius*, you have ſeen the *Mirrour* of Friendſhip in the preſent World above; I deſire you wou'd give me ſome Idea of it, as in your Time, ſince both my Viſits thither have never given me the delight of half a Friend. I have, indeed, read fine Stories of

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'em in *Romances*, and the Hiſtories of the old *Romans* and *Grecians*, but at laſt concluded them to be only the Gay Children of Imagination, pleaſant in Speculation, but never to be brought to uſe.

Lælius. But is the Iron Age ſo eſtabliſh'd, that there is no Remains of Friendſhip, no Acts of Kindneſs from one to another?

Timon. Yes, yes, there is a Temporary Friendſhip yet in the World, that laſts long as the hot Blood of Youth continues; but then it conſiſts not in Vertue, nor among Vertuous Perſons, as you require, but in Pimping for one another, in being in Rake-helly Exploits together, in ſpending the Day in Gaming and Intreagues, and the Night in Lewdneſs, and Drinking together till both are drunk. You may Pimp for a Friend, nay, and fight for him, but where it comes to pinch upon your Pocket, there the greateſt Friend Mony is prefer'd to the other call'd Man. So that your Sentiment, that Friendſhip cou'd be among none but the Vertuous, is now quite inverted; for they ceaſe to be Friends as ſoon as either takes to Sobriety and Vertue. Of theſe Friends e'ry place ſwarms, not a Tavern, Coffee-houſe, or Stews, but is full of them. Nay, there are another ſort of Friends too, that if you have a pretty Wife, ſhall endear themſelves to you, to have the better admittance to her to make you a Cuckold; or if you have a fine Daughter, ſhall omit nothing of the Formalities of a real Friend, till he has debauch'd her: If you have a She-Relation that is a Fortune, you will not want Friends that will buy her of you, and ſtand by you with their Life and Fortune till the Job is done. If you are a young Heir, you will not be deſtitute of the deareſt proteſting Creatures, that ſeem to have learnt the Diſſimulation and Deceit of Harlots, who will never forſake you; and if ſhort kept by the Avarice of a Father, will not let you want Mony, if you will but pay 'em for their kindneſs in a Stifled Obligation.

gation. So that, Dear *Lælius*, you muſt not miſtake me, for the World was never ſtock'd better with Friends, but thoſe Friends are all Villains, all Sycophants, Cheats, Pimps, and Uſurers. Generoſity and Honour they underſtand no more than Arts and Sciences.

Lælius. Your Account of the preſent State of the World proves evidently what I formerly thought was not without great reaſon, that *there can be no true Friendſhip where Vertue is wanting.* For you give an Account to me of a meer Chaos of Confuſion and Villany, and not of a World where Men with immortal Souls, and the light of Nature, improv'd as they pretend, in Habit; and *Greece* with all the puniſhments it has plac'd in Hell, has not provided ſufficient for the Luxuriancy of the Villanies of this latter World, where Faith, Integrity, and Liberality, void of Avarice and Luſt, the ſolid Baſis and Foundation of that Cœleſtial Prerogative of a Rational Being *Friendſhip*, are no where to be found; but Pride and Rapacious Deſire, generates continual Feuds, and Anarchical Confuſion. No, my unfortunate *Timon*, I'll ne're forſake theſe dear Shades, bleſt with the Preſence of my Noble and Generous *Scipio*, for ſo baſe and ſervile a World. But if Strangers have no Friendſhip for one another, I mean ſuch as are not related by Blood, I preſume among Kindred, there may be found ſome Pairs of Friends: For Nature, the beſt Directrix of Human Life, has eſtabliſh'd in her ſacred Laws a Friendſhip among them, as ſhe has in ſeveral Degrees among all Mankind. For our Country-men are nearer to us than Foreigners, our Fellow-Citizens yet nearer, and Relations neareſt of all, according to their ſeveral Degrees of Allyance.

Timon. Perhaps theſe might be the Sentiments of yours; but now I aſſure you, the Opinion, or at leaſt Practice of the World, is quite contrary; for you

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are ſo much the farther from a Friend, as you are nearer a-kin, and a Stranger ſhall find Succeſs when a near Relation ſhall be deny'd: A Foreigner be courted, admired, and careſs'd, when a Country-man, or Fellow-Citizen ſhall ſtarve with twice his Merits. A Child be turn'd out of door for an unknown Vaſſal to take his place, and ſtarve whilſt his Fathers Servants live like Princes: and *rara eſt concordia fratrum*, your Brother ſhall be ſure to ruin or deſtroy you, to make himſelf: Nay, the Child ſhall betray his own Father, if he can but get by it; and Mothers that us'd to dote upon what they bore, and have a tender regard to their own Off-ſpring, ſhall caſt 'em off without the leaſt Compaſſion, to receive an Addreſs and Gallant. You wou'd imagine, if you beheld the Tranſactions of e'ry Family, it were a *Bedlam*, or rather a more Criminal place, where e'ry one is Catching and Progging for himſelf, with continual Feuds, and eternal Quarrels; and this is that Friendſhip which you ſay Nature herſelf eſtabliſhes. I pray you therefore, generous *Lælius*, to tell me what Friendſhip is in your Opinion.

Lælius. Friendſhip I always took to be as I ever practiſed it with *Scipio*; A firm and abſolute Conſent and Agreement in all things, both Divine and Humane, joyn'd with the greateſt Charity or Love, and Benevolence, or Good Will, demonſtrated in frequent and generous Offices to one another; nor do I think Heaven it ſelf has beſtow'd any greater Bleſſing on Mankind, excepting Wiſdom.

Timon. That was juſt the Idea I fram'd of it; but I find by experience, there is never two in one Age to make up one pair of ſuch Friends, which if there were, nothing certainly were to be prefer'd to 'em.

Lælius. There were thoſe in my time too that did prefer Riches, Health, Power, and Honour to it, nor were we without ſome Brutal Minds that thought Pleaſures more deſirable. But certainly, they were not

not a little in the wrong, for the firſt were the Proprieties of Fortune, more than of our own Induſtry, and of a frail and fading Nature; and as for the laſt, they were only Emulators of the Beaſts, who enjoy'd thoſe Delights in a more elevated manner than any of them; not conſidering that Friendſhip afforded the moſt ſolid and laſting Pleaſure. Nor were we without ſome ſceptical Gentlemen, who for a cloak to love none but themſelves, plac'd all their Delight (as they pretended) in Vertue, as their *Summum bonum*: Whereas that very Vertue they Idoliz'd, is the Mother of the Friendſhip I contend for, ſince I have laid it for a Fundamental Maxim, That none but the Vertuous can be true Friends; nor am I able to ſet forth the incredible Advantages Friendſhip has among ſuch Men. For what Man living is there that cannot repoſe himſelf in the mutual Good-will of his Friend? What is there ſo delightful, what ſo charming, as to have one with whom you can as freely Diſcourſe all your Concerns as in your own Thoughts? Where wou'd be the mighty Fruit of Proſperity, if you had not one that ſhou'd rejoyce with you, and take as much ſatisfaction in it as your ſelf? And Misfortunes wou'd be almoſt inſupportable, if we had not a Friend that ſhou'd bear 'em with greater Regret than ones ſelf. In ſhort, all other Goods which we hunt after and deſire, are ſtinted to their ſeveral particular Advantages; Riches for uſe, Power that you may be fear'd or courted, Honour, that you may have the Applauſes of the Vulgar, Pleaſure that you may Rejoyce, and Health that you may be free from Grief, and perform the Functions of your Body; but Friendſhip is of general uſe; nor can you turn your Thought to any thing where you will not find it neceſſary; 'tis never out of ſeaſon, nor ever impertinent and troubleſome; nor is Water, Air, or Fire of greater neceſſity than Friendſhip in all places, and in all times; for it heightens

heightens good Fortune, and alleviates bad by Communication with a Partner. Whoever beholds a true Friend, receives as it were another Self, and is present with the absent, has Plenty in Distress, and Health in Sickness, and that which is most surprizing, survives his own Funeral. This was the Blessing that made me value Life, nor without it do I think, should the Golden Age return, and the Innocence of Mankind with it, and *Astræa* once more Visit the Earth, I should desire to live a again; unless *Scipio*, my *Scipio*, were to be with me in the same Noble Bond of Friendship.

Timon. As there is little hopes of the Return of Justice and Peace to the World, so I conclude you will endeavour to remain where you are: and behold, yonder approaches on all the Wings of Generous Love, your Illustrious *Scipio*.

Lælius. Whom with as much eagerness I will meet, whilst the mad, senseless World above, are ignorant of our Bliss, and continue their incorrigible Follies.

Timon. He's gone, and now nothing is wanting to compleat my Happiness but such a Friend; but yonder I see the Ghost of my honest old Steward who serv'd me at *Athens*, not forsook me with the rest; him I will select for my Companion, to wear out Eternity with, without adventuring any more into the World.

THE

THE *Belgic* HERO Unmask'd: IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Sir WALTER RALEIGH AND *Aaron Smith.*

By Mr. BROWN.

Sir *W. Ral.* HOLD thy impertinent Tongue, I say, thou everlasting Babbler, or———

A. Smith. Come, come, we Lawyers are not so easily silenced as you think. Liberty of Speech is one of the eldest Branches of *Magna Charta.* Therefore I will once more maintain it, before all the World, that the Reign of my late *Batavian* Master was in every respect equal to that of the Famous *Elizabeth.*

Sir

Sir *W. Ral.* Not that it's worth my while to enter the Liſts with ſuch a Pettyfogging Dog as thou art, or the Cauſe in debate admits any manner of parallel. But ſince thou haſt the Impudence to defend ſo monſtrous a Paradox before all this Company, inform us what noble Things this Hero has perform'd, to deſerve all that nauſeous idle Flattery, which hardly none but *Sectaries*, *Deiſts*, *Republicans*, and particularly the Raſcals of thy Kidney, when he was alive, conſpir'd to give him.

A. Smith. Why, in the firſt place, he deliver'd *England*, then juſt upon the brink of being devoured by *Arbritary Power* and *Popery*. He won the noble Battle of the *Boyne*, reduc'd *Ireland*, appeas'd the Diſorders of *Scotland*, reap'd a new Harveſt of Glory every Campaign in *Flanders*, and at laſt, after an obſtinate expenſive War, forc'd a haughty Tyrant, who had inſulted and bullied the whole Chriſtian World for almoſt Forty Years, to clap up a Peace with him upon his own Terms at *Reſwick*, by which he was obliged to vomit up numberleſs Provinces and Towns, which he had diſhonourably ſtolen from their true Proprietors.

Sir *W. Ral.* And as for his Perſonal Qualities, what have you to ſay of them?

A. Smith. Whether you behold him at Home or Abroad, in the Cabinet or the Field; in fine, whether you conſider him as a King, a General, a Statesman, a Husband, or as a Maſter, you'll find his Character uniformly bright in all theſe Relative Stations: Affectionate to his Queen, Merciful to his Subjects, Liberal to his Servants, Careful of his Soldiers, and providing by his great Wiſdom againſt all future Contingencies that might hereafter diſturb the Tranquility of *Europe*. But as for his Munificence to his Servants and Favourites, I may venture to ſay, That few Princes in Hiſtory ever went ſo far as he.

Sir *W. Ral.* This laſt Clauſe is not ſo great a Commendation to him as you imagine.——— Well, and is this all, for I would not willingly interrupt you, till you have gone the full length of your Panegyric?

A. Smith. 'Tis all I think needful to ſay, upon the occaſion, and enough in my Opinion to eſtabliſh his Reputation to all ſucceeding Ages.

Sir *W. Ral.* Let us carefully examine the ſeveral Particulars; and when we have ſo done, we ſhall be able to determine on what ſide the Truth lies.— *Imprimis*, You tell me he deliver'd *England* from Tyranny and Popiſh Superſtition: But, was there no other way of accompliſhing his Deliverance, but by ſending a certain Relation to Graſs, and wounding the Monarchy in ſo tender a part, which had ſuffer'd ſo terribly in the late unnatural Rebellion of 41? If what one of the Ancient Fathers ſays, be true, That the whole World is not worth the ſaving at the expence of a ſingle Lye; ſurely *Great Britain*, which makes ſo ſmall a part of the Univerſe, hardly deſerv'd to be deliver'd from an imaginary Ruine with ſo much Perjury, Infidelity and Ingratitude. Beſides, he ſolemnly proteſted in his *Declaration*, That he had no Intention to make himſelf King, yet he exercis'd the Regal Power the very moment he landed: So that, unleſs there had been a Crown in the caſe, I am afraid, he would hardly have croſs'd the Water to reſcue the *Church of England*.

A. Smith. This is indeed what his Enemies and ſome Envious People have objected to him.

Sir *W. Ral.* Nothing of that can be laid to my Charge, who was never known to your Hero either *Beneficio* or *Injuria*; but as I ſtill preſerve an invincible Affection for my Native Country, my Zeal for the Welfare of that makes me aſſume this Freedom. To be plain with you then, I can hardly believe

lieve he had any extraordinary Concern for the Proſperity of *England* upon whom he threw the greateſt burden of the War; whoſe Troops he ſuffur'd to Fight without their Pay in *Flanders*, at the ſame time when a parcel of unworthy Foreigners had ſtore of Gold and Silver in their Pockets. Neither can any Man perſuade me, he had the leaſt Affection for the *Royal Family*, from which he was deſcended, who ſuffer'd ſuch numberleſs Invectives and Libels to be publiſh'd againſt his Royal Grandfather, both his Uncles, and, in ſhort, the whole Family of the *Stuarts*, yet never call'd any of the Authors or Printers to an account for't, during the whole courſe of his Reign.

A. Smith. Ay, but a Hero, you know, has other Buſineſs to mind, than the *Bagatelles* of the Preſs.

Sir *W. Ral.* And yet this Hero could condeſcend to mind theſe *Bagatelles*, as you call them, with a Witneſs, whenever they were levell'd againſt himſelf or his Favourites. But to proceed,—— Can any one in his Senſes believe, that this Deliverer ever ſet the Monarchy and true Conſtitution of *England* to Heart, under whoſe Reign all the Democratical Treatiſes, both of this and the laſt Age, were not only publiſh'd with impunity, but the Abettors of ſuch villanous Doctrine thought the only Perſons that were in the true Intereſt of the Nation, and deſerving to be preferr'd? Was *England* ſo utterly deſtitute of able Generals, that a Regicide, proſcrib'd by Act of Parliament, muſt be ſent for over to Head our Forces in *Ireland?*

A. Smith. You'll never leave off harping upon this ſtring.

Sir *W. Ral.* And laſtly, Have we not very violent reaſons to ſuſpect, that he never had any true hearty concern for the Proteſtant Intereſt, whatever he pretended to the contrary, who ſo notoriouſly ſacrific'd it at the Treaty of *Reſwick*; who,

to enable him to carry on the late Revolution againſt his Uncle and Father-in-Law, enter'd into a League; one of the firſt Articles of which, was to oblige the King of *France* to do Juſtice to the Uſurpations of the *Roman* See: And laſtly, who if he had no Averſion, had certainly no Affection for the Church of *England*, the Support as well as Ornament of the whole Reformation, which evidently appear'd by his beſtowing its beſt Preferments upon *illos quos pingere nolo*, a ſet of moderate lukewarm Gentlemen, that were willing (good Men) to throw up the Conſtitution, whenever their Enemies ſhould ask them the Queſtion. What ſhall I ſay of others, that were advanc'd for no other Merit, but becauſe they had been juſtly puniſh'd in former Reigns for their Seditious Practices, or deſcended from *Oliverian* Parents; or laſtly, becauſe they held Antimonarchical and Antihierarchical Doctrines, both in Pulpit and Preſs, which they honeſtly call'd, *Free Thinking*.

A. Smith. Nay, this is meer Calumny; for, can any thing but the blackeſt Envy preſume to attack him upon the ſcore of Religion?

Sir *W. Ral.* For once I'll ſpare his Religion, yet 'tis certain his Miniſters had not the leaſt tincture of it. To the eternal Honour of his Reign be it obſerv'd, All the *Socinian* Treatiſes that ſtole into the World in the late accurſed Times of Licentiouſneſs and Diſorder, were fairly reprinted, and theſe, together with the modern Improvements of *Deiſm*, ſold in the Face of the Sun, without the leaſt check or diſcountenance from any at the Helm: 'Twas come to that pitch at laſt, that a Man might better call the Divinity of our Saviour into Queſtion, than the Legality of that Revolution; and ſafer inſult the Aſhes of K. *James* the I. *Charles* the Martyr, and the whole Royal Line, than attack ſuch a lewd, perjur'd, infamous Scoundril as *Oates*. 'Tis a general

neral Maxim, That the Court always ſteers its Courſe *ad Exemplum Cæſaris*; and that a ſhrewd gueſs may be made of a Prince's Morals, by thoſe of his Miniſters. If this Obſervation holds good, a Man would find himſelf ſtrangely tempted to ſay ſome harſh things of your Monarch, which good Manners and Decency oblige me to paſs over in ſilence.

A. Smith. But ſtill you ſay nothing of *Ireland*.

Sir *W. Ral.* Far be it from me to detract in the leaſt from any Man's Actions; but this I think I may affirm, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of Malice, That the Exploit of the *Boyne*, every thing conſider'd, is not altogether ſo miraculous as his flattering Divines and Courtiers would repreſent it; for after all, Where was the wonder, that a well-diſciplin'd regular Army ſhould defeat an unfortunate diſpirited Monarch, with none but a few raw unpractis'd naked Troops about him? And then his giving the forfeited Eſtates there to his Minions, in open Contradiction to what he had promis'd the Parliament, does not ſeem to argue ſo great a Concern for keeping his Word. As for *Scotland*, the ſubverſion of Epiſcopacy, and Murder of the *Glencow-men*, (not to mention the perpetuating of the Convention during his whole Reign, and by that means depriving the Country of Electing proper Members) will, I believe, look ſo frightful in future Story, that few of your Hero's Flatterers will mention the Adminiſtration of that Kingdom to his Credit.

A. Smith. Well, then, but *Flanders*.

Sir *W. Ral.* I thank you for reminding me of it. I am of Opinion then, that bating *Namur*, he might have put all the glorious Harveſts he yearly reap'd there into his Eye, and not have prejudic'd his Royal Sight in the leaſt. However, as I know full well, what a mighty advantage one powerful

Prince, that Commands by his own ſingle Authority, has over a many-headed Confederacy, where all are Commanders, I ſcorn to inſiſt upon this point. For this reaſon I will not enumerate, nor enlarge upon the conſtant ill Succeſs, that everlaſtingly attended him in *Flanders*, but come to the Peace of *Reſwick*, which was his own proper Act and Deed. And here 'tis worth our obſerving, that by his leaving the poor Emperor in the lurch, the City of *Strasburg* unluckily continued in the *French* Hands; and that either out of want of Politics, or a real Zeal for their Religion, he made no Stipulations for the *German Proteſtants*, nor took the leaſt Care to have them reſtor'd to thoſe Churches, of which they had been unjuſtly diſpoſſeſs'd in the War.

A. Smith. Well, but Neceſſity, you know, may make a Man ſometimes act contrary to his Inclination.

Sir *W. Ral.* Why then did his Paraſites give out, That he was the Controller of the Peace, and forc'd the *French* King to accept of it upon his own Terms.——But not to mention a Thouſand other things that might be ſaid upon this Occaſion, for I begin to grow weary of the Subject, to ſtop my Mouth for good and all, and convince thee, how far ſuperior in all the Arts of Governing the immortal *Eliz.* was to thy *taciturn Hero*, I'll firſt give thee a ſhort ſketch of her Golden Reign, and afterwards honeſtly and impartially ſhew thee a proſpect of the other.

A. Smith. With all my heart, proceed.

Sir *W. Ral.* As my Miſtreſs had a true *Engliſh* Heart, and made the Proſperity of her People the only Buſineſs of her Life, ſhe ſuffer'd none of her Miniſters to crave to themſelves extravagant Fortunes out of the public Purſe. Tho' Foreigners flock'd into her Dominions as a certain Aſylum, yet ſhe never encourag'd them to the detriment of her Native Subjects, nor employ'd them in Foreign

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Embaſſies, nor admitted 'em into her Councils; her Affairs being manag'd with equal Prudence and Integrity, and Encouragements properly diſtributed, no wonder ſhe was ſo Fortunate in all her Attempts: Thus we find ſhe ſupported the Proteſtants in *France* againſt the Oppreſſion of the *Guiſes*; and ſo well aſſiſted the *Dutch* in the Infancy of their Republic, that *Philip* II. of *Spain*, with all his Forces, was not able to reduce them. She was ſo far from beſtowing her Royal Favours upon the Sectaries, that ſhe ſuppreſs'd their growing Inſolence with wholeſom Laws, and was as careful to ſee them put in execution. She could diſplay all her Father's Magnificence, when there was a proper occaſion to exert it; at other times, ſhe obſerv'd a ſtrict Parſimony, equally advantageous to her own Subjects, and eaſie to herſelf. The eſtabliſh'd Church flouriſh'd ſo well under her auſpicious Adminiſtration, that *England* never ſaw ſo glorious a Conſtellation of Reverend Biſhops and Learned Divines, as in her Reign. She retriev'd the Honour of the Exchequer, and manag'd her Payments ſo wiſely, that her People thought their Money as ſafe in her Coffers, as in their own.—— Now, your Deliverer's Reign was the exact reverſe of this happy Scene. Schiſm and Faction advanc'd, Hypocriſie and Dullneſs, under the diſguiſe of Reformation, promoted to the higheſt Honours, Deiſm propagated, the true Genuine Sons of the Church diſcourag'd, Foreigners admitted into our private Councils, Trade neglected, our narrow Seas daily inſulted, the Public impoveriſh'd, the Treaſury exhauſted and pillaged by inſatiable Cormorants, the Reputation of our Arms decay'd and ſunk, the Seamen ſtarv'd, the Soldiers paid with Paper; in ſhort, nothing but ill Management and Poverty at Home, and Infamy Abroad.—— And this, I think, is ſufficient to ſhew you, that you were mightily miſtaken, when you compar'd you know who to the immortal *Eliz.*

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Timothy *and* Freeman.

Being the *Non-Juror*'s Reasons for taking the OATHS.

Tim. WHO's that, my old Friend, Mr. *Freeman*, *è Comitatu Bucks?* 'Tis the very same, I'll e'en go and renew my Acquaintance with him. Dear Sir, your Humble Servant; how have you done this many a fair day, and how long have you been in Town?

Freem. But just come out of the Coach, as you may perceive, where it has been my misfortune to do Penance all the way, in such intolerable Company, as never any Man was plagued with; Men of no Sense or Reason, yet Mighty Politicians, and ten times more troublesome ——

Tim. Than Damnation *Burgess*, when he's answering Cases of Conscience, or *Millington* at an Auction, or a *Scotch-man* upon an Occasional Sermon: But prithee who had you got with you?

Freem. There was a venerable Old Gentleman, that by the Courtesie of the late Reign, was made a Justice of Peace; and he was declaiming perpetually upon the Puissance and Heroical Virtues of *Louis le Grand*, whom he fancied to be as irresistible as the *Calvinist* Divines makes GOD's Grace. Then there was a leash of Country Attorneys, who took a great deal of Care, I heartily thank 'em, to stun me all the way with their damn'd unintelligible Law-cases, which

which I had no more a mind to underſtand, than I have to learn, either the modern Notions of Government, or the modern Syſtems of Theology. *Laſtly*, to compleat my Miſery, we had an Ancient Sage Matron in the Coach, and ſhe with Tears in her Eyes rail'd very devoutly at the Lewdneſs of the preſent Age, occaſioned by the Non-Reſiſtance Doctrine of ſome Divines; I thank GOD, ſays ſhe, I never practiſed it ſince I was Fourteen: And then ſhe fell as ſeverely upon the Miſcarriages of the late Fornicating Admiral (as ſhe called him,) as a She Tarpaulin, who has loſt her only Husband in the Engagement.

Tim. A very pretty Conſort I'faith. So I don't doubt, but what between the Politicks of the Juſtice, and the Impertinence of your Lawyers, and the pious Ejaculations of your Female Companion, you found your ſelf as uneaſie as a blundering Citt amongſt the the Verſe-repeating *Beaux* of *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe, or the Chair-man of a Committee amongſt his Herd of Country Petitioners. But ſetting this Buſineſs aſide, prithee tell me how thou haſt done this long while, for unleſs I am miſtaken, 'tis above three Years ſince we ſaw you laſt in Town.

Freem. Why truly, *Tim.* I live after my old laudable Cuſtom ſtill; ſometimes I divert my ſelf with a chearful Bottle, and ſometimes, paſs away an Hour or two with an honeſt old Author; for to ſay the truth, your new Gentlemen ſcarce deſerve a Reading. I pay my Taxes without repining; and do what good I can amongſt my Neighbours; never trouble my ſelf with other Men's Buſineſs; and though the Duty I owe to their preſent Majeſties will not permit me to talk ſo Scandalouſly and Diſreſpectfully of the two late Reigns, as ſome Hot-headed Sots have done, yet I am as well ſatisfied with the preſent Eſtabliſhment, and as Zealous for the proſperity of Old *England*, as the forwardeſt Courtier, who has made his Fortune by the Revolution, and

conſe-

conſequently is obliged to ſtand up for it, as well upon the ſcore of his Intereſt as his Choice. Thus I have anſwered your Queſtion, and now prithee let me know what News you have in Town.

Tim. A right Country Gentleman's Queſtion I'faith, for the firſt thing he generally asks you, is, *What is the News?* As the Country Ladies, when they come up to Town, enquire in the firſt place, *Which is the neweſt Play or Lampoon? Which is the Topping Miſtreſs of the Court, or the moſt Faſhionable Suit of Ribbons at the Exchange?* Well then, to ſatisfie your Curioſity, you muſt know, that there has lately happened a very remarkable Change, or Converſion, (call it which you pleaſe) of a certain Perſon here in Town, which no body could ever have imagin'd or expected; and now I leave it to you, to conjecture what it is.

Freem. A Converſion, and that a very remarkable one too! Why then I fancy, *Tim.* that your Friend, Mr. *Bays*, is return'd to his Primitive Church.

Tim. Nay, the Lord knows which is Mr. *Bays*'s Primitive Church; but prithee why doſt thou trouble thy Head about a Poet's Religion? for as we ſay, a Beggar is never out of his way, ſo a Poet is never out of his Religion.

Freem. Well then, a diſcarded *Jacobite* Captain turn'd an humble Retailer of wicked Bottle Ale and Brandy; the Diſcarded Rector of *Exeter* turn'd a Friend of *Athanaſius*; or the never to be forgotten Apoſtate turn'd a Defender of Paſſive Obedience.

Tim. No.

Freem. A Phyſician turn'd a Zealous Expounder of the Bible; or a Sworn Friend to *Scotch-Cloth*, reconciled to Lawn-Sleeves; Or a City Uſurer turn'd a Refunder of his ill-gotten Eſtate?

Tim. No.

Freem.

Freem. A Son of Slaughter at *White-Chapel* converted to the obſervation of Fiſh-days; or an old inveterate Republican turn'd a ſtiff Aſſerter of Monarchy?

Tim. No, but you had beſt conſult Mr. *Furguſon* to reſolve your laſt Queſtion.

Freem. Is Dr. *Oates* reform'd from his uſual way of raſcalling People, and return'd to the uſe of his Memory and good Manners on the ſudden, or has that bloody Swearer refuſed to take the new Oaths?

Tim. Why don't you know, that in a late Auction of Paintings there was a Picture of the Doctor's to be ſeen, where he was repreſented like a *Blackamore* with a *Glouceſterſhire* Parliament-Man waſhing him, in order to make him *rectus in Curia*, by the ſame Token that it was called, *the Labour in Vain*?

Freem. Is the Red-fac'd Chaplain-maker of *Whitehall* reconcil'd to the choice of honeſt Divines, and renounced taking Money for Places? Or have any of the topping Sons of Schiſm, by the Bribe of a good Deanry or Biſhoprick, been converted to the Liturgy?

Tim. No, no, but hark you Friend of mine, you had beſt have a care what you ſay. Sons of Schiſm? Why, I tell you every Man amongſt them diſowns the word, and ſay, that thanks to the new Laws, they are as much an Eſtabliſhed Church, as you know which was.

Freem. Is there then no difference between Tolerating and Eſtabliſhing? After this rate, the Bear-Garden and Play-Houſe, may all in good time pretend to be eſtabliſh'd Parliamentary Aſſemblies —— but to go on; Is there any of the New Interpreters of *Daniel* and the *Apocalyps* converted to Senſe and Reaſon? Or any of the Modern Conprehenſion-men converted to a good Opinion of the poor ſuffering Ceremonies of the Church?

Tim.

Tim. No, not a ſingle Man among 'em as far as I can hear.

Freem. To conclude then: Is the Vicar near *Charing-Croſs* convinc'd there's not ſo much Bawdry in the Service of Matrimony as without it? Is any noted Socinian turn'd a Friend to Faith? Or any of the good People of *Doctors-Commons* to unlicenc'd Marriages? Is any Fanatick Parſon turn'd a Friend to Cleanlineſs? Any Court-Lady to plain Linen, and no Back-biting? any Litigious Attorney, to References and Arbitrations? Any thrice-married Widow to Impotence? Any of the Town Criticks to Modeſty? Or *laſtly*, any Alderman that was begotten on a Bulk, to Heraldry and Pedigrees?

Tim. No, you have not hit the Point after all.

Freem. Why then the Devil take me if I am able to gueſs what is the matter. To purſue this point any farther, I find, would be as endleſs a piece of trouble, as to reckon up all the dull, ſtupid, ſenſeleſs Paſſages on the Conference at the Braſiers Shop in *Long-Acre*, or in *Sh—dwel*'s Panegyricks; or to give you a Liſt of all Dr. *Pain*'s pretended Reaſons for Alterations, or all the *Similes* in the *Plain-Dealer*. Therefore let me once for all intreat you dear *Tim.* to put me out of my Pain, and let me know what mighty Buſineſs it is you have to communicate.

Tim. Prepare then with Reverence and Attention to receive what I am going about to deliver; for give me leave to tell you Sir, now we are *nos inter nos*, as the Saying is, 'tis the moſt ſurprizing, unexpected piece of News you ever heard in all your Life.

Freem. Lord! what a deal of inſignificant Flouriſh and Preparation is here, to uſher in, it may be, but a Fooliſh Story at laſt? Why, by and by thou wilt perſuade me, that the Monument laſt Week took a Pair of Oars, to go and Plead the City-Cauſe againſt the Orphans at the King's-Bench; or that the two old Paſtboard-Giants at *Guild-hall* have laid

their

their Heads together, to confute *Baker*'s Chronicle, or *Wood*'s *Oxford* Antiquities.

Tim. Nay, Sir, ſince I find you begin to be ſomewhat muſty, and all that, like Father *Teague* in the Play, when the out-ſide of the Door was put upon him; I am reſolv'd to eaſe you of your trouble immediately. Know then for a certain Truth, that one of the moſt celebrated Divines we have in Town, (I muſt not give my ſelf the trouble to name them to you) who has ſilenc'd the Papiſts, confounded the Independants, lately maul'd the Anti-Trinitarians, and by his zealous Performances for Paſſive-Obedience, has made little *Atwood* paſs for a great Author; has at laſt, upon mature conſideration, and after a Year and half's chewing the Cud upon the matter, ———

Freem. Done what, I prithee?

Tim. Why, faced about to the Right, and taken the Swear.

Freem. And is all your mighty News, which you Prefaced with ſo much Show and Ceremony, come to this ſorry Iſſue at laſt? *Paturiunt Montes, naſcetur ridiculus Mus.* To be plain with you, I am not at all ſurprized with what you have told me, I have heard of it before; but becauſe I hate to be behindhand with you, or any body elſe, in lieu of your Domeſtick News, I'll acquaint you with a very remarkable Foreign Story.

Tim. With all my heart, begin as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Freem. A certain *Dutch* Grammarian, (no matter for his Name, or Place of abode) in his Commentaries upon *Suetonius*'s Lives of the Twelve *Cæſars*, when he comes to take the Emperor *Domitian* to task, who you know took a ſtrange Pleaſure in Dragooning Prince *Belzebub*'s Subjects (the Flies) out of their Lives and Fortunes, with his Royal Needle.

Tim.

Tim. Very well, I underſtand you.

Freem. Wonders, in the Name of God! how the Emperor cou'd ever find in his heart to butcher the poor Flies (in the *Pedant*'s Dutch-Latin, called *Veſpas*) after ſo barbarous a manner, ſince his own Natural Father's Name was *Veſpaſian.*

Tim. A very pretty edifying Story this, as I take it.

Freem. At laſt, he concludes with this obſervable Sentence; *Ingens eſt hoc profecto Myſterium, nec facile explicandum.*

Tim. So Sir, I am your very humble Servant; but you'll infinitely oblige me however, if you'll be pleaſed to think of making an Application to your Story.

Freem. Why then I muſt tell thee, *Tim.* in plain downright *Engliſh*, that I wonder full as much as the *Dutch-man* did at the above-mentioned Paſſage, that thou ſhould'ſt ever have the aſſurance to palm the Dr's Converſion, as thou call'ſt it, upon me, for ſuch a ſtrange piece of News: For to give you my Sentiments once for all upon this Occaſion, I rather wonder that he was ſo late before he reconciled himſelf to the Government, than that he was prevailed with to do it at all.

Tim. Nay, now I perceive you are in the humour of maintaining Paradoxes; for though you ſeem to make ſo ſlight of this News, yet give me leave to tell you, it has been matter of Aſtoniſhment almoſt to every body here about the Town. But may a Man be ſo happy, as to hear you produce any Reaſons for what you have ſaid?

Freem. Ay, with all my Heart. You muſt know then, that ſeveral worthy Perſons, whom I could name to you if there were any neceſſity for it, came immediately after the Revolution to adviſe with the Doctor in that Exigence of Affairs. Some of 'em he diſſuaded from taking the Oaths, and with-

without queſtion furniſh'd 'em with his own Reaſons for his Diſſenting from the Government in that Particular, and I don't hear that he ever ſent for 'em to come in with him: But when others came to conſult him about the very ſame Buſineſs, he was pleaſed to ſay, he would preſcribe to no body's Conſcience but his own; and ſo diſmiſt them, with bidding them uſe their own Diſcretion in the matter.

Tim. Well, and what of all this?

Freem. Why, ſay I, any Man who could deliver himſelf ſo ambiguouſly upon a Queſtion that ſo nearly concerned the Security of the Government, and the Welfare as well as the Honour of the Eſtabliſhed Church, either looked upon it not to be a thing of that importance as it really is, or elſe had not fully determined his Sentiments, either to the Lawfulneſs or Unlawfulneſs of it. I am of Opinion, that nothing but the Fear of incurring the Guilt of Perjury could excuſe any Man from giving the Government ſo reaſonable a Satisfaction as the taking the Oaths amounted to. Now that the Dr. was not fully perſuaded in his Conſcience, that there was any Perjury in ſuch a Compliance, is very apparent, as I think, from his adviſing the Gentlemen to make uſe of their own Diſcretion; which he would never have done, if he had really believed that ſo Black and Scandalous and Cowardly a Sin, would be the neceſſary Conſequence of it.

Tim. Well then, granting all you have ſaid to be true, what Advantage do you intend to make of it?

Freem. That the Doctor conſidered the taking of the Oaths to be only an indifferent thing, and no more, which a Man might either do or not do, at his own pleaſure; for otherwiſe it had been his Duty to diſſuade all Perſons who came to be adviſed by him, from Swearing. Now *Tim*, pray tell me what Miracle is it, for a Man to part with his Opinion about an indifferent thing, when there's nothing

thing but Scandal and Poverty to be had, in maintaining it ſtill, and ſo much Intereſt and Advantage, to balance him to the contrary Side.

Tim. To ſay the truth, there's no ſuch extraordinary Miracle in ſuch a caſe. But then I would have you conſider, dear Friend of mine, that the Doctor's Circumſtances were perhaps clearly different from the Gentlemen that came to conſult him; and conſequently what might be either lawful or expedient for them to do, might not be ſo lawful, at leaſt ſo reputable, for himſelf.

Freem. Let me deſire thee, honeſt *Tim*, to explain thy ſelf a little farther about this ſame Buſineſs.

Tim. You know to what Heights, or rather Extremities the Doctor has all-along carried the Doctrine of Paſſive-Obedience; you know how ſtiffly and zealouſly he has aſſerted the *Jus Divinum* of Monarchy; and with what Aſſiduity and Pains he has combated the other Party, who fell upon different Schemes and Notions of Government. And therefore, imagining that ſeveral Paſſages in the late Revolution could not be well reconciled to what he had formerly Preach'd, What Wonder is it, if he could not at the ſame time prevail with himſelf to give his Aſſent?

Freem. Nay, if that Reaſon is worth a Farthing, it holds as well now as it did the laſt Year.

Tim. Prithee let me alone for a while, and afterwards ſay what you pleaſe.——But then this Caſe, as I told you before, ſeems only particular to the Doctor; for the other Gentlemen perhaps never Preach'd or Printed thoſe Doctrines which the Doctor has, or perhaps never believ'd a Syllable of 'em, as is evident ſome of their Brethren never did; who in ſeveral Treatiſes and Sermons that have been publiſhed ſince the Abdication, pretend to aſſert abundance of things, that were not ſo very current Doctrine in the two late Reigns. And ſo the Doctor

ctor might excuſably enough leave 'em to uſe their own Diſcretion in the Matter; ſince if they complied with the Government, it wou'd contradict nothing which they formerly preached or believed. What may be the reaſon, do you think, why the Fanaticks were ſo Loyally affected to their late Majeſties, and were ſo eaſily brought over to renounce the laſt? All the World knows, what a great deal of dutiful Care they took to lull aſleep the late King with their Addreſſing Opiates, and Sacrificing their Lives and Fortunes to him, whenever he ſhould have an Occaſion to make Uſe of them. And yet among ſo numerous a Herd, unleſs a very few, and thoſe *incognito*, none have ſcrupled to take the Oaths; altho' you know they are a People that underſtand how to make the beſt of a Scruple, of any Men breathing. Their *Democratick* Principles are ſtill the ſame, and their Sincerity to this Government has no better a Foundation than what they pretended for the laſt. Therefore, in ſhort, the Buſineſs is this, beſides the Intereſt they perceived in crying up their Loyalty now, our laſt Turn of Affairs could not but be very acceptable to thoſe Perſons, who all-along placed the Sovereign Power in the Multitude; and made their Princes, upon every Tranſgreſſion and Male-Adminiſtration in the State, accountable to the People.

Freem. As for what concerns the Fanaticks, I readily own. But then the other part of your Diſcourſe, *Tim*, is not ſo well-grounded as it ought to be. You ſay the Dr. might refuſe to take the Oaths, becauſe in doing ſo, he muſt run counter to ſeveral Principles, which he had formerly juſtified and aſſerted: Now if this be true, he's as much oblig'd at this preſent moment to diſſent from the Government as at firſt. You ſay likewiſe, that the Caſe of thoſe Gentlemen, who conſulted him about taking the Oaths, is very different from his; but this

I take neither to be ſatisfactory nor ſolid. The Queſtion is, whether what the Dr. has formerly Preached or Written, is the true Doctrine of the Church of *England* or no? If it is not, I am of Opinion, he's bound to make a ſolemn Retractation of it; and if it is, it obliged his Brethren, who came to adviſe him, equally with himſelf, altho' they never preach'd it, or publickly juſtified it in Print. For inſtance, here are two Clergy-men, one of 'em preaches againſt Oppreſſion and Covetouſneſs once a Month at leaſt, and perhaps has appear'd in a Term-Catalogue upon that Subject; the other, we'll ſay, never meddled with the Point in all his Life: And yet you'll never conclude, I ſuppoſe, that the latter has more pretence and plea to cheat the Poor, and trouble his Pariſh for a ſingle Tythe-Pig than the former. After all, *Tim*, you ſeem to make the Dr's Diſſent rather to proceed from a Nicety of Honour than a Principle of Conſcience; for which piece of Service, I believe, he'll never return you his Thanks: Now I wonder in my Heart, that you ſhould lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon that Point, or admire to ſee one ſingle Man be prevailed with, at laſt to make a ſacrifice of his Honour, (if even ſo much as his Honour be concerned) when you ſee ſo many thouſand People in the World, that make no ſcruple at all of ſacrificing their Conſcience.

Tim. But prithee, wou'd not you have a Man be careful to preſerve his Character and Reputation in the World, and ſtudy to give as little Scandal as may be?

Freem. Ay, without queſtion; tho' as the World goes, I don't think a Man's Honour and Reputation are worth the while to be maintained at the expence of ſtarving for 'em; and ſome People I cou'd name to you, wou'd ſcarce put that dangerous Complement upon their Religion, as to ſuffer any ſevere Extremities for its ſake. Beſides, now you talk

talk of Scandal, I queſtion whether the Dr. has not given a great deal more Scandal by his late compliance with the Oaths, than his former diſſenting from 'em. Before he was generally conſider'd as a Perſon of Conſcience and Honour, and now perhaps abundance of ill-natur'd People will allow him a ſhare of neither. And what may ſerve to confirm 'em in ſuch an Opinion, is the Dr's Conſcience, which has for this long while lived among the Lawyers, has not been ſo uniform (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) as you imagine it at firſt ſight to be, or I cou'd have wiſhed it had been.

Tim. I wou'd deſire to know how you make that out, Noble Sir?

Freem. I call that an Uniform Conſcience, *Tim*, which proceeds regularly in all its Actions, and never does any thing in contradiction to its own Principles. Now let us ſee, whether the Dr's Conduct ſince our new Eſtabliſhment of Affairs, can endure the Teſt of this Definition. Moſt Men will agree, that the Reaſon why the Dr. refuſed the Oaths, muſt be, becauſe he apprehended it was ſinful to take them; ſo then, if the Dr. at the ſame time when he judged the taking the Oaths to be Sinful, nevertheleſs ſubmitted to do another thing, which was tantamount to taking 'em, how can you or any Man elſe excuſe him from acting quite contrary to his own Principle?

Tim. This is very true, I own; but however, it is not enough to ſay ſo, unleſs you could prove it.

Freem. I was in good hopes you would never give me the trouble to prove ſo plain a Point. Did you never hear then, that when ſome of the Doctor's Council had found out a Loop-hole for him in the Act of Parliament, to enable him to Preach at his Lecture in St. *Dunſtan*'s, how he Prayed very heartily for both their Majeſties by Name, when at the ſame time he cou'd not prevail with his Conſcience to Swear to 'em.

Tim. Why, prithee Man, every body in the Town knows that. The truth on't is, People diſcourſed very indifferently upon that Occaſion; but all his Friends, who at that time ſeem'd to juſtify his Proceedings, were agreed, that it was a different thing to pray for a Perſon, and ſwear Allegiance to a Perſon; for you know, the Apoſtle commands us to pray for all Men, but he no where commands us to ſwear to all Men.

Freem. This is a very miſerable pitiful ſhift, as I take it, when it comes to be narrowly examin'd; for prithee tell me, honeſt *Tim*, what is it to ſwear Allegiance to any Prince?

Tim. To acknowledge in the Preſence of God Almighty, that the Prince to whom I ſwear, has a Lawful Title to the Throne he poſſeſſes; and conſequently to my Fidelity and Service, as far as the reſpective Conſtitution of the Government where I live commands it.

Freem. Well then, and is not praying for a Prince, and recommending him in all his acknowledged Titles to the Protection of God Almighty, the very ſame thing in effect with Swearing to him? I am ſure it is, if your Heart goes along with your Words; and a Church, as far as I underſtood the matter, is none of the fitteſt Places in the World for a Man to prevaricate in. Beſides, *Tim*, there's this remarkable Difference between Swearing to a Prince, and Praying for him, that you may perhaps have occaſion to Swear to him but once in your Life, and that before very few Witneſſes; whereas you are oblig'd to do the other once a Week at leaſt, in the face of a very numerous and ſolemn Aſſembly.

Tim. But how do you know, dear Friend, but this very ſame Caſe which looks ſo intricate and perplexed at firſt ſight, may be made to appear plauſible enough with the help of two or three of the Doctor's Diſtinctions?

Freem.

Freem. Nay, let me conjure you, *Tim*, to overwhelm me with no Diſtinctions, as you love me; for the Caſe is ſo very plain and obvious, that it will not admit of any. I am certain, that where there are two controverted Titles, if my Conſcience would not give me leave to Swear to a Prince, my Conſcience would never permit me to Pray for him publickly; and I am as ſure, that if I could prevail with my Conſcience to Pray for him under the Title he aſſumes, and which this Perſon once controverted, I ſhould never make any ſcruple of Swearing to him. The Apoſtle, you tell me, commands us to pray for all Men. So we do; and for my own part, I can pray very heartily for the *Grand Seignior*, the *Cham* of *Tartary*, or the *Great Mogul*, without any remorſe; but at the ſame time, I can never pray for any of the aforeſaid Monarchs as King of *England*, and ſo forth; or if I could, why then, as I told you before, *Tim*, I ſhould make no queſtion of teſtifying my acknowledgment of them by an Oath.

Tim. That may be your Conſcience perhaps; but it were as unreaſonable to think that all People are acted by the ſame Conſcience, as to imagine that all People purſue the ſame End, or think the ſame Things, or are influenc'd by the ſame Motives. You ſee ſeveral hundreds of Men flock every *Sunday* to Church, yet one Man goes there to pick a Pocket, a ſecond to make an Aſſignation with a Girl, a third to take a comfortable Nap, and a fourth perhaps to hear Dr. *Sh*—— contradict himſelf. Thus every Man has his particular Aim or Deſign, and ſo it is in the Buſineſs of Conſcience; a thouſand Men may do the ſame thing, and pretend their Conſcience is intereſted in the doing of it, and yet every particular Man's Conſcience may proceed upon a different Motive or *Salvo*. As for an inſtance, let us examine the Caſe of Swearing to this preſent Go-

vernment: The Diſſenters, of all Sects and Denominations, do it to be reveng'd on the Monarchy and Paſſive-Obedience; for, tho' the Proteſtant Religion is the Word with them now, it is not to be imagined, that thoſe People, who ſhew'd ſo ſmall a Concern for it in the late Reign, ſhould heartily entertain any affectionate regard for its Welfare in this. It wou'd be too tedious a buſineſs to examine the grounds upon which all the reſt have gone; yet you may be pleaſed to obſerve, that as all of them have embarked their Conſcience more or leſs in this Affair, ſo, generally ſpeaking, every Man's Conſcience goes a different way to work; for Conſcience is a very intricate Thing, and oftentimes is influenc'd by very unaccountable Conſiderations.

Freem. That Obſervation of yours is very true; and I could cite ſeveral famous modern Examples to prove the truth of it, but ſhall at preſent only content my ſelf with one of ancient ſtanding. Is it not a ſtrange thing, that *Pythagoras*, who had the Reputation of a Wiſe and Learned Philoſopher, ſhould ever make it a matter of Conſcience to refuſe the eating of Beans; or that any of his Diſciples ſhould arrive to that prodigious degree of Stupidity, as to be Confeſſors for that ſottiſh, unthinking, Bean-renouncing Doctrine? And yet we have one of their Names upon Record, who choſe to undergo the Puniſhment of the Rack, rather than gratifie the Curioſity of a certain Tyrant ſo far, as to acquaint him with the true Reaſon why *Pythagoras* forbad ſo innocent a Food, and at laſt, very Heroically bit off his Tongue, leſt the extremity of his Torment ſhould oblige him to part with ſo profound a Secret. Here was an odd whimſical ſort of a Conſcience, with a witneſs; and I believe you'll find it a hard task to meet with a Conſcience in any of the Conventicles about the Town, that would ſuffer ſo much for its lawful Prince as this poor Fellow

low ſuffer'd for a Bean, and is very like the Conſcience of a certain Perſon, who never ſaw his Cathedral, and yet took that care of his Dioceſe, as to prohibit 'em the eating of Black Puddings, becauſe it ſeem'd to contradict St. *Paul*'s Admonition about Blood. But all this while, honeſt *Tim*, as I take it, we have diſcourſed beſides our Matter, therefore to return to our firſt Subject again, prithee tell me, how the Dr's Converſion reliſhes with you here in the *City*.

Tim. Why, you know there are ſtore of malicious People in all Communities in the World, and theſe are hardly to be pleas'd. Indeed, as for the generality of the Eſtabliſh'd Church, they are well enough ſatisfied with his new Acquaintance with the Oaths, and don't at all queſtion, but that as he had leiſure and retirement enough to ſtudy the Point, ſo he has at laſt complied upon very ſolid ſubſtantial grounds.

Freem. Well, but the Diſſenters, I hope, are very well ſatisfied with his coming over to us. They ſeem, you know, upon all occaſions, to be very zealous and affectionate to their late Majeſties, by the ſame Token, that by their Good-will they could be content to have all the Gentlemen in the Kingdom hang'd out of the way, or *De-witted*, who refuſe to acknowledge them by taking the Oaths. Therefore, I ſhould think, it muſt needs rejoyce the Hearts of all theſe worthy Patriots, to ſee a Perſon of the Doctor's Learning and Character lay aſide his former Prejudices to our Settlement, and voluntarily own it.

Tim. No, no, you are quite miſtaken; the Diſſenters are Maſters of too good Memories to be ever guilty of any Charity towards a Man, who had the boldneſs to touch the Copyhold of Schiſm. They rail at him ten times more furiouſly than ever they did, and challenge him, if he dares, to reconcile his preſent Compliance with his old muſty Notions of

Paſſive-Obedience; and then they ſay, they'll get *Enroclydon Baxter*, or one of the *Poultry* Divines, to reconcile *Tranſubſtantiation* to his *Preſervative againſt Popery.*

Freem. But are they all ſo inveterate? What, not one ſingle Man amongſt the whole Herd, that congratulates the Government for the great Happineſs of his Reduction?

Tim. The only Man I hear of, who has been pleaſed to teſtifie his Joy for this occaſion, is that Learned Son of *Socinus*, Mr. *Thomas E—rm—n* by Name: He pretends, that the Doctor has effectually anſwered all his other Treatiſes, by taking the Oaths, excepting his late Book againſt the *Anti-Trinitarians*, and he comforts himſelf that the Dr. will, all in due time, ruin the Reputation of that Piece; for, ſays he, the Dr. has got ſuch a pretty way of anſwering his own Books, that 'tis a thouſand pities any one elſe ſhould take the trouble out of his Hands. Nay, I am inform'd (continues he) that when he took the Oaths, he deſired to be ſworn upon the Naked Goſpel.

Freem. 'Tis ſtrange methinks that the Diſſenters ſhould be angry with the Dr. for what he has done: If their Zeal for the Government is real and ſincere, which 'tis a Sin for us in the Country to queſtion; I wonder why they ſhould quarrel with him upon this Score, ſince the influence of his Example, for all they know, may be ſerviceable to reduce the reſt of his Brethren, who at preſent diſſent from us.

Tim. That does not ſignifie a Farthing; for, beſides their particular pique againſt the Dr. as he is a Member of the Eſtabliſhed Church, they would have neither him, nor any one elſe who is not of their Party, be thought Loyal: For all their former Bellowings and Cries againſt the Illegality of Monopolies, yet at preſent they would willingly engroſs all the little Honeſty and Loyalty that is

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left in the Nation, into their own Hands; though, by the by, their Loyalty is compounded of ſuch croſs, ſurly, ill-natur'd Ingredients; and is ſuch an odd awkward ſort of Loyalty, that for all I can ſee to the contrary, no Prince in *Chriſtendom* is likely to be the better for it.

Freem. A Diſſenters Loyalty is like the officiouſneſs of a Rook at Play, who only lends you Money in order to your Ruin. I pray Heaven it proves of long continuance, but for my part, I am afraid it will laſt no longer than they find their Religion (I mean their Intereſt) concerned in it.

Tim. More than all this, they'll tell you, that we owe the Sunſhine of the Goſpel, and all the other Bleſſings of the late Revolution, entirely to their Diſcretion and State-principles; and, that if theſe impracticable Doctrines of the Church of *England*, concerning the Civil Magiſtrate, had taken Place, we had by this time been utterly overwhelm'd with Popery and Slavery.

Freem. Why this is ten times over a more fulſome Plea than their Pretenſions to Loyalty. They preſerve the Proteſtant Religion! Where, or how, or in what Reign, that we may ſee it regiſtred in our Almanacks? I am ſure they have contributed in all their Pious Endeavours to make the Reformation as ſcandalous and deſpicable as any of the Fathers of the Society could have done. They preſerved it after a fine rate, by their Univerſal Silence in the late Reign, and their little, low, abject Applications to Popery; and now, when the Enemy is beaten out of the Field, they make a great pother with a few Gleanings out of our own Authors, and pretend the Victory is owing to their Aſſiſtance and Conduct.

Tim. Nay, the Diſſenters have not been wanting even in this Reign, to do the Proteſtant Religion all the good Service they can. One of the Tribe, in his

his *Modeſt Enquiry*, as he call'd it, very modeſtly adviſed the Rabble to knock all the Clergymen in the Head. And another nameleſs Raſcal, in his *Reflections* upon the Miſcarriages of our Navy, that are Printed by one of thoſe Godly Wholeſale Dealers in Scandal, thoſe Scruple-ſelling Vermin of the *Poultry*, has this remarkable Paſſage, *viz.* That there's more Virtue and Honour to be found among the Rabble than the Gentry: *Rabble* is likewiſe the Word with their dear Brethren in *Scotland*, and you may gueſs what a brave Religion we ſhall have of it at laſt, if we follow theſe bleſſed Methods, and ſuffer it to be modell'd and fitted to the Inclinations of our judicious Rabble.

Freem. Why, prithee *Tim*, you need not give your ſelf the trouble, at this time of day, to acquaint me with any of the laudable Qualities of the Diſſenters, and eſpecially of their Levites; as for inſtance, either with their Wit, which never appears but in their Similes, and in interpreting the Prophets; or with their Charity, which is never extended beyond their own Party; or with their Modeſty, which is never viſible, but when they wink in the Pulpit; or with their Sincerity, which never appears, but when they own themſelves in their Prayers to be a pack of the damnedſt Rogues in the World; or with their Learning, which never goes beyond a *Dutch* Syſtem, and a little Heraldry; or with their Sobriety, which is never admitted to keep them company at their Pious *Friday* Entertainments; or with their Loyalty, which was never ſhown but by their promiſing to lend this King more Money than they could raiſe, and abuſing the two laſt Reigns; or laſtly, with their Zeal againſt Popery, which is never to be prov'd, but by their continual Endeavours to undermine the Eſtabliſhed Church,—But let me conjure you, dear *Tim*, to drop this nauſeous fulſome Subject, for, as I hope

for

for Mercy, I am as weary of it, as a Presbyterian Splitter of Caſes is weary of a poor Brother, that conſtantly comes every *Sunday* with his dozen troubleſome Scruples, to be reſolv'd, *ſub forma pauperis.*

Tim. Thus you ſee, Sir, with what Contempt and Averſion the Diſſenters in Town entertain the Story of the Dr's Converſion; now give me leave to add a Word or two more concerning them, and then I'll have done. You very well obſerve, that they pretend to have abundance of Zeal for Their preſent Majeſties, ſo they do, if you'll take their own words for it, they'll tell you, that no body keeps the Faſts and Thankſgiving-Days with that Devotion as themſelves have done. But for all this, dear Friend of mine, they are angry to ſee the number of the Kings Subjects increaſed, and if they ſee a Church of *England-man* come over to the Government, they immediately call him all the Rogues and Raſcals in the World: the Reaſon is plain, they'd willingly have His Majeſty ſerv'd by none but themſelves, and then they don't queſtion to reduce the *French* King, and demoliſh *Popery* in due time. Beſides, if all the Church of *England-men* had taken the Oaths, they had loſt their dearly beloved Topick of Railing at them, and I dare ſwear (ſo well am I acquainted with a Diſſenters Tenderneſs) they'd rather Sacrifice all the Princes in the Univerſe, than loſe the precious Opportunity of Libelling and Railing. You are infinitely miſtaken, if you imagine, that the Biſhops would find better Quarter from the Fanaticks, if they ſhould ever take the Oaths; no, no, they pray, with all their Hearts, that they may refuſe the doing of it ſtill, for then they are in hopes to ſee their Order aboliſh'd, and their Revenues divided amongſt the Saints, *i. e.* their old *Oliverian* Leaſes come in play again: Of all which expectations they would be miſerably diſappointed, if thoſe immortal Patriots could prevail with themſelves to comply.

Freem.

Freem. I don't pity the Dr. however, for being uſed after this unmerciful rate, by thoſe Sons of Schiſm; for, if it were my own caſe, I ſhould rather chuſe to put that ſanctified Generation to the Expence of a little Scandal, for my ſake, than a little Flattery; and rather accept of their Reproaches, which are excellent in their kind, than of their Incenſe, which is the naſtieſt courſeſt ſtuff in the World. 'Tis well enough with him, ſo long as his own Brethren are ſatisfied, as you have before inform'd me, with the honeſty of his Proceeding; or, if they were not at firſt, I don't queſtion, but the Reaſons he has publiſh'd for his own Defence, carry ſo much Strength and Solidity with 'em, as to ſatisfie all the reaſonable part of Mankind as to that particular.

Tim. Why there you are miſtaken, dear Friend of mine; for tho' the Dr. has condeſcended to acquaint the World in Publick with the Reaſons of his Converſion, yet he has not been ſo happy as to ſatisfie all People.

Freem. Who could ever expect that? 'Tis an impoſſible thing you know to do it; but however, I am glad the Dr. has publiſh'd his Reaſons, for otherwiſe I ſhould have been a little angry with him. For, could he diſſent from the Government above a Year and half, and by his Example hinder ſo many Country Parſons from taking the Oaths, and keeping their Livings, and yet refuſe the World ſo ſlender a ſatisfaction, as to let 'em ſee the Motives of a Change? I ever thought, that ſo inconſiderable a piece of trouble was due to his own Reputation and Credit, as well as the farther Inſtruction of his younger Brethren of the Clergy, who, I am afraid, little conſider'd the Merits of the Cauſe, but rather what a brave thing it was to be thought of the Dr's Company, and embarqued in the Dr's Quarrel, and now have nothing elſe left 'em to do, but to ſtarve with

as much Decency as they can, and to curſe the Expenſiveneſs of their Vanity and Loyalty.

Tim. All this you and I cannot poſſibly help, and therefore 'tis a great piece of Nonſenſe for us to talk of it any longer, only thus much I muſt add, That in my opinion too, the Dr. lay under all the Obligations in the World, to make the true Occaſions of his late Reconcilement publick. 'Tis a Debt which was due to the Intereſt he now eſpouſes, no leſs than the Party he has forſaken, ſome of which, as you ſay, the Temptation of being thought of his Acquaintance or Judgment, has reduced to their preſent Mortifying Neceſſities. And therefore this being ſo neceſſary a Debt, as well in regard to himſelf, as the reſt of the World, I always perſuade my ſelf, that the Doctor would take care to acquit it, as ſoon as ever he has got his Reaſons ready.

Freem. Got his Reaſons ready, did you ſay? That's a Jeſt, with all my Heart; as if a Man of the Doctor's Learning and Experience in the World, after ſo long a time too to examine all the Niceties of the Caſe, could ſuffer himſelf to be ingaged in an Affair, to which he formerly expreſſed ſo incurable an Averſion, without having his Reaſons ready by him. Nothing but either Pride, (which I would be loath to ſuſpect in a Perſon of his Mortified Character) or the Weakneſs of his Cauſe, could engage him to act only on the Defenſive Part. 'Tis a hundred to one, but a Man's Adverſary may ſay ſomething or other, which will lie a little obnoxious to Cenſure and Exception; ſo 'tis but falling without any more ado, upon the Author's Blind-ſide, and the Buſineſs is ſoon over. There are a thouſand ways for a Man of any tolerable Diſcretion, to put by his Enemy's Thruſt when he is attacqu'd; nay, 'tis poſſible too he may come off with the better on't; eſpecially if the Man he has to deal with, plays open, and lies unguarded in any Part. And therefore, if this had been the Doctor's Policy,

I ſhould have thought the worſe of his Skill in Polemies as long as I lived. I remember I was once in a Coffee-Houſe in the Country, where we happened to be talking of the Doctor's coming over to the Government, and a Gentleman in the Room was pleaſed to ſay, he was of Opinion, That the Doctor had got his Reaſons ready, much after the ſame rate as a Country-Innkeeper, whom he knew, got a poor Fellow's Porcupine ready.

Tim. Prithee what Story is that, for, to the beſt of my knowledge, I never heard of it before?

Freem. Nay, the Story is entertaining enough, that I can aſſure you, and perhaps will deſerve your Attention. You muſt underſtand then, that a certain Fellow, here about the Town, who gets a ſorry Livelihood, by carrying ſome Outlandiſh Beaſts about the Country with him, and ſhewing 'em for Pence-apiece to the People, had by chance brought a Porcupine, the only Support he had left him in the World, to an Inn where this Gentleman was acquainted; the next Morning, he calls the Innkeeper to him, and thus accoſts him: *Landlord*, ſays he, *I muſt beg one Favour of you, and that is, to get my Porcupine and Room ready by Eleven of the Clock preciſely; and in the mean time I'll ſtep into the Town, to ſee what Company I can pick up.*

Tim. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Freem. Away goes the Fellow into the Town, and for a while ſtares about him, to obſerve all the Curioſities of the Place; towards Ten, he makes a ſolemn Proclamation of his Porcupine, and ſo muſters up as much Company as he thought would defray the Expences of the Show for that time, and carries 'em to his Inn.

Tim. Well, I mightily deſire to hear the Iſſue of your Porcupine.

Freem. When the Fellow was got into his Room at the Inn, he knocks for the Landlord, and asks whether he had got the Porcupine ready? Ay

Sir,

Sir, that I have, replies the Landlord, I hate to be worſe than my Word to any Man; but I muſt deſire you, Sir, that you'll be pleaſed to tell me, what Sawce you'll have for him?

Tim. Why, what a Devil did he mean by that Queſtion?

Freem. You ſhall hear. Cries the Maſter of the Porcupine, what do you intend, by asking me what Sawce I'd have for him? Nay, no harm in the World, ſays the Man of the Houſe; you ordered me to get the Porcupine ready for you by Eleven, and ſo I have, for I gave Directions to the Maid to put him in the Pot immediately; but Sir, ſays he, I never boil'd a Porcupine in my Life before, and therefore muſt once more requeſt you to let me know what Sawce your Worſhip will order for him..

Tim. The poor Fellow without queſtion look'd very ſimply upon the matter, to hear his Livelihood was boil'd away ſo unluckily, in one Morning. And now, to come cloſe to you, Noble Friend of mine, Was it the Opinion of your Gentlemen then, that the Doctor's were boil'd away, like the Strowler's Porcupine, ſo that there was no procuring a ſight of any of them? You ſee how much he was miſtaken in his Judgment. The Doctor (as I have told you) has been pleaſed to oblige the World with his Reaſons; you may have them at any Bookſellers Shop in Town; but I cannot forbear to tell you, that there was never any Book, ſince the Days of the *Hind* and *Panther*, or the *Letter* to a *Diſſenter* that has been ſo univerſally pelted as this; Lawyers and and Divines, *Jacobites* and *Williamites*, though they agreed in nothing elſe, yet they have all of 'em agreed to mawl this unfortunate Book. Nay, ſome of our City-Prentices and puny Scribblers have had the hardineſs to tilt againſt it, only to make experiment of their Talents; as School-Boys uſe to try

their

their Knives, by running them up to the Hilts in a hot Bag-Pudding.

Freem. Say you ſo, *Tim?* 'Tis, I confeſs, ſomewhat odd, but who can help it. Come then, ſince the Doctor has had ſuch ill-luck with his Reaſons, and you and I have no other Buſineſs now upon our hands, prithee let us invent ſome plauſible ſpecious Reaſons for his Converſion; they'll help to paſs away t'other Bottle, and t'other Hour, well enough; and perhaps they'll ſerve to amuſe the World, and entertain the Reader, as well as ſome of his own.

Tim. No, Sir, I deſire you to excuſe your humble Servant, as to this Affair; I'll never invent any Reaſons for another Man, not I, I promiſe you, he may even do it himſelf if he pleaſes; 'tis a very ungrateful Performance, let me tell you; and generally the Perſon whom you intend to oblige by this kind of Office, will hold himſelf as little beholden to you, as a Man in the ſtate of Cuckoldom, for giving him four and fifty Reaſons, to ſupport himſelf under his Afflictions: But what will ſerve the turn full as well, to put off half an Hour or ſo of Converſation, I will acquaint you with the ſeveral Reaſons that People here in Town, of all Sorts and Parties, have already aſſign'd for his Converſion. At the ſame time I muſt tell you, that as I don't believe them altogether my ſelf, ſo I would never oblige you, or any Man beſides, to place any great Aſſurance in the Truth of them.

Freem. Come then, honeſt *Tim*, and begin as ſoon as you will; for I can aſſure you, 'twill be no ſmall Diverſion to your Friend here, who is juſt come out of the Country.

Tim. Nay, Sir, not altogether ſo faſt, I beſeech you. I deſign my ſelf a little more Sport and Paſtime than you imagine; and ſince you have ſo admirable a Talent at Conjecturing, *&c.* I am reſolv'd

to keep your Hand in Play, and put you to the trouble of gueſſing what they are.

Freem. Well then, ſince you'll have it ſo, I'll diſpatch them out of hand; but however, before I make Trial of my Noble Faculty, I muſt deſire you to remember, how, that at the beginning of our Conference, when you told me of the Doctor's Converſion, I looked upon it as no Miracle; and that for theſe two following weighty Reaſons. In the firſt place, becauſe when ſome Gentlemen came to adviſe with him about that Matter, he civilly referred them to their own Diſcretion; which I ſuppoſed he would never have done, if he had been fully ſatisfied, that the taking the Oaths was a Sin, or had look'd upon it to be any thing more than an indifferent Action. In the next place, becauſe the Doctor had long ago Prayed for their late Majeſties; which is virtually, and in effect, the ſame thing with Swearing to them; and if it is a Sin to Swear to a Prince, where the Title is Controverted and under Diſpute, I am ſure it muſt be the very ſame thing to Pray for him. Now then *Tim*, ſince I was ſo bold as to make the Doctor's Converſion no Miracle at all, you are not to expect that I ſhould aſſign any Miraculous Reaſons for it, but only ſuch as are frequent and common in the World; ſo I will begin with that, which ever ſince the Creation of the World, has had a mighty Influence upon Men of all Countries, and Degrees, and Religions. The greater part of Mankind, and eſpecially our Diſſenters at home, love to Chriſten it by the Name of Conſcience; but for my part, the beſt *Engliſh* Word I have for it, is INTEREST. What think you of this now?

Tim. To ſay the truth, there are abundance of ill-affected Men about the Town, that have trumped that unlucky Card upon the Dr. but for my

Part, I don't believe it had any great ſhare in his Reconciliation to the Government. Therefore you had beſt gueſs again.

Freem. Nay, but prithee conſider, dear *Tim.* what a lovely charming thing this ſame Intereſt is, before we ſhut our Hands of it: it has all the Ear-marks of Love; and Love, you know, works little leſs than Miracles. It conquers the Young, and the Old are not able to withſtand its Almightiſhip: it makes thoſe that can ſee, as blind as ſo many Beetles; and as for thoſe that are blind, why, 'tis the beſt Oculiſt in the World, and recovers their Eye-ſight to all intents and purpoſes.

Tim. No, no, all this ſhall not paſs upon me, I'll aſſure you.

Freem. Have a care, *Tim.* I adviſe you, what you ſay againſt Five hundred Pounds *per Annum*, name it you Rogue with Fear and Reverence, and fall down upon your Knees when you hear it mention'd in Company; Five hundred Pounds a Year is not to be ſpoken ſcandalouſly of, honeſt *Tim.* it will buy a Coach and a Pair of *Sunday-Horſes*; it will purchaſe Petticoats and Commodes, the *Polyglot* and *Councils*, and half the *Non-Reſiſtance* in *Chriſtendom*, with abundance of other fine things, too tedious to be reckon'd up.

Tim. Thou keepeſt as great a pother here with thy Intereſt, as a ſcribbling Courtier with his laſt Lampoon, or a School-Philoſopher with his neweſt ſet of Diſtinctions, or what is equally as impertinent, as a Country Fidler with his neweſt ſet of Tunes. But I can tell you for your comfort, that if you do not gueſs better at your ſecond Eſſay, than you have done at your firſt, you are not in any great probability of finding out the Secret.

Freem. To proceed then, Is the Dr. brought to a better Opinion of the Abdication? or, does he go altogether upon the Merits of Forefaulture?

Tim.

Tim. No, I ſuppoſe he does not; for if he does, the Lord have Mercy, ſay I, upon all his poor Paſſive Obedience.

Freem. Why, other People, *Tim.* have ſtore of Paſſive Obedience about them, as well as the Dr. and yet they don't apprehend, that it is a Farthing the worſe, or that they have broke it at all. Suppoſe, *Tim*, you ſhould find occaſion, for Reaſons beſt known to your ſelf, to remove a Bag of your Money from one Goldſmith to another of better Reputation, would you not break that Fellow's Head, who ſhould have the impudence to tell you, you had broke your Sum? Even ſo in the buſineſs of Paſſive-Obedience, the Dr. and ſome of his Brethren, have only transferr'd it from King *James*'s Hands, who, you know, is broke and ruin'd, and a Statute of Bankrupt has paſſed againſt in Parliament, to King *William*, who can give them better Security for it: And Paſſive Obedience, I can tell you, will be as acceptable to any Prince in *Europe*, as a good Sum of Money to a Banker.

Tim. Well, but this is not the Point ſtill, to try again.

Freem. Is the Dr. then reconciled to us by that Verſe in the Pſalms; *The Earth is the Lord's, and the Fulneſs thereof.*

Tim. Why, *No* is the Word ſtill; for I ſuppoſe, that that Text proves more than the Queſtion, and beſides, would ſerve a *John* of *Leyden*'s Turn as well as any one's elſe.

Freem. But where there's a plain Conqueſt and an honeſt Cauſe, as well as a legal Title to ſupport the Conqueſt, that I believe cannot fail to make a Convert. Come tell me now, have I hit upon the true Reaſon or no?

Tim. For your ſatisfaction, Sir, you are come pretty nigh the Point, or elſe ſome of the Doctor's Friends have miſinform'd me as to this Particular;

though to ſay the truth, this Reaſon was every whit as good all the laſt Year, as it is at this preſent moment, and I don't ſee that the Reduction of *Ireland* has made it the better.

Freem. Now we talk of *Ireland*, what ſay you, if the Doctor was reſolved to hold out till the taking of *Dublin*, and to ſurrender himſelf immediately when the Place was ſurrendred?

Tim. All as I can ſay to the Queſtion, is, That the Doctor then may return from us again; for alas, Sir, all the World can tell you, that *Dublin* is a Place of no conſiderable Strength, and cannot hold out long againſt any Enemy, eſpecially if he have a Female Friend in the Garriſon.—— But, Sir, you have not as yet had the good Fortune to light upon the moſt material Move, that makes the greateſt Buſtle about the Town, therefore, once more, make uſe of your Divining Faculty.

Freem. No, I heartily thank thee, Dear *Tim.* I ſhall pump my Imagination no more for the matter; I think I have drudged long enough in all conſcience to find it out; and to employ my Brains backward and forward any longer upon this occaſion, would be as wiſe a piece of Trouble, as to lie waking all the Night in one's Bed, only to hear how the City Weather-Glaſſes, the Watch-men, vary every Hour, in their bellowing out of Rain, Froſt, and Moon-ſhine. Why, prithee *Tim*, what doſt thou take me for, a Prophet, or a Conjurer?

Tim. For neither, I ſwear; but tell me ſeriouſly, doſt thou not know what thing it is that baffles Heroes, ſpoils Divines, turns the greateſt Princes into Milk-ſops, makes Admirals lower their bloody Flags, and in fine, breaks all Obligations, and governs all Mankind?

Freem. Why Intereſt, I told you.

Tim. And what, does Intereſt, meer Intereſt only do all this?

Freem.

Freem. Why, then 'tis Conſcience, I ſay.

Tim. Conſcience do you ſay! Why, juſt now Conſcience, you told me, was but another *Engliſh* Word for Intereſt. And does nothing but bare Conſcience (which *Adoniram Byfield* of Bleſſed Memory defined to be a Cat-Skin Pouch to put Money in) or bare Intereſt do all theſe fine things, which I juſt now mention'd to you.

Freem. Why, then 'tis a Coach and Six Horſes I tell you, and nothing in the World elſe that I can fancy; for, you know, a Coach and Six was Biſhop *Parker*'s beſt Body of Divinity.

Tim. Worſe and worſe 'Faith. And does a Coach and Six Horſes baffle Heroes, ſpoil Divines, and make Milk-ſops of Princes? Come, conſider I ſay once more upon the Point, for 'tis impoſſible to miſs it.

Freem. No, *Tim*, pray excuſe me; you ſee I have no tolerable luck at gueſſing to Day; and beſides, to tell you the Truth, I hate this ſlaviſh Piece of Drudgery, as heartily as Sir *Will. Tem*——— in his laſt Eſſays tells us, he hates good honeſt Drollery, as a Bookſeller hates an unſelling Author, or a Jacobite Printer does a ſurly Meſſenger of the Preſs.

Tim. Say you ſo, Sir? Nay, then I am reſolved to lay it out ſo open to you, that you muſt of neceſſity perceive it. Doſt not thou underſtand the meaning of the *Italian* Proverb, *Piu tira un pelo di donna, che cento carra di bovi.*

Freem. Not I, *Tim*, I no more underſtand the difference between *Italian* and *Arabic*, than that Learned Proteſtant Critick, Mr. *Rymer*, knows the difference between the Name of *Callimachus* and *Epimenides*.

Tim. Come then, wert thou ever Married, my honeſt Friend? Ha! what ſayeſt thou?

Freem.

Freem. No, Sir, I bleſs Providence for it.

Tim. Not married, ſay you! poor Rogue, thou art unacquainted, I perceive, with the damn'd Perſecution of a Curtain-Lecture. Oh! dull, dull ſtill; I can't imagin how to cure this Stupidity of thine; thou art ten times duller than one of *Sh——dwell*'s Men of Senſe, or a Smile without a Sting, or an Expounder of the *Revelations*, at the finding out ſtoln Silver-Spoons, or an old dozed Fellow of a Houſe at the ingenious Sport of Queſtions and Commands.

Freem. Why, I cannot help all this, *Tim*, if my Stars made me ſo, it was their fault, not mine.

Tim. Once more then I'll endeavour to relieve the Weakneſs of thy Apprehenſion, therefore liſten to the following Rhymes about *Adam* and *Eve*:

When Eve *the Fruit had taſted,*
She to her Husband haſted,
And chuck'd him on the Chin-a;
Dear Bud (quoth ſhe) *come taſte this Fruit,*
'Twill finely with your Palate ſuit,
To eat it is no Sin-a.

Doſt thou now comprehend my Meaning?

Freem. No, 'Faith *Tim*, I am in the dark ſtill; you have made me no wiſer with your dull Story of *Adam* and *Eve*, than you would make a *Cheapſide* Tradeſman, by telling him, that an Obſtacle is an Impediment; or a walking *Oxford* Dun, that Motion is an Action from the *Terminis a Quo* of his Habitation to the *Terminis ad quem* of the Refractory.

Tim. Nay, then I am ſenſible thou art full as ſlow of Apprehenſion as the famous *Jerry Blackacre* in the Play. I have but one Trick left to bring you to't at laſt, and if that fail, I muſt even ſerve thee as a ſtale City-wife ſerves her dull ruſtick Prentice, when

ſhe

ſhe has a mind to make him underſtand her virtuous Inclinations; that is, I muſt needs Name the thing to thee in plain downright broad *Engliſh*. But liſten, prithee:

As moody Job, *in ſhirtleſs caſe,*
With Collyflowers all o'er his Face,
Did on the Dunghill languiſh,
His Spouſe thus whiſpers in his Ear;
Swear Husband, as you love me, Swear;
'Twill eaſe you of your Anguiſh.

Freem. Oh ho! now I begin to ſmell a Rat; your meaning is, That the Doctor has been brought to ſwear at laſt through the Virtue of a few Conjugal Solicitations; is it not ſo, *Tim*?

Tim. Of a few Conjugal Solicitations, do you ſay? No, I am afraid there were abundance of them uſed in the preſent caſe.— Well, dear Friend of mine, not to be tedious with you, I muſt tell you, that you have made a ſhift at laſt to hit my Meaning. However, I would not have you report this matter as from me, though I can ſafely waſh my Hands from the Guilt of inventing it, and all the Town will do me the Juſtice to own, that 'tis a common Story, and no more a Secret than the Mole on the Rector of *Exeter*'s Foot. Beſides, you are deſired not to lay too great a Streſs upon the Truth of it, but to follow that Advice, which the Doctor you know gave upon another Account, and ſo to make uſe of your own Diſcretion.

Farewel.

To BELINDA: *Upon her Marrying one that was Blind and Lame.*

By Mr. T. *Brown.*

1.

Belinda's ſparkling Wit and Eyes
United, dart ſo fierce a Light,
As quickly flaſhes, quickly dies,
Wounds not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

2.

Love is all Gentleneſs and Joy,
Smooth are his Looks, and ſoft his Pace;
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face.

3.

Proud with the Spoils of Royal Cully,
With vain Pretence to Senſe and Parts,
She ſwaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the Temper of Men's Hearts.

4.

Her Bed is like the Goſpel-feaſt,
Where the invited never came;
So, diſappointed of her Gueſt,
She takes up with the Blind and Lame.

5.

Tho' ſhe's as ſparkling, and as fine
As Jeſts, and Gemms, and Paint can make her,
She ne're can wound a Heart like mine,
So Devil, and Sir *D*——— take her.

To

An ESSAY *on the late* POLITICKS; *or, The Government out of Joynt.*

THIS Government either can't or will not maintain it ſelf upon the Principles upon which it was firſt made, and thus it ſins againſt the Spirit of the Revolution.

The Convention choſe a Speaker, who was choſe upon a Corporation Bottom. They thrice ſuſpended the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and Thoſe at the Helm had a ſtrong Inclination to have ſuſpended it the third time. They ſettled Martial Law; They gave Liberty of Conſcience to encreaſe the Number of Diſſenters, and yet continued the Sacramental Teſt to keep them out of Imployments, whereas they ſhould have rather Incorporated them. They Abdicated the King, but call none of his Miniſters to an Account, but on the contrary, Imploy'd and Careſs'd many of them. They virtually allow the Power of the People over Kings, and yet ſend out a Proclamation againſt *Ludlow*, &c. And thus much for the *Convention*, and now for K—— *W*——.

He loves *Engliſh* Money, and yet lays it out to the ——, as if he had no regard for it but for their Uſe; and withall, ſuffers the *Engliſh* Trade and Commerce to ſink to nothing. He is fond of a Standing Army, which is the preternatural Strength of the Kingdom, and at the ſame time ſuffers Dilapidations in the Naval Force. His beloved Favorites are the Averſion of the People, neither does he himſelf treat the *Engliſh* with a Courteſy and Familiarity they were wont to receive from their former Princes. He places his chief Dependence upon Foreign Troops and Foreign Confedarates, and neglects to keep the Balance of Power in the Hands of *Great Britain*, as was the Ancient Cuſtom;

and ſhews a little too ſtrong an Inclination to Abſolute Monarchy, tho' he was born and bred in a Common-wealth: And tho' the Kings of *Great Britain* are at the Head of a Democracy, he is forc'd, to ſerve his Intereſt, to imploy thoſe he does not care for; *viz. T*—— is the Keeper of his Conſcience, *P*—— of his Privy-Seal, and *N*—— of his Secrets: My Lord *F*—— the Director of his Fleet, *R*—— and *Sey—r* are in his Cabinet, *R*— Paymaſter, *Bla—ite* Secretary of War.— The Lieutenancy of *London*, and indeed all over *England*, are Inſtances how much he is forc'd to bend to his Enemies.— *C*——, *M*——, *T*——, *M*——*y*, *S*---—, *M*-—, *Man—y*, *Jack H—w*, are Examples how far he values thoſe that have ſerv'd him with the greateſt Fidelity.

His ſlighting the *Whigs* at preſent, whoſe Religion and State Conſciences ſuit beſt with his T —, is ſuch a Soleciſm in Politicks that was never before committed but in this Hair-brain'd Unthinking Age.

As to the preſent Parliament, it muſt be confeſs'd, that they are tolerably well Penſion'd and Officer'd, for as ſoon as a Patriot or a Tribunal of the People ariſes he is ask'd his Price, and no Money parts them. They have choſe a witty Speaker, who had once good Regards for King *James*.—— They give away the Peoples Money without asking how that which was formerly given has been laid out, tho' at the ſame time they are under the greateſt difficulties to find out Ways and Means to raiſe more, and after all, put it upon ſuch Funds, that at ſome time or other the Nation will feel the Weight of it with a Vengeance; and will not be prevail'd upon to paſs one Popular Act to make the People ſome ſort of amends for all their Blood and Treaſure.

They can ſee no Faults in the Adminiſtration, and therefore are in the Publick Opinion good Repreſentatives,

ſentatives, and no *Jacobites.* —— In this good Parliament the very *Whigs* joyn'd in throwing out the Bill for regulating Tryals in Caſes of High-Treaſon, tho' for the Pleaſure of hanging a few of King *James*'s Friends, they and their whole Poſterity are under a Poſſibility of being hang'd afterwards. And whereas upon all Occaſions they pretend to quarrel with the Lords, they ſhew they have not well conſider'd the Balance of our Conſtitution, for we are much too weak in the Ariſtocratical Part, and had not *Monmouth* appear'd firſt, and after him the Prince of *Orange*, as much as we ſtood in need of Revolution, we ſhould hardly have known how to have headed One.

As for King *James* he committed many dangerous Errors and Miſtakes in his Adminiſtration, and yet I think hardly enough to warrant the Proceedings of ſome People, eſpecially the Clergy, whoſe former Doctrines and Practices ſeem'd to encourage and abet all his Deſpotick Proceedings. The Juſtice of Providence, at ſome time or other, will appear for him, and the more ſo, if he repents of his former Errors. I muſt own, and ſo muſt all the World, that he was groſly miſled, and that ſeveral things were done in his Reign deſtructive to the *Engliſh* Conſtitution; but whether we ought to have carry'd the matter up to Abdication, I muſt leave thoſe to determine that had the greateſt ſhare in the Management.

A King who has but a ſmall Faction is the ſafeſt King, but the whole Nation muſt be in a Ferment when the Conſtitution is begun *de novo.* An Inſurrection might have been juſtify'd according to my Principles, and the refuſal of the Army to fight againſt their Religion and Liberty had been Honourable, but an Univerſal Defection was carrying the thing too far, and, at ſome time or other, may prove a dangerous Experiment.

But ſtill I am not without hopes but a Way may be found out to recover and redreſs all, but it muſt not be that Way which ſome Addle-headed *Jacobites* and *Papiſts* propoſe; I believe, I ſay, a Method is not impoſſible, without running thoſe diſmal Risks and Hazards which the Fears of ſome and the Follies of more ſuggeſt; but as theſe Methods are not fit to be ſet down in Writing, I muſt beg the Reader's Pardon till a more proper Opportunity ſhall preſent.

I don't care for an Inſpection into the Calamities of my Native Country, otherwiſe, I believe, I could amaſs together ſuch a heap of ugly Circumſtances that would be apt to ſtartle the greateſt Stoick among us. I could produce ſad Symptoms of the Inſtability of our Government, its Contradictions, Defects and want of Conduct, and draw a Plan of National Calamities; the decay of our Trade, the loſs of our Shipping, and the ſlender Proſpect we have of Succeſs in the War againſt *France*; but in all theſe, perhaps, I ſhould not come up to the ſanguine Prattle of ſome *Jacobites* and ſilly *Catholicks*, whom nothing leſs will go down with, according to their Methods of Reſtoration, than an Abſolute Conqueſt; a Notion which all ſober Men deſpiſe, and every *Engliſhman* ought to oppoſe with the utmoſt of his Power.

Indeed, I look upon this to be in all reſpects a very inconſiderable Party. For to do Juſtice to the *Proteſtant Jacobites* or *Roman Catholicks*, I find but very few of them that come up to this Ridiculous Height: Upon the whole, I think the Nation has no juſter ground to be apprehenſive of a Conqueſt either by the *French* or the *Papiſts* than they had at the beginning of the Revolution to fear St. *Jones*'s Gridirons.

'Tis plain, that thoſe that by their Quality and Eſtates muſt always govern the Reſt, deteſt ſuch a Notion; and for the Knaves and Fools that ſhelter themſelves under them, I am ſure they ought to be expos'd for the ſake of the reſt of the People. How-

ever

ever I think the *Protestant Jacobites* ought to declare themselves for Liberty of Conscience duly settled, and upon all Occasions to express a high regard for the Liberties of their Country. It would do well likewise, if the *Roman Catholicks* would make a Publick Declaration against Conquest, and that all the Nation would conclude from the Maxims of the Wise King, That—— *open Rebuke is better than secret Love, and that Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend.*

The next thing that ought to be considered, is the length of the War, and the manner of carrying it on, which makes it absolutely necessary to transport a large part of our current Coin, which if the War continues according to the Schemes of some of our Modern Politians, must prey upon the very Heart and Vitals of the Nation, and at last destroy the whole Body Politick.

Is it not a Scandal to our Conduct, as well as a loss to the Publick, that it should be too notoriously known to be doubted, that the *Dutch* openly in their Shops clip all our broad Money, and yet at the same time will receive no *English* Money but by Weight, tho' the *English* Soldiers are forc'd to take for their Pay the very Money they see them clip; and beyond all this, they allow but 18 *s.* for one of our Guineas, which the *Jews* buy of them there, and return hither immediately at 1 *l.* 1 *s.* 8 *d.* What Bubbles are we made? Surely after this we ought not to laugh at the *Irish*, who as unfortunate as they now are, can never be said to have set their Hands so effectually to their own Destruction.———

But that which is our most fatal Symptom, our worst Prognostick, is, that all the several sorts of People, who are Friends to this Government, have outliv'd and barefac'dly contradict their own Opinions.—— Thus Sir *Robert Ri—b*, to be one of the Lords of the Admiralty, can take the Sacrament in the Church of *England*, tho' ever since the Revoluti-

on he has publickly declar'd himſelf againſt it, and all the Members of the Church of *England* that wrote for this are forc'd to ſtart new Notions of Government, and thoſe that had the cleareſt Underſtanding, and the niceſt Senſe of Liberty, learn now to ſerve Turns and adviſe by Occaſion, and little Accidents, and not by ſuch laſting Methods as will be too hard for Arbitrary Miniſters in all Times.—

The *Habeas Corpus* Act was ſuſpended upon ſome *Scotch* Letters being produc'd in Parliament, which after it was ſuſpended were never heard of more, and were very probably a Sham at firſt. *Fuller*'s Plot has made many Members againſt the Bill for *Tryals in Caſes of High Treaſon*, tho' I believe that was not the only Reaſon why King *William* ſollicited the Houſe of Lords againſt it.

Mad and Hair-brain'd is this Age indeed, and not to be truſted; for who can the Nation credit, when honeſt *Ned C*——, and honeſter *Jack F*——, one within St. *Stephen*'s Chapel and the other in all the Coffee-Houſes about Town, a little too ſcandalouſly labour'd againſt the Bill for *Tryals in Caſes of High Treaſon.* And how Sollicitor *S*—— acted his part too in the Houſe of Commons, I judge, is a little too notorious.

Theſe and all the reſt of their Party are active Men, and Men fit to be entruſted in any but National Concerns; in thoſe it muſt be confeſs'd they are a little too looſe or over-tractable; and after all, what can they mean by all this Hair-brain'd, Fooliſh Work, when if things are truly ſtated, they need not give themſelves the trouble to oppoſe any Bill that will promote the preſent or future Security of the Nation, conſidering that ſufficient Cautions are already taken to do that to their Hands.

If they are not wilfully blind by the refuſal of the Bill relating to the Judges, they muſt ſee that ſomebody has no great kindneſs for 'em at the bottom,

tom, neither is the Preſervations of our Liberties to Poſterity very much at Heart. That Bill was ſo ſmall a Retribution for what the Nation had done and pay'd, that methinks the Rejecting of it ſhould put them in mind, that they might have had their Buſineſs done at a cheaper Rate, at leaſt prevail with them to conſider, that the Nation's Buſineſs ought to be done before the Traveling Charges for *Holland* are provided.

But I'm afraid, after all, we muſt be Miſerable before we will be wiſe; for every Body is ſo abandon'd in this Religious Government, that they readily proſtitute their Honour and Conſciences to ſerve their Intereſt and pleaſe the *Rabble*; and ſome People ſeem to have ſo little Inclination for Liberty, that Providence cannot beſtow it upon us without a Series of Wonders.

We are gazing at every little Accident, and carry'd away with Perſonal or Party Averſions, by falſe Hopes and as fooliſh Fears, and therefore I muſt ſay again, that it will coſt Providence many aſtoniſhing Miracles to bring about ſuch a Nation's Deliverance; a Nation that will do nothing for itſelf, and that is ſo reſolutely averſe to receive thoſe good things that have been ſo frequently offer'd to it.

And yet after all this, I would not deſpair of my Countrey's Safety, if I could find but ten Perſons that would hear what could be ſaid, and that had the undoubted and unbyaſs'd Integrity of *Jack Fanſhaw*. A Man that miſlik'd all that was ill in former Reigns, and takes no pains to ſupport the Knaves in this, and that can be only tax'd with an unactive Deſpondency; and ſince he is ſo nicely coy of *Jacobites*, 'tis no great wonder he falls into that Error —— For according to the common Views that he and the wiſeſt Men that are ſhy can have, They are not under a poſſibility of Salvation —— I al-

moſt deſpair of it my ſelf, unleſs I could ſee ſuch Spirits exert themſelves and examine Things.

We muſt be ſav'd, if we are at all, by Men that love their Country; they muſt be Men of a large ſize Latitudinarian Politicians; Men that are above Forms both in Religion and Government, that are for the Ends, not the Names of Things; Men that can be content with Hereditary Monarchy, ſo that the common Good be purſu'd, and care not what Garments the Clergy wear upon condition they meddle not with the State, but preach good Morality and live better; neither the Huzzaing *Tories*, *Whigs* of Stingy Principles, nor Viſionary *Papiſts* can adjuſt our National Differences and Diſputes.

To the Reverend and Learned Dr. Beveridge. *An* Eucharisticon... *Occaſion'd by his Preaching a long Sermon upon* Restitution.

COming by chance into St. *Lawrence* Kirk,
Where Preachers did of Old *Reſiſtance* jirk,
The prating Reader having made an end
I ſaw your Reverence on the Mount aſcend,
Like old *Zacheus*, who to ſee ———
His Lord paſs by, climb'd up into a Tree.
My Thanks, good Sir, I muſt confeſs are due
To penitent *Zacheus* more than you ——
He by Example, You by Preaching taught,
And therein ſeaſonably reveal'd the Thought
Of many Hearts, the Nature and Extent
Of that great Duty of the Penitent
Call'd *Reſtitution*, which Embalms his Tears,
Sets him to rights, and pays off all Arrears,

Procures

Procures his Pardon from the offended God,
Atones his Vengeance, and does charm his Rod;
Pardon th' Impenitent in vain implore,
Impenitent are they that don't *Reſtore*
To the wrong'd Man what was his own before.

If Reſtitution, Sir, muſt needs be made,
I think to all Mankind it ſhould be pay'd:
Render to all their Dues, the Goſpel ſays,
Directs to ſtrait, condemns all crooked Ways.
Reſtore to'th Wrong'd, to all Men Juſtice do,
The Voice of *Moſes* is, and Jeſus too.

Go preach this Goſpel-Doctrine through the Town,
Bid them Reſtore who once uſurp'd the Crown;
Fill City and Court Pulpits with the Sound,
Cry *Reſtitution* all the Kingdom round;
Fear not to preach, like Leaders of the Blind,
And try to change your doating Hearer's Mind:
By your Exorciſing Art conjure the Devil,
From this poor Nation, ſtop th' impending Evil;
Bid 'em tranſcribe *Zacheus*'s Honeſty,
Leſt they aſcend not his, but *Haman*'s Tree;
Bid 'em Repent, do Juſtice, and Reſtore,
Call home the Injur'd, and Rebel no more.

Mr. Alsop's *State of* Conformity;

OR,

An Account of a Converſation between a Gentleman of Oxford, *and Mr.* Alſop, *the great* Rabbi *of the Diſſenting-Party, about his Majeſty's* Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience, *in the Year* 1687; *as alſo whether the Church of* England-Men, *or* Presbyterians, *are moſt inclined to an Accommodation.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

KING *James* had no ſooner declar'd for *Liberty of Conſcience*, but the Rabbies of the Diſſenters forſook their Lurking Holes among the Godly Siſters, and with their *Crop-ear'd Sanctimony* ſpread over the Land like the Locuſts of *Ægypt*, and almoſt as numerous. Their diminutive Habit and Band ſhow'd them the ſpurious ſpawn of their Good Fathers the *Jeſuits*, who at this time began to parade it in Couples about St. *James*'s and *White-Hall*, and the *Savoy*.

Tubs on the ſudden grew dear: and I'm told, one Cooper got an Eſtate, by a Cargo of old Wine Casks, to furniſh them with Pulpits; the dying Embers of Schiſm, and Hereſy being blown up by this Declaration it burſt out in every Corner, here ſtarted up *Presbyterians*, there *Mugletonians*, one making God damn all but themſelves; and the other

other ſaving him the Labour, and doing it themſelves. Here pirk'd up *Anabaptiſts*, there your formidable *Fifth Monarchy Men*, who were for beginning the Kingdom of King *Jeſus*, from that of King *James*; and put an end to *Antichriſt*, by ſtriking in with the *Pope*. In ſhort, *Antinomians*, *Socinians*, *Ranters*, *Canters*, *Browniſts*, *Quakers*, and a thouſand nameleſs, and ſenſeleſs Ring-leaders of Roguery, and Hereſie open'd each his Shop of Licenſe, which he call'd the *Power of the World*, and like Quacks, that pretend lying Wonders in their Bills, in ſuch a plenty of Fools and Knaves as this Country abounds with, ſcarce a gifted Cobbler, but found Contribution of much more comfortable Importance than his abdicated Laſt and Awl, ſo much more gainful it was to ſtitch Souls, than Soals.

The Bugbear Popery, that at a diſtance us'd to raiſe the crys of the whole deep-mouth'd Pack, when now it was preſent found them the moſt complaiſant Creatures in the World. They were grown ſo familiar that in the ſame Coffee-Houſe you might ſee a *Jeſuit*, and a *Holder-forth*, joyn with amicable ſpight in running down the *Church of England*.

Well they gave themſelves violent Airs of Religious Moderation, Loyalty, and Conſcience; and a thouſand things elſe, of which they formerly, abhorr'd the very Name, more than a Miſer, Reſtitution, a Lawyer the end of a Chancery Suit, a Sexton a Healthy Summer, of an Apothecary the *Diſpenſary*. 'Twas pleaſant to hear the Papiſts Preach againſt Perſecution, and the Fanaticks for Paſſive Obedience, and ſubmiſſion to the *Royal Declaration*. The Excluſion Men extoll Succeſſion, and deifie that very Prince on the Throne, when a known Papiſt, as the *Reſtorer of God to his Empire over Conſcience*, whom they ſtrove ſo much to deprive of it, when he was but thought ſo; to hear them

them addreſs with Lives and Fortunes, for the Royal Family, who had Beheaded one King, and endeavour'd the ſame to a ſecond; and *wiſh, that they had Caſements in their Breaſts for his Majeſty to ſee the ſincerity of their Hearts.* When their after Conduct ſhow'd what confirm'd Hypocrites they were; but they conſider'd firſt, that it was but a Wiſh, and next that they ſpoke to a man of abundance of Credulity.

But not to dwell longer on this preamble, you muſt know, that *Oxford* it ſelf was not free from the Viſitation; for *Alſop* one of the chief Demogogues of the Schiſm was there, and like another Gentleman in Black, *ſought whom he might devour*, amongſt the reſt he attacqu'd the Tabernacle of a young Gentleman of my acquaintance, with more than Jeſuitical Impudence and Complaiſance, and often beat about the Buſh, to ſtart a Convert in him; one of their Conferences he related to me in the following Manner.

Mr. *Alſop* and my ſelf being met, and fallen on our uſual diſpute, I am ſurpriz'd ſaid I, to find thoſe, who us'd always to rail more at the very *Fantom of* POPERY, which they imagin'd to be in the *Church of England*, than Porters at the Penny-poſt, ſhould be ſo fond of *Popery* in its own *proper Perſon.* That thoſe very People, who had brought one King to the Block, under pretence of his invading *Property* and the Laws of the Land, ſhould ſo zealouſly addreſs another for doing the thing in *Reality.* Like a certain Puritan Alderman, that rail'd at the Lewdneſs of the *Play-Houſe* in a Brothel. For what is this Declaration but cutting off all *Law*, Root and Branch, and reſolving all *Property* into the *King's Will*, while you allow him the Power of ſuſpending, or diſpenſing with Acts of Parliament? For if he has power to diſpenſe with one, he has with all: So that you might as

juſtly

juſtly have ſeiz'd your Neighbours Eſtate, ſhou'd the King have diſpens'd with that Law, that ſecur'd it, as enjoy'd his diſpenſing with the *Act of Conformity*.

I have heard you, reply'd Mr. *Alſop*, with as much Patience as a Court of Delegates a *Bawdy Cauſe*; but let me tell you young Gentleman you're a little too hot in this Affair. Moderation wou'd give you an other View; and with ſubmiſſion I will give it you in a fairer Light.

Suppoſe then here, an honeſt well-meaning Man, that travelling in the Dark, falls into a Pond, he finds he muſt either drown or get out of the Water by clambering up the ſide of a fine inclos'd Garden, do you think, the Owner of it cou'd reaſonably plead Damages or ſue the drowning Man for a treſpaſs? Thus it is with us; our cauſe muſt ſink, or we muſt take hold of this opportunity, to eſcape with our Lives. Pray which is moſt reaſonable for us to conſider, our deliverance from haſty deſtruction, or the Fences of your fine Garden? Oh! but why wou'd we cloſe with the *Papiſts*, for this Advantage? A drowning Man wou'd not refuſe to catch hold of a Cord, tho' thrown out by an Enemy: and ſince you who pretend to be our Friends uſe us like Enemies, certainly we ſhould be look'd on, as Fools in Grain, to reject an Eaſe tho' offer'd by thoſe, you call our Enemies.

Alas, Sir, ſaid I, you have ſet the matter in a very wrong Light, for this fellow you mention was ſo far from an honeſt well-meaning Man, or his Fall into the Pond Accidental, and in the dark, that he jumpt in purely out of ſpight, and that in the full force and Light of the mid-day Sun, only becauſe he had no other way of deſtroying the Fences of the fine Garden you ſpeak of, as you may know by the whole ſtory —— On the Borders of the famous *Tweed*, there liv'd a Gentleman

of

of a very large Eſtate, and a larger Mind; he was not for racking his Tenants, but allow'd them the full enjoyment of a certain Manour on condition, that they ſhould manage it well, and pay him a Pepper-corn a Year Quit-rent; nor cou'd he ſuppoſe thoſe hard Conditions, when they were to reap the Benefit, and fruit of their Labour. But in Proceſs of time this good Landlord had occaſion to go a Journey into a far Country, and ſo calls all his Tenants together, and tells them he's leaving them for a little while; but adviſes them as they tender his Love, to mind their Plantations, keep up the Fences, and Watch for one another, with a mutual Help and Love, for they were near ſcurvy Neighbours, who would continually be endeavouring to ruin them either by Fraud, or open Force, by carrying Stories, ſowing diſſention, and perſwading them, that either this Care of your Ground is ſuperfluous, or that you take not Care enough of it, or the like, but do you mind what I ſay, and when I return I will bring an ample Reward for thoſe, who have obſerv'd thoſe Directions. This being ſaid, and all things prepar'd, the Landlord goes his Journey. Their Pilfering Neighbours underſtanding he was gone, whoſe Wiſdom and Power they ſtood in awe of, make many a Trip over the *Tweed*, now and then catch a ſtraggling Cock, or Hen, but often by the mutual vigilance of the Tenants, they went home by Weeping Croſs, with broken heads, and bruis'd Sides. At laſt the Wily Kerns finding it in vain to attempt on their Hen-rooſts, and Hedges by open Force, while they were thus united, contrive to ſet 'em together by the Ears: Firſt they devided their Bands, and inſinuated themſelves into the Families of the Poor good natured Tenants; then they carry'd Pick-thank Stories from one to another; and being naturally Cunning, and Miſchievous, they began to perſwade

ſome

ſome one way and ſome another, in the Obſervation of the Landlord's Commands till in ſhort they had ſet the whole Manour together by the Ears! then inſtead of Brother and Neighbour, Son of a Whore, and hang-dog, was the beſt words they could give one another; but yet they pretty well minded the main concern, and the Poultry was not ſo come-at-able as their Neighbours deſir'd. To compleat their Roguery, therefore, they found one among the reſt who had the largeſt farm, and perſwaded him that the Landlord had left him Steward, and that all the reſt ought to be guided by him, and pay him the Pepper-corn Quit-rent, and in ſhort all, that was due to the real Landlord: and tho' the Impudence exceeded all but a *Scots*, yet I know not how by the ſubtle Inſinuations of the black Guard that Broach'd it, in time he reduc'd the whole Mannour under his Jurisdiction; but to their coſt they found the difference betwixt their *old* Maſter and their *new*. In ſhort all things went to wrack, that is they were all rack'd ſo by their Steward and his ragged Regiment, that at laſt ſome more ſtout than the reſt, began to enquire into his Authority, and with equal Reſolution, exerted their Liberty; the *Itch* and *Scots* were driven out of their Farms, and they ſet themſelves to reduce things into the former order; among theſe there were two were more exact, and came to a juſter regulation of this, than all the reſt, and enjoyed a while the Sweets of it; but o'th' ſudden one of them takes a Freak to pull down all the Fences, and lay all their ground in common. The other admoniſh'd him often, and mended them up again. At laſt it came to a Breach, for *Jack* ſaid it was contrary to the Landlord's Will, that there ſhould be any Encloſures, but all ſhould be common and confus'd. *Harry* he was for keeping it in the ſame order he had always had it, and after ſeveral Tryals in vain to mollifie

mollifie his Neighbours obſtinacy, he ſet himſelf to dig an handſome Trench about his Farm to keep obſtreperous *Jack* out. But *Jack* vext to the Heart at this, coming Drunk home one night, and as full of Malice as Liquour (for he wou'd take a Cherupping Cup off in a Corner) the Moon ſhew'd him an agreeable proſpect of his Neighbour's Encloſure on one hand, and the very Dunghil his own was grown on the other; what does he me, but leaps into the Mote and ſcrambles up the Bank, demoliſhes the Dam, and lets the Water into the lower Grounds. But *Jack* was too top-heavy to eſcape undiſcovered: *Harry* ſues him for a Treſpaſs, *Jack* ſwears it was Accident, that falling into the Mote, he endeavoured to ſave his Life, and this enſu'd. But the Judge finding this was owing to *Jack*'s Malice, more than danger, gave *Harry* damages. The *Scots* who were always ſculking about; having found out this Feud betwixt theſe two Neigbours, inform the reſt of the Manner of it, who were all Mortal Enemies to *Jack* and *Harry*,) who at laſt enter into a Compact with *Jack*, every one to joyn together, and fill up the Mote that *Harry* had made to ſecure his Encloſure; no ſooner ſaid but done. Had not *Harry* juſt cauſe of Complaint againſt *Jack*, for ſtriking in with both their Enemies, meerly to deſtroy his *Encloſure?* This is the Truth of the ſtory, and you have been told it only by halves. I need not make the Application, the Pope, the Devil and the Fanatick will appear thro' the diſguiſe of the Fable.

But Sir, ſaid Mr. *Alſop*, your Fable does not reach the Caſe, you make *Jack* an Obſtinate Fellow, and a Miſchievous invader of his Neighbour *Harry*'s *Encloſures*; whereas the Diſſenters are Men of tender Conſciences. Hold, interrupted I: methinks that's an odd Plea, for what has a Diſſenter to do with Conſcience at all, while he holds Prede-

Predeſtination? I think of frugal Men they are the moſt prodigal alive, to throw away ſo many thouſands a year among you Gentlemen Holderforths, when by their Fundamental Doctrine they don't know but 'tis a Limb of the Devil that's Preaching to 'em a God's Name.

Well, well, ſaid Mr. *Alſop*, we had no other way of keeping up our Party, but by accepting the Benefit of this Declaration; People daily and daily mouldered away; their Purſes touch'd 'em more than their Zeal, and they lov'd Eaſe and three Meals a Day, better than *Newgate*, or any other Gaol in all his Majeſty's Dominions. So that if we caught hold of this Opportunity of retrieving our ſelves, and make the beſt uſe of it, you may may thank your ſelves for it, who wou'd open no door to let us into your Communion, but one ſo very ſmall, that we cou'd not thruſt our Heads into it, much leſs draw in our Bodies. You are a little apt, reply'd I to aſſert very odd poſitions; for we have often invited you to return to your Mother, and ſhe with open Arms expected to Embrace you: your ſcruples were anſwered to the niceſt point, and Compliances offer'd, if you can but agree where you wou'd ſtop, and what wou'd content you. That you ſhall be judge of, ſaid he, by a ſtory I'm going to tell you.

There was a Gentleman (ſays he) of ancient and Honourable Extraction, one Col. *Stiff-rump*, that made Love to a grave and virtuons Lady in our Neighbourhood, of whoſe Character I will tell you more anon, but in the mean time, I muſt be more particular about my Col. As for his Age and Perſon there was no exception to be made to them, but his Temper was ſomewhat imperious and fierce, eaſie enough to thoſe, that wou'd ſubmit to him, but impatient of being contradicted. Some thought him too Affected, and Formal in his Carriage, and what

was the worſt, he was not content to practiſe theſe Formalities himſelf, but wou'd oblige others to do the ſame; however, in the main his good Qualities overweigh'd his bad. So much for the Col. And now to give you a ſhort account of the Lady, whoſe Name was *Good-love*; her Fortune was very conſiderable which drew abundance of Suitors upon her, yet ſhe rejected them all: She did not delight in gaudy Liveries, and what the World calls a magnificent Equipage; but every thing about her was plain, and ſhow'd a well temper'd frugality, and as ſhe had not been bred up in Muſick and Dancing, ſhe ſeldom appear'd at any publick Aſſemblies; but kept for the moſt part at home and viſited none but her Relations; this may ſuffice to let you ſee what the Lady's Diſpoſition was. 'Tis now high time to proceed to my Story: The Col. finding it for his advantage to make an Alliance with her if poſſible, very fairly Courted her, and to do the Lady Juſtice, ſhe received him with more reſpect, and heard his Addreſs with more complaiſance, than ſhe had done any of his Predeceſſors. In ſhort, matters went on the Colonel's ſide as favourably as a Man cou'd wiſh, when coming one Morning into her Parlour, *Well, Madam and what Demonſtration do you require I ſhou'd give you of my Affection? tell me, I am ready to execute it this very moment.* Colonel, (ſays ſhe) *I require none, I always took you for a Perſon of Honour: Come, come,* (replies he) *that ſhan't ſerve your turn; I have told you a hundred times I Love you, and yet I find you continue ſtill an Infidel, and won't believe me; therefore I am reſolved to give you ſome extraordinary proof of my Paſſion, ſuch as no lover gave his Miſtreſs before me: Now Madam, if you'd have me trot it to the* Eaſt-Indies, *and bring you the Empreſs of* Japan's *Favourite Paroquet, or ſix of the great* Mogul's *fore-teeth, or the huge Diamond that hangs in the* Sophy *of* Perſia's *left Ear; either any of them*

or

or all of them are at your Service; or if you'd have me mount up to the top of St. Laurence's *Steeple, take out my Heart, and broil it there upon the Grid-iron, 'tis no ſooner ſaid, than done.* Thus the Col. gave himſelf theſe Rhodomontado Airs, when the Lady taking him up ſhort: *No, no, Coll.* (replies ſhe) *I expect no Impoſſibilities from you; but ſince you have made ſo free with me upon this point, I will put you to the Tryal, but you ſhall find me very eaſy in my propoſal: know then, I have only one thing to ask of you, the doing of which can neither call your Life nor honour in danger, and which if you comply with, I promiſe to be yours, and only yours* —— *And pray Madam what may that be?* (cries the Colonel in an extaſy) *I am ſure I wou'd Sacrifice my Life, my Reputation, my all, to oblige ſo* —— *Talk not of Sacrifices,* (anſwers ſhe) *I am content with leſſer Services, and to convince you of the Truth of this, behold all I demand of you is, that you wou'd ſend immediately for the Barber, and cut off your Whiskers, becauſe they hinder me from having a full and perfect Communion with your Lips* —*But Madam, will nothing under my Whiskers ſatisfie you* —— *Why, can I poſſibly ask you an eaſier Inſtance of your Love? Any Well-manner'd Gentleman wou'd part with them at the requeſt of a Friend, but much more at that of his Miſtreſs. And unleſs I part with them, muſt I never hope to be happy in you?* —— *Never upon my Word* — *Why then Madam, farewell: I'll ſee all the Women in the Univerſe, pil'd up like ſo many Faggots to make the Devil a Bonefire, before I'll cut off my Whiskers to pleaſe the beſt of them:* With that he took his leave of her abruptly, and has never been ſeen ſince. To apply this Story. Now the Church of *England* whenever ſhe pleaſes may marry, or incorporate the Diſſenters, provided ſhe wou'd part with her Whiskers, that is to ſay, a few fooliſh Idle Ceremonies, which neither contribute to her Beauty, nor her Security; by which means ſhe would render her ſelf impreg-

nable, for the ſubaltern Sects can never injure her; yet with the untoward Obſtinacy of Col. *Stiff-rump*, rather than part with theſe *Whiskers*, trifles upon ſo valuable a conſideration, ſhe chuſes to loſe a great part of the Kingdom, not contemptible either for their Numbers, Piety, Learning, or Wealth.

When Mr. *Alſop* had done his Story and Application, he ſmil'd as if the day were his own, but to pluck him down from his imagined Conqueſt; Sir, ſays I, whoever told you this Story, deſerves to have his Bones broke, for to my knowledge, he has miſled you not only in the Names and Characters of perſons concern'd, but almoſt in every particular; therefore to ſet you aright, I will recount the Story to you, exactly as it happen'd, and that in as few words as may be. 'I knew the Fellow 'ſingularly well, and ſo I did the Lady; the Man 'was a *Tallow Chandler* by Trade, his Name was '*Jonathan Schiſm*, and he lived at the Sign of the 'Calves-head in St. *Swithen*'s-Lane, over againſt '*Salters-Hall*: He was a mighty frequenter of Mor-'ning-Lectures, and the like Exerciſes, but his '*watching* bearing no proportion to his *Praying*, 'that is, his zeal ſwallowing his concern for his 'Family, things were run to ſixes and ſevens; in 'ſhort, Affairs were come to that paſs, that he 'durſt hardly ſhow his Noſe over his hatch; tho' at 'the ſame time he was as proud as a gifted Quaker, 'as full of malice as an Exploded Poetaſter, cen-'ſorious to the laſt degree, glad of any misfortune 'that befell his Neighbours, and never mannerly 'but in his Diſtreſs: To this odd conditioned Soul 'was tack'd a Body that nickt it like two Exche-'quer Tallies, his Hair was greaſie, and curled like 'a pound of his own Candles, his Shirt of the ſame 'Complexion with his Hat, and the reſt of his 'Equipage was ſuitable to this. I beg your pardon 'Mr. *Alſop*, for dwelling ſo long upon ſo nauſeous

'a ſub-

'a ſubject. 'To come to the Lady, her name was
'*Conformity*, and lived at the fine Houſe yonder,
'perhaps ſhe had not her fellow in the Univerſe,
'her Temper always Cheerful, and Eaſie, joyfull
'when ſhe heard of the happineſs of others, and
'afflicted at their Calamities; ſhe never preached
'up her own virtue, nor cried down that of her
'Neighbour, no raiſer nor ſecond-hand Reporter of
'malicious Stories, good-natured, but diſcreet, hum-
'ble but carefull to preſerve her Authority; in the
'management of her Family ſhe neither affected a
'ruinous Magnificence, nor a ſordid Oeconomy,
'but every thing was ſo decent, and ſo regularly
'order'd, that there was not the leaſt Confuſion or
'diſorder to be ſeen. Thus ſhe lived happy, and
'in the Univerſal eſteem of all, that knew her,
'when all on the ſudden, either mov'd by the ſu-
'periour influence of the Stars, or touch'd by an
'extraordinary fit of Compaſſion, with which her
'generous Temper abounded to a Fault, or ſome
'other reaſon, beſt known to herſelf; ſhe ſent for
'this ſlovenly Wretch to come to her Houſe. Our
'Friend *Jonathan* immediately waited on her,
'and the Lady thus unboſomed herſelf to him:
"I am no ſtranger, ſays ſhe, to your Circumſtan-
"ces, and know with what difficulty you keep
"the Wolf from your door; now if you will com-
"ply with a few eaſie Propoſals I have to make
"to you; I will not only free you from the Appre-
"henſion of Gaols, and living a conſtant Tribu-
"tary to thoſe Vermin the Bailiffs, but I'll pay
"your debts, and what is more, ſettle my Perſon
"and Fortune upon you. This is a happineſs,
"crys our ſplay-mouth'd Tallow-Chandler in
"a Tranſport, which I cou'd never have expect-
"ed; but may I make ſo bold with you Madam,
"as to enquire what you have to propoſe to me,
"for if you command me to crawl upon all four to

" *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, or travel to *Rome* and " convert the Pope; there's nothing you can pro- " poſe but I'll cheerfully comply with, to attain " ſo much Felicity. Why, Mr. *Schiſm.* ſays ſhe, " I have obſerved, that you are none of the clean- " lieſt Men in the World, now I abominate a Slo- " ven, and therefore to fit you for my Bed I ex- " pect you ſhould immediately conſent to the fol- " lowing Articles. Firſt and foremoſt I require " you to comb your Hair, and clean it; that you " put on a clean Shirt, and be not hence for- " ward ſuch a mortal Foe to clean Linen; " that you go to the Bagnio, mundifie your Taber- " nacle from the filthy rank Fumes and Scents " of your Trade, and Perſon; that for the future " you Watch as well as Pray; and that you be not " ſo proud, but that you ſhew your Neighbours " the common Civility, which is their due. On " theſe Terms, ſaid the Lady, I, and my Fortune " are at your Service. Will no other Conditions " ſerve your turn, reply'd *Jonathan*? Can you de- " ſire any more agreeable than what wou'd make " you ceaſe to be a Monſter, and make you like the " reſt of your Neighbours, to whom now your " ſingularity, and Pride render you a perfect Nui- " ſance? Alas! Madam if nothing but this will do, " you and I can never dance betwixt one pair of " Sheets. What! you're a perfect Woman, nothing " but a Beau will pleaſe you! I love my ſelf too " well, and know my Judgment too infallible to " let any conſiderations alter my courſe of Life; " tho' my Hair be lank and greaſie, my Pores " ſomething frowſie, my Linen on the Melancho- " ly, and my Behaviour ſomething obſtreperous; " yet it is my Fancy, Madam, and my Fancy is " my Law and my Conſcience; and if you don't " like me rough as I run, fare you well, Madam; " I am not to be altered! wherefore, tho' I like

" your

'your Habitation very well, your Perſon better, 'and your Fortune beſt of all; yet were you Mi-'ſtreſs of the Univerſe, I wou'd not ceaſe to be 'that very numerical, Greaſie *Jonathan* to have you. 'But Decency, Mr. *Jonathan*, —— Hang Decency, 'tho finical. You ſay perhaps I ſtink among my 'Neighbours. I anſwer, to me the ſmell's a per-'fume; you call me a Sloven, I am tranſported 'with my negligent Air; you think my Trade a Nui-'ſance, I like it better than a Powder Shop. As for 'my being like other People, I laugh at it; no, let 'other People be like me —— So Madam adieu, for 'I am old poſitive *Jonathan* —— away flies *Jona-'than*, as full of Indignation, as Naſtineſs —— the 'Lady ſtill full of Compaſſion, for his Frenzy, 'makes uſe of the Mediation of Friends, pathetic-'que Perſwaſives, Tenderneſs and the like Endea-'vours, to reclaim him to his Senſes, and to make 'him ceaſe to be the Jeſt, and ſcandal of his Neigh-'bours, but all in vain, for he remain'd poſitive, 'unleſs ſhe wou'd grow, as filthy a Slut, as he 'was a Sloven, he wou'd have nothing to ſay to her.

The Application, ſaid I, Mr. *Alſop*, is not difficult to make; the Venerable, and decent Worſhip of the Church of *England*, and the irreverent, and ſcandalous Meetings of the Diſſenters, are viſible enough to be ſeen without the help of a Paralell. The Diſſenters might when they pleaſe, be Marry'd to, or Incorporated with the Church of *England*, if they wou'd quit their ſingularity, Pride, indecent Worſhip and the like, which they derive neither from Scripture, nor Reaſon, and which contribute neither to their Beauty, nor Strength, and ſo united to a greater part of the Kingdom, very conſiderable for their Numbers, Piety, Learning and Wealth.

Phoo, ſaid Mr. *Alſop*, this will prove like all other controverſies, both ſides Triumphing and neither ſide convinc'd. For I muſt tell you, that

I cannot but think your Adoration of the Churches Antichriſtian, and Idolatrous? Why, reply'd I, don't you think there is a decent Reſpect due to the Place, that's ſet apart for the Worſhip of God?— No more, than to my Kitchen, or my Stable, built of the ſame Brick, or Stone.—Well, well, Mr. *Alſop*, you and I won't differ for Trifles, I ſhall be glad to ſee you when I come to *London*, which will be very ſuddainly, and will there confute a Bottle or two with you: With all my Heart, reply'd Mr. *Alſop*, for tho' you're a Churchman, you ſeem to be a good honeſt Fellow: Where ſhall we meet ſaid I?—— Where you pleaſe, at what Tavern you frequent. I abominate a Tavern; but I'll tell you what, I can procure two Gallons of excellent Burgundy, and you and I, and another Friend, will meet and Fuddle our Noſes at your *Meeting-houſe*; where under the Pulpit, as under the Roſe, we may ſay what we pleaſe againſt either State, or Church. Hold, hold a little, interrupted Mr. *Alſop*, my Meeting-Houſe is ſet apart for the Worſhip of God, and it would ſound oddly to turn it into a Bibbing-Houſe. Not at all, reply'd I, why not into a Bibbing-houſe, as well as a Dancing School, a Buttock Ball or the like? Beſides if it be no more, than your Kitchin or your Stable, how can a Bottle of good *Burgundy* Prophane it?

Mr. *Alſop*, was here at a ſtand, and while he was puzling his Noddle with a Salvo, Company came in to his Relief, and ſo adjourned his Conference, *ſine die*.

The Presbyterians Proposals *to the* CONVOCATION *in order to a* General Comprehension.

1. THAT a new Syſtem of Divinity be immediately drawn up more ſuitable to the preſent Conſtitution both in Church and State, and that the *Political Catechiſm* be Reprinted, and that the Schoolmaſters all over *England* be injoyn'd to inſtruct the Youth in the Articles and Principles of Mr. *Baxter*'s *Holy Common-wealth*, and that the Tutors in both Univerſities be commanded to read to their Pupils *Machiavel*'s *Prince*, Mr. *Milton*'s *Defenſio Populi Anglicani*, *Junius Brutus*'s *Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos*, and alſo Mr. *Hobbs*'s two excellent Books, *De Cive*, and *Leviathan*; and *Boucher*'s the Jeſuits Diſcourſe, *De Juſta Henrici tertii abdicatione*; and to take care that they make the young Men read over once a Week, that excellent Speech of the Heroick Preſident, Serjeant *Bradſhaw*, which he made when he pronounc'd Sentence of Death againſt King *Charles* the Firſt, wherein he proves the Gallantry and Lawfulneſs of what they were then acting, and that they preſs it as an undoubted Axiom, that, *à facto ad Jus valet argumentum.*

2. That this may be judged the ſtanding Act of the Univerſities, and that in order to enforce and perpetuate it, a Catechiſtical Lecture be appointed, where no other Doctrines are to be advanc'd but thoſe above-mention'd; and that by a ſolemn Recommendation, that precious young Man Mr. *Parkinſon* of *Lincoln* Colledge, *Oxford*, and Mr. *Harris* of *King*'s Colledge *Camb.* be conſtituted the firſt Lecturers. ——

3. That

3. That you would aboliſh the Book of *Homilies*, as containing Doctrines utterly uſeleſs in this more learned and refin'd Age; but if you judge this to be too much to be done at once, that you would cauſe a new Edition to be forthwith Printed, leaving out thoſe Ridiculous Homilies againſt wilful Rebellion, at leaſt purge out and expunge all the unſound and dangerous Paſſages in them, and eſpecially that wherein the Church of *England* does arraign the Noble Barons, who ſo bravely defended their Liberties againſt the Encroachments of King *John*, of horrible Perjury, for inviting into *England*, *Lewis* the Dauphin of *France*, and ſwearing Fidelity to him, and breaking their Oath of Fidelity to their Natural Lord the King of *England*; which they there ſay was done at that time, becauſe they did not know their Duty to their Prince ſet forth in God's Word; which peremptory Definition ſeems to us, notwithſtanding all the Artful Definitions of Doctor *Stil* — *t*, to conclude equally againſt you and us, and therefore we redouble our Requeſt, that this Paſſage that reflects ſo much be wholly omitted.

4. That you cauſe to be left out of the *Calendar* the Martyrdom of King *Charles* the Firſt, that it may no longer be a Reproach to us, and that the Memory of it may be for ever aboliſh'd, and that Anniverſary Faſt laid aſide; and that all the Sermons that have been preacht upon that Day, and eſpecially Dr. *Burnet*'s and Dr. *Pellin*'s, be bought up at the Charge of the Publick, and pil'd on a heap and burnt before you the next 30th of *January* in the Area before the *Jeruſalem Chamber*; and that no one dare to retain any Copies of them, or any ſuch like Sermons, much leſs preſume to reprint them on pain of being ſeverely proceeded againſt as Enemies to the Conſtitution, and what is of infinitely more concern to us, the Deſign of a *Comprehenſion*.

5. That

5. That you alſo condemn to the Flames, and to perpetual Oblivion, *Salmaſius*'s *Defenſio Regia*, Dr. *Du Moulin*'s *Clamor Sanguinis contra Parricidas Anglicanos*; all the Works of Judge *Jenkins*; Archbiſhop *Uſher*'s *Power of the Prince and Obedience of the Subject ſtated*; ſeveral Pieces of Biſhop *Bramhall* and Dr. *Fern*; Mr. *Diggs*, *of the unlawfulneſs of taking up Arms againſt the King*; Biſhop *Maxwell*'s *Sacroſancta Regum Majeſtas*: That Peſtilent Book of Dr. *Falkner*'s called *Chriſtian Loyalty*; Dr. *Sherlock*'s Diſcourſe of *Non-Reſiſtance*, and Dr. *Hicks*'s *Jovian*, with ſeveral others upon the ſame Argument, which we leave to your Wiſdom and Zeal. But however, we cannot but mention, as moſt worthy your Cenſure, the three Decrees of the Univerſity of *Oxford*. The one made againſt the Learned *Parœus*, 1622. The other againſt the *Solemn League and Covenant*. And the third in the Year 1683, wherein they condemn'd a great number of the beſt Advocates for our Cauſe; and after they had paſt it in the Convocation Houſe, *Nemine Contradicente*, went into the Schools Quadrangle and burnt thoſe excellent Books, that had done us ſo much Service, by the Hands of a Contemptible Fellow, one *Gigger*, the Beadle of the Beggars. But above all, we expect that you would ſet a particular mark of Diſgrace upon the *Hiſtory of Paſſive-Obedience*, and the Biſhop of *Chicheſter*'s *Declaration*, and vote them both Libels —— They being very dangerous Papers, and what will do you and us a great deal of Miſchief, unleſs they be condemned by this Sacred Synod.

6. That you take effectual care to make the Reverend Dr. *T*———, tho' otherwiſe we have a high value and eſteem for him, as being intirely in our Intereſt, publickly recant that ill-penn'd and ill-contriv'd Letter that he wrote to the great but unfortunate Lord *Ru*——*l*, that Letter having done us and our Cauſe as much Prejudice as his Book againſt

gainſt *Tranſubſtantiation* has done the *Papiſts*; and that Dr. *So* —— *th* ask Forgiveneſs upon his Knees in K. *Henry* the 7th's Chappel for his indiſcreet and unſeaſonable Zeal in a Sermon preacht the 30th of *January*; wherein he is ſo bold as to affirm, *That the Doctrine of Depoſing and Murdering Kings is a Popiſh and Antichriſtian Doctrine*; and that Dr. *Sherlock* be oblig'd, upon the loſs of his Preferments, to anſwer his own Sermons, and if he ſhould be Reſtiff or Obſtinate, that you would appoint a Committee to draw up Materials for an Anſwer, and that Dr. *Ken* —— *t*, Mr. *Ho* —— *ly* and Mr. *Ca* —— *my* be of the Committee.

7. That you ſpeedily cauſe to be publiſht in elegant Latin, a Book, *de Jure Regni apud Anglos*, Dialogue-wiſe, after the Method of the Incomparable *Buchanan*, and an Apology for the Church of *England*, for the Information of Reform'd Churches beyond Sea, and all others that may be ſo curious to inquire into your Conduct in your late ſtupendious Proceedings.

8. That for the common concern of Chriſtianity you with all ſpeed ſet forth a Declaration, owning your ſelves *Latitudinarians* as well in Judgment as Practice, and widen and facilitate the Terms of your Communion, for the ſake of honeſt *Tom Firmin*, and his Brother *Socinians*, as alſo *Arians*, *Anabaptiſts*, *Quakers*, *Muggletonians* and *Sweet-Singers of Iſrael*. Further, we think it proper and conducive to a ſolid *Union* and *Comprehenſion*; that you leave out of your *Liturgy*, in your next Editions, the *Nicene* and *Athanaſian Creeds*, which we conceive to be very prejudicial to the *Proteſtant Religion*, and have hindred many Perſons from joyning with you in the great Work of *Reformation of Manners*.

Laſtly, That out of a wiſe and careful regard to the bleſſed Effects of Peace, Union, and God-like Comprehenſion, and out of juſt and due regard to

the

the Churches of *Holland*, *Switzerland*, and *Geneva*, you will ſhew your ſelves Men of that Temper and extenſive Moderation as ſome of you ſolemnly promiſed at a certain Time and Place, which ſhall now be nameleſs, you would, which bleſſed Time we hope is now at hand, for making *Toleration* perpetual, and extinguiſhing all needleſs and oppreſſive *Penal Laws* and *Statutes*, which at any other Seaſon we ſhould be extreamly ſatisfy'd with, but at this time we expect greater things from you. And in order to the Accompliſhment of the great Work of *Comprehenſion*, and in the ſpeedy Execution of that good Temper which at laſt ſeems to prevail, we do moſt earneſtly deſire and expect, that you ſhould comply with thoſe *Wiſe* and *Peaceable Propoſals* made in all our *Names* by our dear Brother in his *Healing Attempt*; and that for the future, you ſtand not ſo ſtiff upon the *Eſtabliſht Conſtitution* either in Church or State, but admit our Ordinations and other Forms of Government to be to all Intents and Purpoſes as good and valid as your own—— without which Conceſſions we think it our Duty, as it becomes Honeſt and Conſcientious Men, to acquaint you in plain and downright *Engliſh*, That let the Alterations in your *Liturgy* and *Canons* be never ſo many, and your Condeſcenſions never ſo great, in order to gain us as the Reverend Preſident adviſ'd you, whoſe wonderful Charity, and Kindneſs towards us and our Principles we can never ſufficiently extol, we neither will nor can unite with you, or be of your Church. *Comprehenſion*'s the Price, and without that, all the other Overtures you can make are utterly void and inſignificant. —— And to encline you, or rather force you by the moſt ſtrong and convincing Arguments to comply with us therein, we deſire you to ſet before your Eyes the Church of *Scotland*, where Epiſcopacy being wholly aboliſht, and the Revenues ſeiz'd to the uſe of the

the State, Presbytery is become the Church Government of that Ancient and Religious Kingdom. And as our dear Brethren, the *Scotch Covenanters*, freed us once by their kind Assistance from the Yoke and Tyranny of your Predecessors, so we doubt not, but upon a due Application, unless you instantly relent towards us, they will rescue us once more out of your Hands.

This is the Sum of what we propose at present; if you like it, the sooner you set your Hands to the finishing the Business the more you will oblige us; your Delays will make the matter precarious, and perhaps not so acceptable when it comes. We therefore leave these Offers before your Reverences, not doubting but you will immediately take them into mature Consideration, and receive them with all Christian Temper and Moderation, and gratify us in these just and modest Requests, which will be more your Interest than our own. Ours will be the Comfort, but yours will be the Glory; and all Ages, to the End of the World, will Admire and Reverence you, as the happy Promoters of *Comprehension* and *Unlimited Toleration.*

A Letter *to Dr.* Brown *at* Tunbridge, *Dated* June *27th.* 1699, *from* Dean-street.... *Upon the State of* Affairs *as they stood with K.* James; *or,* Tom Brown *turn'd* Politician.

SIR,

YOU are the first Man living that ever took me for a *Politician*, I never but once in my Life made any Attempts that way, and that prov'd so fatal

fatal that I have ever ſince had a ſolemn Averſion to that ſort of Employment; all that I can think of the matter is, that I believe you are fall'n in with ſome of our old Companions, and they have prevail'd with you to lay this Command upon me, that you may make your ſelves merry with my Follies. I moſt ſuſpect my old Enemy Dr. *Griffith*, who I know left the Town upon *Monday*; and, Sir, were I ſure he was at the bottom, I would infallibly publiſh a Second Edition of the *Welch Levite*.

But, Sir, That you may ſee your Commands are too powerful with me to admit of any denyal, I will do the beſt I can to gratify your Curioſity, and leave the Dr. and you to make what Sport you ſhall think fit with me; you may, if you pleaſe, give it out *That* Tom Brown *is turn'd Politician*, and as an Inſtance of it, ſhew this ridiculous Scribble to all the Walks.

I think, for an *Introduction*, I need not tell you I am of no particular Religion, for having often read your *Religio Medici* in my former Days, I have thought it beſt to ſteer by that Compaſs. I wiſh well to all Mankind upon the ſcore of Religion, and ſince it muſt be ſo, ſhall take the liberty of a true Politician, and attempt to repreſent, in little, the Cauſes of the Misfortunes, of which I hear all Parties complaining, and of which I can, humanly ſpeaking, ſee no End.

1. I deſire I may not be thought an Enemy to Monarchy, and diſreſpectful to the Church of *England*, if I tell you my ſhallow Politicks ſuggeſt to me, That *Paſſive Obedience* is next to an Impoſſible Doctrine, unleſs the flattering Divines could prove *Original Contracts to Kings*. This Pretence of the Prieſts has prov'd a Sandy Foundation for the Prince to build upon, and thoſe very Men that have ſo largely fill'd the Hiſtory of it, have not only over-look'd their own Writings but all the ſtated Laws

Laws which would have ſecur'd the late King without their general Revolt.

The King could do no Wrong, the King is unaccountable in his own Perſon, &c. would not ſerve the turn of our high-flown Court Preachers; not only thoſe that had a Hand in his Blood, but every one that was any ways concern'd in the War muſt be damn'd in this World and the next. Sir *Robert Filmer's Patriarcha* was the only Model of Government, and Sir *Roger L'Eſtange's Obſervators* the beſt Guides for Conſciences. The Church of *England Homilies* and *Epiſcopal Judicial Proceedings* nauſeated all Men of ſeverer Reaſonings, and the People could be only Harangu'd and puniſht into *Non-Reſiſtance*, tho' at the ſame time all the Court Divines forgot to preach the Duty of Princes, and to ſhew what common Care belongs to the common Father of their Country.

The *Coronation Oath* was unmention'd leſt it ſhould ſmell of Compact, and as I take the matter, the Kings were chiefly *Jure Divino* that the Biſhops might be ſo too; and for thoſe Notions, how difficult ſoever they are to be maintain'd, they Perſecuted the *Puritans* into Rebellion, and the *Papiſts* into Plots, whilſt, to ſpeak the Truth, the *Penal Laws* and *Teſt* have been all along but formal Combinations againſt them; and the greateſt Sticklers for uncontroulable Power have Cozen'd, Deſerted and Fought againſt their Rightful and Lawful Princes as ſoon as ever they thought their own *Diana* was in danger.

I think there is a King that Reign'd not long ſince that has ſufficiently experienc'd, that theſe Men have not the Patience of *Job*, notwithſtanding their high boaſts of *Paſſive Vertue:* They do not ſerve their Prince for nought let their Pretences be what they will, which I hope will be a ſtanding Caution to his Succeſſors, that Mankind, particularly the Prieſts, are govern'd by their Intereſt.

2. That

2. That the *Diſſenters* may be fit for Repentance, I take the freedom to humble them a little in order to it. The Parſons have told them ſufficiently of carrying on and promoting the late Rebellion, and therefore I ſhall ſay nothing upon that ſcore, but proceed to charge them with Ingratitude, or rather with their Folly in the two laſt Reigns. I will not tax them with what they have writ and openly avow'd concerning the Depoſing of Princes, but that which I muſt blame them for, is their eaſy and perpetual Diſcontents againſt thoſe very Princes, of whoſe Inclinations and Circumſtances they might have made good uſe, to the Advantage of themſelves and Country.

Whether this be deriv'd to them from a natural Averſion they have to Monarchy, you, Sir, that know them much better than I can pretend, can better judge; but that the matter of fact is true, I think Inſtances enough might be produc'd, if there was occaſion. King *Charles* gave them his Promiſe of *Liberty* and *Indulgence*, and accordingly granted them one by *Proclamation*; and what was the effect of that, but intolerable Inſolence and Affronts, and new and greater Demands.

In the next Reign, King *James* grants them a *Toleration* too, upon which they turn *Sycophants* and *Tory-Conventiclers*; they Careſs the King and the *Roman Catholicks*, and my Lord *Plauſible* could not be more fawning than they were. Their Addreſſes were affected and canting Adulations, by which they drew in the Credulous Prince to venture all upon their narrow Bottom, and then left his Intereſt as ſoon as the diſoblig'd Church had call'd over a Champion to Invade him.

The Biſhops, as I am well inform'd, would have Compounded for all other Miſcarriages, if they could have prevail'd with the King to have recall'd his *Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience*; but not-

withſtanding the King kept ſtedfaſt to his Promiſes to them, the *Diſſenters* ſoon joyn with the reſt, and upon a juſt enquiry, I believe will appear his worſt Enemies.

3. The *Roman Catholicks*, if I have any Skill in *Politicks*, were as much concerned in his Name, if not more than any other Party in the Nation; this may ſeem a Paradox at firſt View, but when a conſidering Perſon looks over theſe matters ſedately, he'll find too many plain Truths, that will put it out of Diſpute. They believe Miracles in *Politicks*, as well as in Religion, and with their few Hands, and indifferent Heads, are for mighty Undertakings; and though the Laws of the Land have allow'd them no ſhare in the Legiſlature, were immediately for Engroſſing all.

I will not revive their former Faults, by which, by their Pernicious Counſels and Inſinuations, they abuſed, and Inveagl'd a Biggotted Prince out of his Throne, and run a dangerous Riſque of their own eternal Extirpation. I fear thoſe things are but too much Remembred, not only by themſelves but by the whole Nation. But the greateſt Folly of all has been their Ridiculous Propoſals in his Abſence, to Conquer their Native Country: A deſign too barbarous for an *Indian* to dream off, one would think too viſionary for any Mortal to Conjecture. And who can wonder they ſhould be ſo much the Averſion of the *Engliſh* Nation, that are avowedly in a *Plot* againſt their Religion, Liberty and Lives of the People they inhabit with? Theſe wretched *Politicians* have a zeal without Knowledge; are utterly ignorant of the united Strength of their Country, or of the true Diſpoſition of their King, who upon all occaſions makes publick Declarations againſt all ſuch fooliſh and wicked Contrivances.

I have

I have been told by one that heard him ſay, the Propoſals of the *Roman Catholicks*, for Conquering *England*, were highly diſagreeable to him, prejudicial to his Intereſt, and inconſiſtent with his Inclinations. He would frequently tell them, that though in *Italy* and *Spain*, railing againſt *Proteſtants*, and in *Denmark* and *Sweden* againſt *Catholicks*, may be a little excuſable; yet in his Dominions it was falſe Policy, as well as falſe Zeal, eſpecially in *Catholicks*, who are infinitely the leſſer Number, and not the Eſtabliſh'd Church.

Theſe were King *James*'s Sentiments, and to confirm what I have ſaid, I'll tell you a Remarkable Story, which I had from a Perſon that I'm well aſſur'd did not deceive me ——— Upon the frequent Informations he receiv'd of the extravagant Diſcourſes of the *Catholicks* at his Court; he cauſed the *Engliſh* Confeſſors to be all ſent for, and firſt having told them how much he was concern'd, that the *Catholicks* ſhould behave themſelves with ſo much Ignorance and Intemperance to fill the Court full of impoſſible Notions of the Conqueſt of *England*, he commanded them forthwith to apply to their ſeveral *Penitents*, and let them know how angry he was, at ſuch Proceedings, and that for the future, under the Pain of his higheſt Diſpleaſure, they never more, either Privately or Publickly reflect upon the Church of *England*, or upon any particular Society of *Proteſtants*, and that they forbear to talk of his Reſtoration, or the Methods of it, any other ways than by the Concurrence of his People.

England is a *Proteſtant* Country, and not to be alter'd without utter Ruine, and Devaſtation, and can never be Conquer'd without being firſt turn'd into a *Golgotha*.

As to the empty Twattle of theſe ſilly *Weſt* Country Projectors, 'tis ſo fooliſh and abſurd, and

withall ſo villainous too, that it can affect none but themſelves and the Rabble.

I wiſh I had a little room in my Paper, for I find I begin to be powerfully Agitated; a few more of theſe Whimſical Speculations would make me turn *Politician* in good earneſt. I have the Lord knows how many new Schemes bogling in my Noddle already, *Murrey*'s an Aſs to me, and *Dockera* the *Penny Poſt* Projector, an old Fable. Nay, I don't think that *Moneyhead* the Projector General goes much before me, at leaſt in my own Opinion, but a Pox on't, hear's a Fellow coming Spoils all my Projects; I wiſh I could find a Project to pay this Wretch his Money, for faith I don't like the Phyz of him. D —— r I muſt take my leave and get out the back ways, I am afraid the Raſcal by his talking to himſelf, and looking ſo confoundedly out of humour, may have ſome Secret Miſchief in his Heart, you ſhall hear from me the next *Poſt*, ſo at preſent; I'll ſay no more, but that I am in great haſt,

Sir, your humble Servant,

Tho. Brown.

MIS-

MISCELLANIES
IN
PROSE and VERSE.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

Carmen Votivum.

Upon the Duke of Albemarle's *going Governor of his Majesties* West-India *Plantations.*

BE hush'd, ye Waves, an awfull Silence keep
Through the wide Regions of the listning Deep,
Let the rude Sawcy Winds presume no more
To raise their Billows, but forget to roar,
And in soft Whispers creep towards the Shore.
Our Prayers and Vows will fill the Swelling Sails
Without th' Assistance of more powerfull Gales.
For who, when *Albemarle* prepares his way,
For distant Worlds, and Regions to Survey,
Can grudge kind Wishes, and neglects to pray?
Well did the wisest Monarch of Our Isle
For him alone design this glorious Toyl;
To crush our Foes, and raise the *British* Name
Well did he chose a Heroe of such Fame,
That scorns the Ease, luxurious Courts do yield,
And loves the noble Business of the Field,

'Twas fit new Worlds ſhould his great Conduct try,
Inflame his Valour, and his Cares employ,
Since his great Fathers Triumphs fill'd the old,
By no inſpired Muſe, in equal numbers told.
I ſee, while Fate its Myſty book diſplays,
I ſee a goodly Train of Halcyon days.
Once more the pleaſures of Auſpicious Peace
Kindly vouchſafe the Weſtern Iſles to bleſs;
Once more ſoft Concord reaſſumes her reign
And baniſh'd Vertue gilds the Clime again.
While *Albemarle* the immortal Toil purſues,
The gratefull Tribute of each lab'ring Muſe,
While he does Juſtice equally diſpence,
And ſheds on Lands Remote, his precious influence.
Lurk now, ye Curſt Infeſters of the Main,
To your old Scene of Life return again;
Ye that on Seas, more fatal Tempeſts move
Than ſurly *Neptune*, or neglected *Jove*,
Ye that on Spoils of plunder'd Merchants live,
And by Ignoble ways of Rapine Thrive,
Lurk now, and prudently Abſcond at home,
Leſt Halters, Wheels, and Gibbets be your Doom.
'Tis done, before Great *Albemarle* they fly,
And wiſely Shun the Storm that threatens Nigh,
So when *Nun's* mighty Son did once prepare
To ſcourge Proud *Canaan*, with the Rods of War,
The affrighted People left the Native Land,
And ſhun'd the Forces, they could ne'er withſtand:
Great *Albemarle* will all theſe Wonders do,
The Thanks to him will our Plantations owe,
In all the Bleſſings of ſoft Peace enſur'd,
From Plunder, Rapine, Violence ſecur'd,
Too long Alas! the wretched Indies groan'd,
Scarce their own Name, and flowing Plenty own'd,
While Pyrats by lewd Villainy inſpir'd,
Levell'd whole Towns, and Sacred Temples fir'd.
Then all prophan'd with Blood, and all dismay'd
America i'th' Duſt her Scepter laid,

Then

Then no delightfull Smiles adorn'd her Face,
Robb'd of all Charms, and Raviſh'd of each grace,
No more her Youth ſat piping on the Lawns,
Call'd on the *Sylvans*, and invok'd the *Fawns*,
No more her *Nymphs*, by ſome adjoining Groves
Chatted the ruſhy Stories of their Loves,
A general Scene of woe her Looks o'erſpread,
And half the Globe hung down its penſive Head.
But now more pleaſing Proſpects do appear
Unheard off Plenty crowns the ſmiling Year,
Th' aſſerted Ocean full of great amaze
His new Heroic Maſter's pomp Surveys,
Pleas'd with the flowing Streamers gallant Pride,
And the gay Ships that on his Surface ride.
What lofty Muſe can then in equal verſe
Great *Albemarle*'s Heroic deeds rehearſe,
Or all thoſe Actions in fit numbers ſhew,
That fill th' old World, and adorn the New.

Upon the Encampment at HOUNSLOW-HEATH.

TOo long by flowing luxury betraid,
Our *Britiſh* Iſle was in looſe Slumbers laid;
Too long we felt the Ills of Fatal peace,
And idly Languiſh'd in inglorious Eaſe,
No manly Buſineſs did our Thoughts engage
To purchaſe Fame on *Europe's* Wondring ſtage;
But grown unmindful of our former Name
We all our Fathers Triumphs did diſclaim,
While even *France* it ſelf with Scorn beheld our (Shame.
The idle Spear hung up, the poliſht Shield
Forgot the great Atchievements of the Field,

The gen'rous Sword contracted filthy Ruſt,
And active Pikes lay Mouldering in the duſt.
Shrill Trumpets ſpake not to the Armed throng,
Our Inſtruments unlearn'd each Martial ſong,
While Guns and Bombs as uſeleſs did appear,
As laws, and learning in the times of War:
Mean-while our Neighbours ſtrove to break the (Chain
And ſought the Empire of fair *Albion*'s Main,
Bold num'rous ſuitors briskly did prepare,
To court the *Nymph* with all the Pomp of War.
Nay more, the Eaſtern World our Shame muſt know
And rifled *Bantam Engliſh* Conduct ſhow,
While the Proud *Dutch* by Potent Nants inſpir'd,
Invade our Coaſts, and on the Caſtles fir'd:
Spain that was much amaz'd at ſuch a ſight,
Suſpected now the Truth of eighty Eight.
And ſcarcely thought our Fathers could obtain,
Such great, and glorious Triumphs over *Spain*.
Thus were we Scorn'd, and thus contemn'd abroad,
While Seeds of civil Feuds at home were ſow'd,
Prompted by each bold Inſtrument of Hell,
Dull fools we did, for Conſcience ſake rebell,
Then Senſleſs clamours all our Thoughts employ'd,
And *Whig*, and *Tory* did the Land divide.
But now Triumphant *James* the Scepter ſways
The adoring World our riſing Sun ſurveys,
He to our Minds new Vigour does infuſe,
And furniſh ample Matter for the Muſe;
He to it ſelf our Iſland does reſtore,
Extends its Limits, and confirms its Pow'r,
While the great *Edwards* mighty Ghoſt is pleas'd
To ſee his ancient Kingdoms honour rais'd.
Behold how Shining in your Martial pride
Our Troops at *Hounſlow* doe your Courſers guide,
See how the well-form'd *Phalanx* does advance,
Taught by experience; not inſpir'd by chance;

See

See how the Colours Wanton in the Air,
And helmets gliſten formidable fair,
See groves of pointed Spears do move along,
As Trees commanded by the *Thracian* Song,
While Drums, and Trumpets rend the liſtning Skies,
And ev'ry Heart keeps Meaſure with the Noiſe.
Surely, if Poets prophecies are true
Theſe Heroes muſt unheard off Wonders do,
Either proud *France* muſt now freſh Vengeance feel,
And once more groan beneath the *Engliſh* Steel,
Or perjur'd *Holland* ſome revolving day
For fam'd *Amboyna*'s fatal Slaughters pay,
Or the large Kingdoms of the pow'rfull Weſt,
Too much by *Spaniſh* cruelties oppreſt,
With *Engliſh* Arts at laſt, and *Engliſh* Laws be bleſt.

Upon the ſetting up of the Statue of QUEEN ELIZABETH, *of ever bleſſed Memory, in the* Royal Exchange London.

LEt *Memnon*'s Statue be no more admir'd,
That utter'd Sounds, by the Suns beams inſpir'd;
My Muſe a greater Wonder does rehearſe
For Stones have here infus'd the Lofty verſe.
Oh! *London*, the juſt Pride of *Albion*'s Iſle,
That doſt with Eaſe and flowing Plenty ſmile,
Whoſe pow'rful Ships the Ocean do Survey,
And make both *Indies* to thee Tribute pay.
Oh! give freſh Honours to *Eliza*'s Name,
And view the laſting Trophies of her Fame,
She rais'd thy Head, and all thy Wealth ſecur'd,
Which elſe Proud *Spaniards* rapine had devour'd:
She chas'd thy Night of Ignorance away,
And ſoon reſtor'd truths incorrupted Ray.

Nor

Nor were her Bleſſings to this Realm confin'd,
Strangers enjoy'd the Vertues of her Mind:
Holland half ruin'd by the Pride of *Spain*,
By her kind Influence rais'd it ſelf again;
She Freed 'em from the Tyranny of *Rome*,
And ſtopt the tide of Heav'ns impending Doom.
Even *France* it ſelf, with Civil Tumults ſtain'd,
Invok'd her help, and help was Streight obtain'd,
Elſe the curſt League had clipt the Royal Crown,
And from his greatneſs thrown the Monarch down.
Who without Joy and Wonder can Survey
The Glorious Triumphs of that happy day,
When mighty *Drake* oppoſed the Power of *Spain*
And fought their Navy in the *Britiſh* Main:
Long had Proud *Philip*, *England*'s Fate conſpir'd,
Urg'd by revenge, and with Ambition fir'd;
Long had he ſtrove by all the Arts of Pow'r
Old *Rome's* exploded Errors to reſtore,
Then reverend Shrines were of their reliques ſtript,
And Conſecrated Guns and Daggers ſhipt;
Each banner was baptiz'd in Holy Oil,
And vows were made to recommend the Toil;
The mitred Prelate of St. *Peter*'s Chair
Club'd towards the Work, and bleſt it with a Pray'r.
Nay griping Prieſts, that never gave before,
Now plunder'd Altars to encreaſe the Store.
Thus ſetting forth from *Lisbon*'s Fatal Bay
Through wondring Waves the Navy cut its Way;
The World amaz'd lookt on the curſt intent,
And Fate now almoſt doubted the event.
But *Britains* Genius not ſurpriz'd with Fear,
Towards the great Fleet its nimble courſe did ſteer.
The roaring Guns firſt Complements did make,
At which the frightned Gallies 'gan to quake;
Soldiers like Mag-pies flutter'd in the air,
And every Ship did in the damage Share:
Till half conſum'd with Streams of glowing fire,
The Gen'ral thought it Prudence to retire.

Theſe

Theſe Triumphs we to great *Eliza* owe,
Such Bleſſings her ſoft Influence did beſtow,
Sh' enrich'd our Iſland with the *Indian* Mine,
And firſt reduc'd Religion, and our Coyn:
O may She live exalted in her Fame,
Enjoying all the Glories of her Name;
While *Britiſh* Fleets the Ocean ſhall command,
And Peace, and plenty Crown our happy Land,
While true Religion do's her Sway maintain
Againſt the Arts of Fraud, and Cruelties of *Spain*.

In Praiſe of the Bottle. A Song.

1.

WHat a Pox d'ye tell me of the Papiſts Deſign?
Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink off your Wine.
Away with your Glaſs, Sir, and drown all Debate;
Let's be loyally merry; ne'er think of the State.
The King (Heav'ns bleſs him) knows beſt how to rule;
And who troubles his Head, I think's but a Fool.

2.

Come, Sir, here's his Health; your Brimmer advance;
We'll ingroſs all the Claret, and leave none for *France*.
'Tis by this we declare our Loyal Intent,
And by our Carouſing, the Cuſtoms augment.
Would all mind their Drinking, and proper Vocation,
We ſhould ha' none of this Buſtle and Stir in the Nation.

Let

3.

Let the Hero of *Poland*, and Monarch of *France*,
Strive, by Methods of Fighting, their Crowns to advance.
Let Chappels in *Lime-ſtreet* be built or deſtroy'd,
And the Teſt, and the Oath of Supremacy, void;
It ſhall ne'er trouble me; I'm none of thoſe Maggots,
That have whimſical Fancies of *Smithfield* and Faggots.

4.

Then baniſh all groundleſs Suſpicions away;
The King knows to govern, let us learn to obey.
Let ev'ry Man mind his Buſ'neſs and Drinking;
When the Head's full of Wine, there's no Room left for thinking.
'Tis nought but an empty and whimſical Pate,
That makes Fools run giddy with Notions of State.

The Rover. A Song.

1.

I Hate the Dotard, that reſtrains
Himſelf to one. Give me the Spark
That ev'ry ſingle Doe diſdains,
But bravely chaſes all the Park.
What Charms can one pretend? She's fair,
Well-ſhap'd perhaps, plays well, or ſings.
All's true; but were ſhe yet more rare,
The God of Love, you know, has Wings.

2.

Beauty's diſpers'd through all the Kind;
Through all the Univerſe does move;
And 'till it be to one confin'd,
I think I've lawful Cauſe to rove.
To Day this Face delights my Eye,
But when I'm aſk'd not to give o'er;
Your Servant; I've fed heartily.
Surfeits are dangerous. Not a Bit more.

An

An extempore Epigram on Death.

IF Death does come as ſoon as Breath departs,
Then he muſt often die, who often farts.
And if to die, be but to loſe one's Breath,
Then Death's a Fart, and ſo a Fart for Death.

The Campaign. A Song.

1.

MOunt, my Boys, mount; let us view the Campaign;
At *Hounſlow* the Tents do cover the Plain.
Hark! the Trumpets ſound, the Troopers are hors'd,
If you ſtay longer, the Sight will be loſt.
Hark too! the Hautboys; the Grenadiers come;
Now in the Rear march the Foot with the Drums.
Haſte, Gentlemen, haſte, our Friends will preſent's
With a kind Bottle and Wench in their Tents.

2.

See yonder, Sir, ſee how dazling they ſhew!
Their Cloths, Hats and Arms, are brandiſhing new.
How dreadfully look the Bag'nets advanc'd!
How proudly thoſe Jennets before 'em do prance!
See how the Houſings and Trappings do blaze!
How admiring Crowds upon 'em do gaze!
Whigs and old Rebels are daſh'd at the Sight;
They curſe in their Hearts, and view 'em with Spight.

3.

Now, now we are there; yon's the General's Tent;
All that long Row's for the Queen's Regiment;
Yonder's the Sutler's; and there the Smiths ſtand,
With Anvils and Forges all ready at hand.

O *Wind-*

O *Windſor* and *Hounſlow!* I hope your Stock's large,
You're like to maintain an Infantry Charge.
The Strollers o'th' *Strand* and *Park* will come down,
And leave at the Camp, what they got in the Town.

The Libertine. A Song.

1.

I'LL languiſh no more at the Glance of your Eye;
Can view you all o'er, and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh.
No more ſhall your Voice, Syren-like, charm my Heart.
In vain you may ſigh, uſe in vain all your Art.
No, Madam, I'm free; when I'm recreant again,
Let me, unpity'd feel again my old Pain.

2.

I'll Libertine turn, uſe all things in common;
No more than one Diſh, be bound to one Woman:
Yet I'll ſtill love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em;
I'll uſe 'em ſometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.
Go, Madam, be wiſe; when a Woodcock's i' th' Nooſe,
Be ſure hold him faſt, leſt like me he gets looſe.

A Catch.

LET the amorous Coxcomb adore a fair Face;
An Hours Enjoyment makes him look like an Aſs.
Let the ambitious Fop to Honours aſpire,
He burns with the Torment of boundleſs Deſire.
And let the old Miſer hoard up his curs'd Pelf,
He enriches his Bags, but he beggars himſelf.
The Lover, Ambitious, and Miſer, are Fools;
There's no ſolid Joy, but in jolly full Bowls.

A Match

A Match for the Devil. In Imitation of M. Rabelais.

WHile others idle Tales relate,
To fright Men from the marry'd State;
Do thou, my Muſe in humble Verſe,
The Vertues of a Wife rehearſe.
A Farmer, of much Wealth poſſeſs'd,
With Friends too, while they laſted, bleſs'd,
Kept open Houſe, and lov'd to feaſt
Thoſe who deſerv'd and wanted leaſt.
To Pleaſures he preſcrib'd no Bounds;
He kept his Hunters, Pack of Hounds.
Somewhat laſcivious, ſomewhat vain,
Some Gentleman had croſs'd the Strain.
To try all Joys and Plagues of Life,
He boldly took a buxom Wife.
Now freſh Expences, freſh Delights,
Attend the Day, and crown the Nights.
His new Acquaintance crowd the Houſe;
Some praiſe the Fare, but moſt the 'Spouſe.
Each ſtrove who ſhould divert the moſt,
But ſtill 'twas at the Huſband's Coſt.
He, thoughtleſs, prais'd th' expenſive Pleaſure,
To pleaſe his dear domeſtick Treaſure.
All Care was ſcorn'd, and Bus'neſs vaniſh'd;
The preſent Joys, Thoughts future baniſh'd:
And being both of Years but vernal,
They thought their Wealth and Loves eternal.
But oh! how vain are all Mens Fancies!
Ill-grounded Projects, mere Romances.
What Whims the Wiſeſt entertain!
What ſtrange Deluſions fill our Brain!
When we are eager to poſſeſs,
We ſmooth the Road to Happineſs;

We

We level Mountains, empty Seas,
And Reaſon fierce Deſires obeys.
The greateſt Danger we deſpiſe;
Our Paſſion ſees, and not our Eyes.
Our Pair now find, ſome Seaſons paſt,
Nor Wealth, nor Love, would always laſt,
Unleſs improv'd with Application;
But that in one is out of Faſhion.
Gold indeed preſerves its Sway,
But *Love!* who does thy Pow'r obey?
E'en Women now profeſs to range,
And all their Pleaſures is in Change;
Now ſeek the preſent Joys t' improve,
Yielding to many they call Love;
Artful new Lovers to engage,
Then ſlight his Love, and ſcorn his Rage.
Thus theſe behold what they poſſeſs'd,
And wonder how they once were bleſt.
Their Jars are thought on, and improv'd;
They hate themſelves, that once they lov'd.
Thus lab'ring on in dirty Road,
They ſnarl, and curſe the heavy Load.
How happy were our mortal State,
Were Indolence but our worſt Fate!
No ſooner Joys the Place forſake,
But racking Pains Dominion take.
No ſooner Love had fled the Pair,
When enter'd Meager Want and Care.
The Houſe, which had ſuch vaſt Reſort
When Riot ſeem'd to keep his Court,
Is now forſook, a lonely Cell,
Where *Silence*, undiſturb'd, might dwell.
Clean Pans and Spits the Walls now grac'd.
For Ornament the Pewter's plac'd.
Bright Diſhes entertain the Eye.
No Kitchen-Smoke offends the Sky.
Hogſheads with diſmal Sounds complain'd.
Both Hogſheads and the Man were drain'd.

His Landlord ſtern, his Rent demands.
Stray'd are his Flocks, unplough'd his Lands.
The Wife adviſes Friends to try;
Her's ſhe was ſure would not deny.
A thouſand Vows ſhe had receiv'd;
Each Vow repay'd, for ſhe believ'd.
But oh! how ſoon did they diſcover,
'Tis Wealth brings Friends, the Face a Lover.
His Wants are heard without Relief;
Her Eyes afford nor Joy, nor Grief.
His waſted Fortune all affrights;
Her faded Beauty none invites.
Oppreſs'd with Wants, to Woods he flies,
And ſeeks the Peace his Houſe denies.
Roving, lamenting his Condition,
Fate kindly ſent him a Phyſician.
His Habit, Cane, and formal Face,
Shew'd he was of *Geneva* Race:
But cloven Feet the Fiend detect,
And prov'd him Author of the Sect.
With Joy he ſpy'd the Wretch's Cares,
And fawning, thus he ſpread his Snares.
My Son! with Pity I have ſeen
(Tho' I've a Foe to Pity been)
The ſad Diſaſters you endure,
That of a Wife admits no Cure.
I know your Wants, and her's I gueſs;
I cannot ſwear I'll both redreſs.
That Taſk, I fear, is too uneaſy;
But if Poſſeſſions large will pleaſe ye,
Behold this ſpacious Tract of Land,
All that you ſee's at my Command.
I'll give it freely all to thee,
If we on Articles agree.
I can perform it, I'm the Devil,———
Nay, never ſtart Man, I'll be civil.
It ſhall be yours to plough and ſow;
All that above the Ground does grow,

Whate'er it is, ſhall be my Due;
The reſt I freely give to you.
Gladly the Farmer does ſubmit,
For pinching Want hath taught him Wit.
With Roots he plants the fruitful Soil,
Which well rewarded all his Toil.
But to his Landlord's jilted Share,
A weedy Harveſt does appear.
The Devil vext, new Cov'nants makes,
Next Year all under Ground he takes.
Then Golden Wheat the Land does bear,
And uſeleſs Roots are *Satan*'s Share.
The Fiend reſolv'd to ſpoil the Jeſt,
And thus the Farmer he addreſt.
Believe me, Friend, thou art a Sharper;
Satan himſelf has caught a *Tartar*,
I've ſeen thy Wit, but now at length
I am reſolv'd to try thy Strength.
A ſcratching Match we'll have together;
Look to thy ſelf, I'll claw thy Leather.
If I ſubmit, the Land is thine;
If I o'ercome, thy Soul is mine.
Think for your Quiet, I conjure ye;
Should you to Hell, you leave a Fury.
Obſerve theſe Talons, and away,
And Friday next ſhall be the Day.
A mod'rate Beauty will inflame,
'Till we have ſeen a brighter Dame.
Rivers with Wonders we ſurvey,
'Till we behold the boundleſs Sea.
So ev'ry little trifling Care
Appears a Load we cannot bear.
But if ſome horrid Tortures ſeize us,
What late we dreaded, now would eaſe us.
The wretched Farmer homeward goes,
And dreads his future endleſs Woes.
His Cares, his Dunns, his Wants, his Wife,
And all the Banes of happy Life,

Would

Would now afford him vaſt Content,
Could he the unequal Match prevent.
His prying Turtle quickly gueſt
Some Care uncommon fill'd his Breaſt.
Huſband and Wife, ſometimes relate
Their Cares and Bus'neſs, tho' they hate.
Nor always *Nature*'s Call deny,
And tho' both loath, yet both comply.
Her wheedling Tongue ſoon found the Means
To make the Wretch diſcloſe his Pains.
He tells the Combat and the Laws,
And magnifies his monſt'rous Paws.
Piſh! Is this all that Plagues your Mind?
An eaſy Remedy I'll find.
You to your Wife's Advice ſubmit,
And we'll the Devil himſelf out-wit.
Come, turn about,—and leave your Moans,——
Theſe Huſbands are ſuch very Drones.——
He ſigh'd, obey'd, and did his beſt;
His Taſk perform'd, he went to reſt.
Our happy Hours are quickly paſt,
And time to Miſery makes haſte.
Soon Friday comes, a diſmal Day!
When ſuch a Gueſt would Viſits pay.
The Farmer dreads the approaching Scuffle;
(The Thoughts of Hell, the Boldeſt ruffle)
But ſtill his Wife keeps up her Spirits;
She knew her Safe-guard, and its Merits:
She bids him hide, whate're ſhould fall on't,
While ſhe receiv'd the dreadful Gallant.
He ſoon obeys th' advent'rous Dame;
The Huſband gone, the Devil came.
Who knocks impetuous at the Gate,
And angry grows, that he ſhould wait.
Again for Ent'rance loud he cries,
But Screams and Groans are the Replies.
Love and the Devil, what can bind!
They ſtronger grow, the more confin'd:

If they can 'ſpy the ſmalleſt Hole,
One takes the Heart, and one the Soul.
So Satan, vex'd at the Delay,
Whip'd thro' the Key-hole to his Prey;
But to his great Amazement, found
Th' indecent Wife ſpread on the Ground:
High as the Waſte expos'd and bare,
And with her Shreiks ſhe pierc'd the Air.
Why, how now, Woman? Whence this Paſſion?
This Poſture, and ſuch Exclamation?
Ah! pity, Sir, my wretched Caſe,
And quickly fly this horrid Place.
You, by your grim, Majeſtick Air,
Your Feet, your Claws, your Horns declare;
You with my Husband come to ſcratch;
But thou, ah! thou, th' unequal Match!
The cruel Monſter ready ſtands,
But hope not to eſcape his Hands:
His Nails are Scythes upon my Life,
And for his Horns, Sir,——I'm his Wife.
This Morn, to try what he could do,
On me he would his Proweſs ſhew:
This Chaſm he made with's little Finger;
Behold, Sir,——is it not a Swinger.
With that, ſhe threw her Legs aſide,
And ſhew'd a Hole ſurprizing wide.
Zounds, quoth the Devil, (quite amaz'd,
When on the deadly Gulph he gaz'd)
What do I ſee! What makes that Wound
Of ſuch Extent, and ſo profound!
If that Nail ſuch a Wound could tear,
What can the Force of ten Claws bear!
And by the Stench, to ſhew his Spite,
With poyſon'd Weapons he would fight.
My Talons are not half ſo long,
Nor is my Sulphur half ſo ſtrong.
No, I'll ſubmit, ſince my Lot's Hell;
At leaſt I'll in a whole Skin dwell.

The Land is his, but be he bound,
Since he has made to fill that Wound.
With that he vaniſh'd from her Eyes,
And ſulph'rous Stench and Fumes ariſe.
The Farmer haſtens to the Place,
His great Deliv'rer to embrace.
Well haſt thou freed my tim'rous Soul;
But what did e'er thy Pow'r controul?
The fierceſt Rage it ſoon diſarms,
Tho' Hell it frights, yet Men it charms.
But be it on thy Tomb engrav'd,
'Tis the firſt Soul a Wife e'er ſav'd.

An Eſſay on Women. A Fragment.

YOU aſk me to give you the true Picture of a Woman: I muſt tell you according to my Opinion, it is a true *Compendium* of Pride, Vanity, Luxury, Idleneſs, Spleen, Folly, Malice, and Envy; a Bait made on Purpoſe to put us Men, who glory in our Knowledge of our moſt abſtruſe Myſteries, in our great military Atchievements, and in our governing the World, in mind of our Frailty, in ſuffering our ſelves to be enſnar'd in that Net, which being baited with that Bait, is the Bane of all our Bliſs, renders our Life miſerable for ever. If this Compoſition happen to have ſome ſmall Ingredient of Simplicity, (or as ſome will call it) of *good Nature*; that is to ſay, if out of Fear, ſhe is either over-rul'd by a Husband to keep in a tolerable *Decorum*, ſo as not to tire the poor Infant out of his Life, by her Obſtreperouſneſs, and continual Clamors; though, at the ſame time, her Weakneſs, or *good Nature* (if you pleaſe) will not permit her to reject the kind Offers, and Arts of an inſinuating Gallant, or a cunning old Lady, who bubbles

her at the Expence of her Husband; ſhe think ſhe may juſtly challenge the Title of a *good*, or a leaſt, of a *good natur'd Woman*; and woe be to th poor Wretch that is yoak'd to her, if he dares ſa one Word againſt it; and though he be not ſo com plaiſant to his Wife's *good Nature*, to think her a *goo Woman*; yet woe, I ſay, to him, if he dares to ſa ſo, he is ſure to have the general Vote, with a *ne mine contradicente*, of all the *good Women* againſt him and of theſe, you know, there are not a ſmall Num ber. If theſe be the *good Women*, what do you thin of the *bad Ones*? I will not, at this time, enlarg my ſelf upon the whole Body of the Sex. I am very willing to paſs by in Silence, thoſe of the mean eſt Rank; as their Behaviour, for the moſt part, i inſupportable, and often more like Brutes, than ra tional Creatures, ſo they have that to ſay in their be half, that they tread the Steps of their Parents, meerly by inſtinct, and without Diſguiſe; it being my Inten tion to confine the Compaſs of this Eſſay, to ſome o thoſe chiefly of a ſuperior Rank, who by their Extra ction, Affluence of *Fortune*, a liberal and generous apparent Education, (for ſuch too often it is) and genteel Converſation, may ſeem to challenge much greater Prerogatives, than thoſe of the common Peo ple. And now, I would aſk any young Country 'Squire of them all, lately brought to live by my Lady his Mother, or his Aunt; or any young Scho lar of the Univerſities, come up to *London* along with his Couſin, to view the Curioſities of that Ci ty; I ſay, I would aſk either of them, when they came firſt into the Play-houſe, (perhaps to ſee ſome new Play, or magnificent Opera) and found the Boxes lin'd with ſo great Numbers of fair, magnifi cently attir'd, and ſumptuouſly attended Ladies whether they did not loſe their Senſes at the firſt Sight of them; and during this Rapture, they be themſelves tranſported into terreſtrial Paradiſe;

where,

where, inſtead of Women, find they were to enjoy the ſecret Converſations of Angels. Truly, young Gentlemen I can't much blame; good Men of many Years and Inheritance have been as much miſtaken as your ſelves, nay, rather more, when, inſtead of Paradiſe, they have got into *Lob*'s Pound, the only Purgatory to purge off in this World, which purifies them ſo nicely, that where ſo many of them have nothing but Skin and Bones left them. Pray look a little about you, for here you will find them of all Sorts and Sizes, from the Lord to the Country-fellow, from the long Robe to the Caſſock, from the Sword to the Pen-man, all inveigl'd into the Sin; and you are likely to fall into it without Shame, in bringing the Words of *Æſop*'s Fox, *Omnia me veſtigia terrent.* I ſee you are big to tell me, That I only banter, and that 'tis impoſſible Ladies with ſuch Angel-like Graces and Shapes, with ſo engaging a Deportment, and ſo admirable an Air, ſhould be nothing but Darkneſs within. Have you forgot how *Lucian* compares them to the *Egyptian* Temples? which are moſt magnificent Structures without, but their Deities within, nothing but an Ape, a Dog, or ſome other ugly deform'd Creature. Had *Lucian* liv'd ſince the Diſcovery of the *Chineſe* Temples to the *Europeans*, he would have had Recourſe, in his Compariſon, to them, inſtead of thoſe of the *Egyptians*; for, as the *Chineſe* Temples far exceed the others, as well in the Precioufneſs of the Materials, as in the Beauty of Workmanſhip; ſo the moſt monſtrous Shapes of their Gods contain'd within, ſeem to have nearer Relation to the modern Extravagancies of the Sex. Some have compar'd them to the tranſparent Glaſſes in the *Apothecaries* or *Chymiſts* Shops, which ſeem gilt without, contain bitter Draughts and deadly Remedies, unleſs us'd with the utmoſt Precaution. Should I but rehearſe here half the

Titles and Epithets *Solomon* beſtows upon Women, what do you think would become of our *Eſſay*? It would certainly ſwell into a good large Piece; and who can deny, but that he was the beſt Judge that ever was of the Sex? His Judgment being founded, not only upon his Wiſdom, but alſo upon his own experimental Philoſophy and Practice. But that it may not be objected, as if Things were much alter'd ſince *Solomon*'s Time, in reſpect as well of the female Sex, as in many other Matters, let us caſt an Eye upon the Education, Practices, and Deportment of thoſe that ſet up for the female Beaux of this Age. To trace their Education from its head Spring, you too often ſee a young Miſs in her very tender Years, put to the Management of ſome old Lady or other, who having formerly been my Lady's Woman, (and perhaps my Lord's too) is annex'd, like an Appennage, to a Benefice; ſo that having liv'd in holy Converſation with the Curate, ſhe is, after her Husband's Death, now thought fully qualify'd for the Education of Miſs. This cunning Hag, knowing it is the ſafeſt Way to riſe now, inſtead of giving to her young Pupil ſuch Leſſons as may lead her to Humility, Modeſty, to an eaſy and complaiſant Temper, is ſure, in order to flatter her young Miſtreſs's Fancy, and engage her entirely into her Intereſt, to infuſe into her quite contrary Principles. She will not fail to tell her twenty times a Day, of the Charms of her Eyes, the Delicacy of her Complexion, the Nicety of her Shape, *&c.* and in Concluſion ſhe never fails to put her in Mind that all theſe were Gifts of Nature, intended to allure Men, and to keep them in Slavery; with many more ſuch like edifying Inſtructions, ſhe is beſt able to give, becauſe ſhe has practis'd them before her ſelf. If her young Miſtreſs be of Quality, ſhe tells her, 'tis Haughtineſs muſt be the chief Aim of her Deportment; if ſhe's Rich, ſhe

makes

makes her Belly her God; ſhe tells her, ſhe ought to eat nothing the Seaſon affords, be it never ſo dearly bought; and the better to gratifie both her own and her young Miſtreſſes Appetite, (for ſhe will certainly come in for her full Share) ſhe will take a great deal of Pains to perſwade her, that fine Meats and delicious Sauces ſerve to invigorate her Spirits, render her more plump and comely, and conſequently encreaſe her Charms to the Undoing of Mankind. Miſs thus initiated in the Principles of Vanity, Pride, and Luxury, ſtands now in want of one, who may like a true Aſſiſtant to her Tutoreſs, teach her how to put in practice ſome Part at leaſt of her Inſtructions. And who do you think ſhould this good Man be? I'll warrant you, you will ſay, it muſt be ſome Man of Wiſdom and Experience in the fine Art of accompliſh'd Ladies, as may ſeem to appear to you? But alas! how far do you ſhoot from the Mark? Be not ſurpriz'd, if I tell you, 'tis a certain *Whipper-Snapper* call'd a *Dancing-maſter*, with a blue Coat, ſcarlet Stockings, and a lac'd Hat; he being of Mrs. Tutoreſs's Acquaintance, in having purchas'd her Favours by the Help of ſome Pieces of Gold, or perhaps by doing her another good Turn, is by her Commendation, conſtituted chief Manager of Miſs's good Carriages and Manners. This Fellow, when he is introduc'd to the Parents, will tell them Wonders in Praiſe of Dancing; how *Socrates* learn'd to dance in his Old-age; how the grave *Lacedæmonians* us'd it in their publick Feaſts; and how even the *Salian* Prieſts at *Rome* danced in Honour of *Mars*; but he is ſure not to mention one Word, how *Saluſt* upbraided *Sempronia* with dancing too nicely; and how *Cato* objected the ſame to *Hudrenas*. He takes Care not to put them in Mind of *Petrarch*'s Saying, "That at Balls many a grave Matron has loſt her "Honour, many a Virgin has learn'd what ſhe ne-"ver knew; but never any one return'd more ver-

"tuous

" tuous than ſhe went. This Leſſen, tho' verify'd by daily Experience, being not for his Purpoſe, he is careful to avoid; but inſtead thereof, extols his Art, as capable of charming the Mind, and make a young handſome Lady ſo accompliſh'd, as to render her Power irreſiſtible to thoſe that behold her. Miſs is ſure to be told, as often as he teaches her, of her fine Legs and Feet, her round and well-turn'd Body, graceful Mein and Carriage; which if well improv'd, will by degrees make her the Admiration of all the World. To tickle Miſs's Fancy, and the Beholders, he will, under Pretence, that good Company is a great Addition towards her Improvement of an Art, in which, in a great meaſure, ſhe muſt fix the Hopes of her greateſt Preferments, introduce ſome lewd and debauch'd Diſciples of his to dance with Miſs; who, upon this Occaſion, are not ſparing to let looſe their Tongues, and to infuſe into the young Scholar, by their Diſcourſe, ſuch Motions as perhaps ſhe never thought of before. Not to mention the Enormities and Extravagancies committed at the Balls, in the moſt publick Dancing-Schools; where, by the antick Geſtures, antick Tunes, and obſcene Airs, ſhameleſs Hands, and ſometimes alſo by immodeſt Kiſſes, Youth is initiated to the very Practice of Wantonneſs. But to return to our Domeſtick Education, whilſt the Dancing-Maſter labours hard to make his young Female Scholar, a perfect Pattern and Maſter-piece of his Art; and ſhe, poor willing Tit, very diligent in following his Steps, and practiſing ſometimes all Night long: To ſecond her Maſter's Endeavours, her Tutoreſs, in order to improve the natural Faculties of her Mind, as well as the Dancing-Maſter does the Activity of her Body, takes care to furniſh her young Miſtreſs (who now begins to come to years of Maturity) with rare Hiſtories of Luſt, of Fornications, and Adulteries; with ſurprizing Romances, engaging Novels,

Novels, enticing Comedies, and wanton Songs; nay, ſometimes, with *Ovid's Art of Love*, and perhaps with ſome of a worſe Stamp. But for fear the young Lady ſhould not be ſo apt a Scholar as to apprehend ſo ſoon the Myſteries of all theſe voluminous Pieces, Madam Tutoreſs, not to be wanting in her Duty, and at the ſame Time to ſhew her Experience in amorous Affairs, will not be wanting to illuſtrate the difficult Paſſages with her own Annotations and Obſervations, and render every Thing ſo obvious to her, that ſhe muſt be one of a very dull Apprehenſion, if ſhe is not fully convinc'd of the Thing. Rather than fail, the old Gentlewoman will bring in ſome Love Intreagues of her own; ſhe will tell her how many Lovers, or Sweet-hearts (the better to palliate the Matter) ſhe had, what Preſents they made her; nay, how they courted and lov'd her; that unleſs the young Lady be naturally of a very inſipid and phlegmatick Diſpoſition, ſhe ſets her a longing for the ſame Thing, and wiſhes ſhe might have been in her ſtead at that Time. Judge now what ſort of Improvements ſuch fine Proceedings can produce; ſince they ſerve only to ſeaſon the moſt Innocent with Pride, Vanity, Luxury, Voluptuouſneſs, a light Carriage, Inſolence, Craft, Impudence, and Arrogance; not to ſay worſe. I ſee by your very Countenance, you are unpatient to object againſt me, That theſe modeſt Looks, ſmiling Faces, and ſweet Deportments, are in themſelves ſufficient to contradict thoſe Slanders and Characters I impoſe upon 'em, perhaps, to divert, or revenge my ſelf, at the Expence of the fair Sex: But have a little Patience, you will perhaps be in a better Mood, young Man, when I ſhall make it out to you, as I intend to do, that they beſtow at length, as much Times and Pains in the Art of Diſſimulation, as they do in ſetting out their Faces.

The

The Charms of the Bottle, a Friend to Love. An Anſwer to Melaniſſa's *Letter to* Alexis *in the firſt Volume.*

IT is no ſmall Charm to me, my dear *Melaniſſa*, to find by Yours, that I have ſtill ſo great a Share in your Heart. The Concern you expreſs needs no Excuſe, ſince it is an Argument of your Fondneſs; which muſt make a Heart, ſenſible as mine, eaſily forgive a Warmth that is only the Effect of a Love, of which *Alexis* muſt ever be proud. But give me Leave, my Dear *Melaniſſa*, while I pay all the Deference in the World to your Beauty, to diſſent from your Opinion.

You ſeem jealous of my Inclinations to the *Bottle*; in which you proceed upon a great Miſtake, quarrelling with your Friend as an Enemy.

For Wine to Love, and a Friend confeſs'd.

And Love, without the Vinter *Bacchus*, and the Cook *Ceres*, would frieze up and die. They furniſh freſh Spirits and new Deſires, and make every Night like the firſt. The Nymph gathers freſh Chams from our Cups; which, like *Teleſcopes*, diſcover ſecret Beauties one cannot ſee without them. You erroneouſly therefore confine the Bottle to old Age, and by preſcribing a perpetual, a continu'd, Courſe of Beauty without Interruption, promote an Inconſtancy you would not approve. Enjoyment is a luſcious Food, which ſoon clogs the Appetite, if we feed too groſly upon it; whilſt intervals, and their Pleaſures, keep it up, and give an Edge to Deſire.

Your

Your Letter indeed, is a Proof of what you ſay, That you knew little of the World when you ſet up a Paradox that can never be made out; nay, I am afraid, *Melaniſſa*, that you knew as little of Nature, when you imagine, that a Man can always be impriſon'd in white Arms. To retire to my ſtudy now and then, is no Confinement but Pleaſure; but to be always lock'd up with a Book, will make the moſt ſtudious Man dull and empty. The Liberty we take Abroad, and the noiſy Delights of Converſation, make a Retirement the more agreeable. If you would have us vigorous and fond when we are with you, you ſhould indulge our Abſence ſometimes to vary the Scene. He that is always at the Table, makes but a ſcurvy Meal; where we never ought to come, but with a good keen Appetite, then fall to with a Stomach, and our Victuals does us good.

Your Draught of the Tavern, is partial and imperfect; you draw a likeneſs indeed, but 'tis a ſcurvy one; nay, ſuch a one that you would never forgive in *Delial* and Sir *Godfrey*. But this comes from a Miſ-information; you have it by *Hearſay*; and becauſe *Scoundrels* and *Rakes* abuſe the Creature, you allow no good Uſe of it.

From the Play, indeed we paſs to the *Roſe*; and having glutted our Eyes with the Ladies, and our Ears with the Poet, we unbend over a Bottle, and prepare for the Embraces of *Melaniſſa*. Each Glaſs we drink, we crown with her Health, and every Glaſs is indeed a freſh Miſtreſs; it ſparkles like her Eyes, and is ruddy like her Lips; ſmells like her Breath, and gives Joys like her Arms; whilſt Wit and good Humour make the Night rival the Day, and *Bacchus* gives more chearful Warmth than the Sun. Formality and Diſguiſe is laid aſide, and the ſecond Bottle leaves no cautious Reſerve, reſtoring the Golden Age; while Deſign and mean Cunning

are

are left to the grave Conſults of the Aged. Here the ſprightly Repartees fly about with the Glaſs, and *Horace* and *Anacreon* ariſe from their Graves to exalt the Converſation. Soft *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, and learn'd *Catullus*, by Turns make their Entry to heighten our Pleaſure: *Corinna* and *Lesbia* are compar'd to *Melaniſſa*, and we judge of the Joys of theſe Poets, by thoſe that we now find in your Arms. Thus Wit and Wine aſpire, and bleſs our Hours, 'till we part with full Satisfaction in the innocent and manly Diverſion.

But now let us view the Biggot of *Venus*; I ſee how ſhort are his Joys to ours. The ſober Sot flies from the Play, *Celia*'s his Apartment for Kiſſes and Raptures, which are always the ſame. He ſteals in a Doors, gets into her Chamber; the Viſit's betray'd, and in the midſt of his Tranſports, is fain to leap from the Balcony in his Shirt; happy if he eſcape both the Keeper and the Watch, at Expence of his Purſe and Reputation.

But ſuppoſe him more fortunate, and no ill Adventure interrupt his Amour, the Parents ſleep ſoundly, the Confident is faithful, the Keeper or Husband from Home; yet *Celia* is falſe, claps her favour'd Gallant into her Cloſet on your Approach and ſuffers your Embrace, while the other has all her Careſſes. In a Morning or two, the Bubble finds himſelf warmer than he deſir'd, and Pills and Bolus's muſt repair the Breaches of his Tabernacle: Doctors, Surgeons and Apothecaries-Bills, come inſtead of *Billet-deux*, and Aches and Pains for Raptures and Tranſports; and ſo for one Night's Enjoyment, does Penance a Month; Whereas the Debauch of the Bottle, is heal'd the next Morning; and the Liquor that gave the ſlight Wound, gives an agreeable Cure.

But ſuppoſe him more happy and free from this Puniſhment; Jealouſies and Fears, Quarrels and Tears,

Tears, ſoon enter the Liſts of Amours. *Celia* is cold, he ſwears ſhe's inconſtant; ſhe's impatient of the Accuſation; he is more confirm'd; ſhe ſcolds, he rants, ſhe crys, he ſubmits, or perhaps flies away in Indignation, purſues a new Game, has the ſame Fate, and ſo ſpends his Life in a fooliſh Round of ſhort Pleaſures and long Pains: While the Bottle renews its Enchantments every Night, and never ſoures, but ſweetens your Humour; is obedient to your Will, enjoy'd when you pleaſe, and thrown aſide when your Appetite's ſatisfy'd. If one don't pleaſe you, the Drawer obediently pimps for your Pleaſure with another.

Thus you ſee, *Melaniſſa*, that the Bottle is on as good a Foot, as the Joy you perſwade, and merits not the Contempt you wou'd have us beſtow on its Charms. But I'll join ſo far with you; I'll allow you your Pleaſure, provided you allow mine; let me drink, and you ſhall love; Claret that prepares me for your Arms, and when I find my ſelf rul'd by its Energy divine, inſpir'd with the God, I'll come to your Arms, and convince you by my Zeal, that you have rail'd at your Friend; and if Intereſt was the Source of your Advice, you'll find it was a miſtaken Intereſt, as this Night you ſhall experience from him that loves as dearly and tenderly as *Melaniſſa*, that is, your

ALEXIS.

A Dream.

I Dream'd, that bury'd in my fellow Clay,
Cloſe by a common Beggar's Side I lay,

And

And as ſo mean a Neighbour ſhock'd my Pride,
Thus, like a Corps of Conſequence, I cry'd;
Scoundrel, be gone, and henceforth touch me not,
More Manners learn, and at a Diſtance rot.
How, Scoundrel! in a haughtier Tone, cry'd he,
Proud Lump of Dirt, I ſcorn thy Words and thee.
Here all are equal; now thy Caſe is mine;
This is my Rotting-place, the next is thine.

The Whett.

WINE, Wine in a Morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like Eagles we ſore
In the Pride of the Day.
Gouty Sots of the Night
Only find a Decay.

'Tis the Sun ripes the Grape,
And to Drinking gives Light;
We imitate him,
When by Noon, we're at Height;
They ſteal Wine, who take it
When he's out of ſight.

Boy, fill all the Glaſſes,
Fill them up now he ſhines,
The higher he riſes,
The more he refines;
For Wine and Wit fall
As their Maker declines.

Song.

1.

WHO their Paſſions do fondly conceal,
They are Fools for their Pains;
'Tis a Confidence gains.
What a modeſt Intreague never wins.
Court briſkly but once, and you'll preſently find,
There's nothing than Woman, than Woman, ſo (kind.

2.

Then gently, good Madam, comply,
And ſeem not to ſay,
That you rather would ſtay;
If you do, I ſhall tell you, you lye;
For you know, had not *Eve* with her Charms (brought him to't,
The old Man had ne'er taſted, ne'er taſted the Fruit.

On Sternhold *and* Hopkins, *and the New Verſion of* David's *Pſalms.*

YE ſcoundrel old Bards, and a Brace of dull (Knaves,
What a plague makes ye mutter, and talk in (your Graves?
Sure ye drank in your Porridge, like a Couple of *Sots*,
And have mix'd the *Spoon-meat* with the Belch of the (*Pots*;
Or the Worms had by this Time, if they had any (Conſcience.
Stopp'd the Tongues of thoſe Fools who made *Da-* (*vid* ſpeak Nonſence.

Ye write, and be damn'd t' ye! *Ye* traffick in Metre!
Why, a Baudy-houſe *Tongs* has a Voice that is (ſweeter:
A *White-Fryars Sinner*, or a *Saint* in *Duck-Lane*,
A *Crowders-Well* Sonnet, or a *Pye-Corner* Strain,
Has Raptures and Flights, full of Judgment, and (taking
When compar'd to the things ye call *Pſalms* of your (making.
Shame on ye, for Coxcombs, away with this Riot,
And rot on, like the reſt, who lie by ye in quiet;
Nor dare to preſume to petition and ſquable,
When there's none takes your Part, but the igno- (rant Rabble.
As for *David*, for God's ſake, how dare ye to name (him?
When your wretched Tranſlations ſo damnably (ſhame him?
Poor *Pſalmiſt!* he frets, and he ſtorms, and he ſtares,
Bemoans his Compoſures, and renounces his Pray'rs;
Bluſhes more at the Dreſs which his *Penitence* hath on,
Than when told of his Faults by the Prophet old (*Nathan.*
So chang'd are his Lines, and ſo murther'd each (Sentence,
So debauch'd his God's *Praiſe*, and ſo lame his *Re-* (*pentance.*
That to know the good King by the Words ye create (him,
Is a thing much more hard, than it is to *tranſlate* him.
Let me tell ye, grave Dons, I'll be bold to aſſure ye,
It is well that this Warrior lies buried in *JURY*;
Had he laid near the Place, which at preſent contains,
Of the two ſorry Sinners, the ſtupid Remains,
'Tis a Pound to a Penny, but his Aſhes would fly on,
And handle your Skulls like the *Bear* and the *Lion*.
But for fear I ſhould dwell on the Subject too long,
And the Dulneſs I laugh at, be ſeen in my Song;

Leſt

Leſt the *Muſe* ſhould turn Jade, and, by Sympathy led,
Take part of the Scandal ſh' has flung on the Dead;
I'll no more of your Canting, and Whining, and Chiming,
Your *Elizabeth* Phraſe, and your *Farthingal*-Rhiming,
Brought in Uſe as a Covert to Nonſence; I'll tell ye,
As that *righteous* Queen's Dreſs was to hide a *Great Belly.*

But tho' the loud Rabble ſhould never deny ye,
Confirm'd in their Purpoſe, and reſolv'd to ſtand by ye;
Tho' the *poor Ones* ſhould murmur, and doat on your *Senſe,*
For want of due *Thinking*, and for want of the *Pence*;
Tho' the ſtiff *Pariſh Clerks*, with their *Bands* and their *Gowns,*
Read the *New Pſalms* with *Hums*, and with *Ha*'s, and with *Frowns,*
Cauſe the *Levites*, their Maſters, by Chance are afraid
Innovation ſhould turn to a Practice and Trade;
And by thoſe Means, the *godly Wiſe-Acres* be driven
From their *Desks* and their *Pulpits*, their *Sloth* and their *Haven*;
Tho' the *Stationers* ſtrive all they can to decry 'em,
And *Took* ſwears, that thouſands of *old Ones* lie by 'em:
Tho' the *late Verſion* fails of the *Spirit* and *Force*
Of *DAVID*'s *Rejoycings*, or *DAVID*'s *Remorſe*;
Yet I'm not ſuch a Cockſcomb, 'ſtead of *new Pſalms*, to learn *Old*,
Orto quit *TATE* and *BRADY*, for *Hopkins* and *Sternhold.*

On Mr. Prance's *Hymn to the Pillory.*

NOW the Devil's old Agent, that brought to the (Gallows,
In the Empire of Swearing, a Leaſh of poor Fellows,
With Eggs Aromatick, and Turnips aſſaulted,
And in wooden Machine, like his Brethren exalted,
Meets at laſt the Reward of his Swearing and Sin- (ing;
This, this of his Puniſhment, is the Beginning.

2.

Huzza! How the Eggs and the Oranges fly!
How the Witneſs they maul! How they darken the (Sky!
Huzza! the poor *Silver-Smith* tells a ſad Ditty
To all the compaſſionate Hearts of the City;
While the Rabble does rail at the damnable Wretch,
And bids him adjourn to the Hands of 'Squire *Ketch.*

3.

Come, Boys, come again, the Encounter renew;
Give *Prance* and the Devil their Due;
While the Warkets and Stalls any Luggage afford,
Keep on the Aſſault, let the Witneſs be ſtor'd:
Let your Kindneſs ne'er ceaſe, but diſtribute your (Dole,
Make his Body as naſty and vile as his Soul.

Tom Brown *having committed ſome great Fault at the Univerſity, the Dean of* Chriſt *Church threaten'd to expel him; but* Tom, *with a very ſubmiſſive Epiſtle, begging Pardon, ſo pleas'd the Dean, that he was minded to forgive him, upon this Condition,* viz. *That he ſhould tranſlate this Epigram out of* Marſhal *extempore.*

NON amo Te Zabidi, nec poſſum dicere quare,
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, non amo Te.

Which

Which he immediately render'd into *Engliſh* thus,

I do not love you Dr. Fell, *But why I cannot tell;*
But this I know full well, I do not love you Dr. Fell.

Latinæ Linguæ Studioſis, S.

ROmani ſermonis gnari, omneſque illum magis magiſque excolere nitentes, amici invitantur roganturq; ſui copiam facere, ſive loquendi ſive audiendi dignentur, quovis die Martis in vico Clare-ſtreet *dicto, in foro* Clare-Market, *ad inſignia Oxonienſia apud* Rogerum Fowler, *celeberrimæ academiæ nuper coquum haud incelebrem: Itidemq; quovis die Veneris ad Latinum* Coffee-*polium in vico* Ave-mary-Lane *dicto, hora quinta. Quibus ſtatis horis, non integrum erit cuiquam alio idiomate uti, niſi ad res neceſſarias a famulis petendas, aut animi ſui ſenſa melius explicandi gratia.*

A Lottery *for Ladies and Gentlemen*: Or, *A* New Million Adventure. *Invented for the Benefit of Ladies that want Husbands, and younger Brothers that ſtand in need of rich Wives. Written in the Year* 1694.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

FOR I love to jumble both Sexes together, I hope you will favourably give your Attention to a uſefull Project, that may juſtly challenge more than my Baſhfulneſs will permit me to aſk: You know how, at this Time, the whole Town (what do I ſay, the whole Town; nay, the whole Nation) is addicted to the pleaſant, and ſometimes profitable Diverſion of publick Lotteries. We have ſeen Lotteries for old Plate, new Cabinets, *China* Diſhes, and Womens Dreſſes; and finally, for all Ornaments of Life, unleſs that one grand Bleſſing of a

handſome Wife, and a rich Fortune. Wherefore, we the Undertakers of the preſent Adventure, have found out an eaſie Method to ſupply that Defect, and to gratify both Sexes with the moſt obliging and eaſie Way of raiſing their Fortunes, that ever yet appear'd in the World. For we propoſe,

Firſt, That 5000 Gentlemen Batchelors, aged between 20 and 30, well deſcended, or at leaſt can pretend to be ſo; and having no outward Blemiſh of Body, nor inward Averſation of Mind to a pretty Woman, ſhall lay down each one hundred Pounds, which amounts to 500000 *l.*

Secondly, That 5000 Gentlewomen of the ſame Age, and the like Accompliſhments ſuitable to their Sex, ſhall pay into the Manager's Hands one hundred Pounds, which amounts to 500000 *l.* in all 1000000 *l.*

There ſhall be (mingl'd with a proportionable Number of Blanks) theſe following Prizes.

		l.
5	Prize Ladies of 20000 *l.* each	100000
10	of 10000 *l.* each	100000
20	of 5000 *l.* each	100000
40	of 2500 *l.* each	100000
80	of 1250 *l.* each	100000
1000	of 500 *l.* each	500000

1155 Prizes to 5000 Blanks.

1. The Ladies ſhall firſt draw: They that have Prizes, ſhall be intitl'd to the Fortunes in their Tickets ſpecify'd, provided they will take ſuch Huſbands as ſhall fall to their Lot; otherwiſe loſe all Advantage of their benefit Ticket.

2. The Lots thus drawn, and the Numbers noted by the Managers in their reſpective Books, the Men ſhall be admitted to draw, and they whoſe good Fortune it ſhall be to light on a Prize, ſhall have the Money, and that very individual Woman who

who had drawn the ſame Prize before him, taking her for better for worſe from that very Inſtant.

3. As for thoſe Ladies who have drawn Blanks, that they may not loſe all for nothing, (the great Complaint againſt other Litteries) they ſhall have the ſame Man for their Huſband who drew the ſame Blank with theirs; ſo that they who put in 100 *l.* are ſure to have a Huſband for't.

4. The Gentlemen and Ladies ſhall make Oath before the Managers, That they will ſtand to the Conditions of the Adventure, or rather, becauſe there is now-a-days little Security in Oaths, the Managers will take their Bonds.

And for the farther Encouragement of all Perſons that are willing to be concern'd in this Adventure, the Managers do farther promiſe, That Dr. *Clewer* ſhall be there ready to marry 'em gratis, Dr. *B—s* ſhall preach the Wedding Sermon, the City Poet ſhall write the Epithalamium, and the Chamber of *London* ſhall receive and keep all the Prize-Fortunes.

The Managers do farther propound, That 5 *per Cent.* only ſhall be deducted from the Prize-Fortunes, to ſatisfie for all their Pains, Hazzard, and Trouble, beſides the Uſe of the Women, (as other *Goldſmiths* have of the Money) 'till the Day of Marriage.

But becauſe there is no excellent Invention, but may be liable to Objections by thoſe carping *Momus*'s, who value nothing but the Product of their own empty and inſignificant Noddles, we ſhall anſwer the moſt formidable of their Objections, and leave the reſt to be laugh'd at by Readers of the meaneſt Capacity.

Objection 1. *That it is dangerous to marry by Chance.*

Anſwer. And pray why ſo? Do not *Armies* fight by Chance? *Navies* ſail by Chance? Are not *Lawyers* honeſt by Chance? Counſellors wiſe by

Chance? Do not Phyſicians cure by Chance? Dignify'd Clergy-men preach by Chance? Are not Poets witty by Chance, and their Plays take by Chance? Don't Groom-Porters grow rich by Chance, and ſome ſay, pay their Debts by Chance too? Juries ſave or hang by Chance? In ſhort, we do all things by Chance, for we are ſure of nothing, and yet we muſt be afraid to marry by Chance; when by Chance, there may be a great deal of Pleaſure and Profit in it? We ſay, That *Marriages are made in Heaven*; and how can we commit 'em to the Arbitration of Heaven more commodiouſly than by Lot? How many are ready to hang themſelves for having made an ill Choice in Matrimony? which they had certainly avoided, had they taken a Huſband or Wife by Lot? For then they could not accuſe their ill Choice, but their ill Fortune. And tho' they had been miſerable, yet they had remain'd innocent. In ſhort, thoſe that believe Predeſtination, can never be againſt us; and therefore, if the Adventure do not fill, we will ſend our Bills to the next Conventicle, or remove our Office to ſome Province of the *Turks* and *Tartars*, where we hope our honeſt Endeavours will procure a more *Chriſtian* Reception.

Object. 2. *Lotteries are deſtructive to Trade, and the Nation is poor enough already.*

Anſw. We grant it is very true, that the Nation is poor enough already: Some that once were able to raiſe an Army out of their Tenants, muſt now do it out of their numerous Creditors, who are grown by far, the more formidable Body of Men. Trade is ſo far decay'd, that we expect ſhortly (for lack of a better) that City-Poets ſhould become Aldermen, and Aldermen turn City-Poets; that Merchants will buy nothing but Blank-Tickets, and Tradeſmen put nothing out to Uſe but their Wives

Wives and Daughters; that Gentlemen ſhould turn Tenants, and Farmers be the only Gentlemen, becauſe they have nothing to pay. But this does not affect our Lottery, which tends to the Promotion of all Trades in the Kingdom. We ſay, that the Number of Inhabitants promotes the Trade of a Kingdom, and does any Thing increaſe the Number of Inhabitants more than Matrimony? Is it not better to get Children of our own, than ſend for Foreigners from the Gaols, and Galleys of *France*, or the Bogs of *Holland*? Is there any Compariſon between Naturalization and Generation? Notwithſtanding ſome Perſons ſeem'd very eager for the former, I dare ſwear their inward Man did moſt approve of the latter. How will the Parſons and Pariſh-Clerks bleſs us for Chriſtnings, Churchings, and Burials, the Vintners for Sack-poſſets and Cawdles, the Mercers for rich Petticoats and flower'd Mantua's; in ſhort, there is no Occupation, but that of Mother *Ridgley*'s, but will have Reaſon to bleſs the Diſcoverers of this moſt excellent and uſeful Invention.

Object. 3. *There are too many Lotteries already.*

Anſ. But none ſo advantageous as ours, where there are not five Blanks to a Prize; and where the very Blanks (conſidering the Wit, Beauty, and Humour of the Lady) may prove to be the moſt deſirable Prizes.

Object. 4. *It will be indecent and immodeſt for Ladies to ſeem ſo deſirous of a Husband, and it may ſpoil their Fortunes.*

Anſw. Not in the leaſt; for they who come to this Lottery, will be ſure to have a Huſband, and conſequently need not fear they ſhall ſpoil their Fortunes. Beſides, who knows whether the Lady that takes a Ticket, be deſirous of a Huſband, or of

20000 *l.* And if they are not aſham'd of Covetouſneſs, which all acknowledge a Vice, why ſhould they be aſham'd of being deſirous of Matrimony, which is a State of Vertue? Is it not as modeſt to ſpeak out, as to make broad Signs, the uſual Cuſtom of maiden Ladies? Is it not better to be marry'd *ex tempore*, than be teas'd for two or three Months together, with the premeditated Harangue of an amorous Fop, whoſe cold Brain could never digeſt the ſublime Fuſtian of the *Academy of Complements?* I know Cuſtom is againſt you, but why ſhould any boggle at the Breach of a fooliſh and unnatural Cuſtom?

Object. 5. *This may be the Occaſion of unequal Matches.*

Anſw. It is morally impoſſible it ſhould be ſo. For,

Firſt, There can be no great Inequality in Age, becauſe none ſhall be admitted to this Adventure, but thoſe that are aged between twenty and thirty; nor of Fortunes, becauſe none will venture here that can't raiſe 100 *l.* nor of Humour, for all here are deſirous of entring into the ſame State, and will all be in a good Humour at the Time of Drawing, however they may prove afterwards. Beſides, Humour is very fluid and alterable, and may as well be fitted after *Matrimony*, as before it; and for the moſt part, a great deal better. At leaſt each Man and Woman muſt ſtand to their Fortune. If any blunder upon Horns, or a Scold, it is no more than he might have done, if the Stars would have it ſo, notwithſtanding his utmoſt Precaution.

And thus having anſwer'd all material Objections, we hope all wiſe Fathers will rather come to us, with one hundred Pounds, than go to the Devil for twenty thouſand Pounds to pay to their Daughters Portions.

The Overſeers that have promis'd to be preſent at the mingling and drawing of the Tickets, are theſe,

theſe, *viz*, Sir *Timothy Zealous*, that ſent his Officers to ſuppreſs Bawdy-Houſes, and forgot to bid 'em call in at the next Conventicle; Sir *Anthony Baſhful*, that went from Home, on purpoſe becauſe he was aſham'd to ſee his Wife make him a Cuckold; Sir *Orlando Furioſo*, that run mad by hearing of Sermons, and was cur'd by reading of Plays; Sir *William Turn-coat*, that gives the Weather-cock for his Arms, and turns about ſo faſt, that none can perceive his Motion.

Tickets may be had at the *Minories*, *Lamb chapel*, *Cuckold's-point*, and at moſt publick Houſes of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

The Adventure, if full, (which we promiſe to our ſelves from the Fairneſs of the Propoſal (will be drawn on the 1ſt of *January*.

An Epigram by Mr. THO. BROWN.

De Parnaſſo.

PHœbe, *Pater Vatum, moderator* Phœbe *dierum,*
Qui pariter Radiis ingenioq; vales.
Cernis ut incaſſum miſeris, tua Turba, Poetæ,
Carpimus incertam per tua Regna Viam.
At tuus ille, Annis natus melioribus, alto
Vertice Parnaſſi regnat Homerus *ovans.*
Noſq; fatigatos & vincere ſumma parentes,
Aonio prohibet figere colle Pedem.
Sic ego. Sic Divus; Convitia mitte jocoſa.
Mitte leves Curas, vana Querela tua eſt.
Regna colunt unam noſti, terreſtria Regem,
Odit rivales Imperialis apex.
Parnaſſuſq; meus, genuo licet Ætherea clivo,
Dividat, ac Reges non capit ille duos.

Thus

Thus paraphras'd.

O *Phœbus!* Father of the rhiming Crowd,
Doom'd to be poor, yet deſtin'd to be proud;
Bright Ruler both of Poetry and Light;
'Tis true, you give us Wit, but ſtarve us by't.
Behold us ſtruggling in thoſe ſlippery Ways,
Which lead from Profit to the Hopes of Praiſe;
That tempting Shadow which ſuch Swarms purſue,
Tho' ſooth'd by many, merited by few;
Yet oft by Fools, and Flatterers enjoy'd,
And to the more Deſerving ſtill deny'd,
But thy Son *Homer*, liv'd in better Days,
And ſhone in Wit, as glorious as thy Rays;
With Honour juſtly climb'd the lofty Hill,
And rul'd with Joy the ſacred Pinacle;
Where none his ancient Title muſt diſpute,
Or after him preſume to ſet a Foot.
Inſpir'd by theſe, he took ſo vaſt a Flight,
That modern Ages ne'er could reach his Height.
His Works forbid us to moleſt his Reign,
And ſhew that all Attempts would prove in vain.
Yet ſince all Ages have their certain Beſt,
And one has Right to tow'r above the reſt;
God-like, from Cares exempt, I'll ſit at Eaſe,
And jeſt with humane Follies as I pleaſe:
Ne'er pine in vain, or languiſh o'er my Wants,
But leave to whining Coxcombs ſuch Complaints.
And as no earthly Monarch will admit
A rival Prince in his Imperial Seat;
So o'er *Parnaſſus* will I reign as King,
And whilſt the envious Criticks rail, I'll ſing.
The bending Arch of Heav'n ſhall be my Crown,
And thus unequall'd, will I rule alone,
'Till more aſpiring Wit ſhall juſtly claim
Apollo's Kingdom, and ſurmount my Fame.

An

An Epigram by T. B.

Fulſerit antarctus radienti Cancer Olympo,
Neſcio certe, Annus ſed puto Cancer erat.
Grandinis inde ruit crepitantis Saxeus imber,
Decidit hinc tacitè mobile vellus aquæ.
Sive ſuas Tempus fugitivum perdidit Alas,
Aut vellet veri dicere Bruma, Vale.

Thus merrily turn'd over a Glaſs.

THE Crab does oft the tufted Ring poſſeſs,
And crawls unſeen about the heav'nly Place;
From whoſe ſoft Banks the whizing Waters fall,
And Show'rs of Love perform the Dev'l and all.
But when old *Time* has ſtretch'd the Channel wide,
And ſtop'd the Flux of the refreſhing Tide,
'Tis Drudg'ry then in ſuch a Pool to ſail,
One Moment makes us glad to ſay, *Farewel.*

A Tranſlation of *Lesbia mi dicit ſemper male.* Out of *Catullus.* By Mr. THO. BROWN.

1.

EAch Moment of the long-liv'd Day
Lesbia for me does backwards pray,
And rails at me ſincerely;
Yet I dare pawn my Life, my Eyes,
My Soul, and all that Mortals prize,
That *Lesbia* loves me dearly.

2.

Why ſhou'd you thus conclude, you'll ſay,
Faith 'tis my own beloved Way,
And thus I hourly prove her;
Yet let me all thoſe Curſes ſhare

That

That Heav'n can give, or Man can bear,
If I don't ſtrangely love her.

A Song in Ridicule of a famous Muſician, who was caught ſerenading his Miſtreſs with his Baſe-Viol, in a very froſty Night.

LOOK down, fair Garretteer, beſtow
One Glance upon your Swain,
Who ſtands below, in Froſt and Snow,
And ſhaking, ſings in Pain.
Thaw, with your Eyes, the frozen Street,
Or cool my hot Deſire;
I burn within, altho' my Feet
Are numb'd for want of Fire.

Chorus, the Viol leading.

Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,
Come, come, come, come,
My deareſt be not coy;
For if you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I
Muſt without your Favours die.

Behold me from your lofty Tow'r,
And, to your Lover, ſhew
Your Charms; and when it's in my Pow'r,
I'll be as kind to you.
Hither I came, with joyful Speed,
And fear'd no freezing Wind;
But as the Saint at *Troas* did,
Have left my Cloak behind.

Chorus.

Thrum, &c.

My Dear, would you but open wide
The Caſement with your Hand,
My Fiddle, and my ſelf beſide,
Should be at your Command. Could

Could I behold you in your Smock,
Tho' dark, the luſheous View
Would then embolden me to knock,
And ask you how you do.

Chorus.

Thrum, &c.

Or would you open but the Door,
As I have done my Caſe,
I've ſweeter Inſtruments in Store,
To play a thorough Baſe.
But ſince you're coy, I know not what
To farther ſing or ſay,
My Love, 'tis true, is very hot,
Yet I'm too cold to ſtay.

Chorus at going off.

Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,
Home, home, home, home,
I hate a Whore that's coy;
But ſince you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I
Muſt without your Favours die.

The good Fellow.

1.

WHile the pious grave Sot does amuſe half the (Nation
With impertinent Scruples, and Zeal out of Faſhion;
While Harangues that at Church made us piouſly (ſleep,
'Mongſt Prieſt-ridden Cullies, ſuch a Pother do keep;
We'll with truſty *Champaign* our Devotion refine,
And ſhew a good Conſcience by drinking our Wine.

2.

Let the motly dull Herd for Religion engage;
Let 'em urge the Diſpute with vile Clamour and (Rage;
Let

Let your Authors keep on the dull Method of Writing,
And purſue the curs'd Toil they take ſo much De-
(light in.
We ne'er make Replies, but reſt fully contented,
Tho' good Fellows and Drink, have been miſrepre-
(ſented.

3.

May their muſty ſtiff Volumes to *Grub-Street* adjourn,
Or rot in *Duck-Lane*, or in Coffee-houſe burn;
May they furniſh no more empty Cits with Debate,
Or touch the Intrigues and *Arcana's* of State.
Wine does edify more, than dull Canting of Vicar;
'Tis our Freedom we owe to that orthodox Liquor.

4.

I ne'er pall my Fancy, or trouble my Brain
With the Chances and Fate that our Stars will ordain;
Let the Monarch of *France* keep his Subjects at Home,
And forbid the mad Zealots abroad for to roam,
So he lets his boon Claret but croſs the kind Main,
We ſhall never be angry, we ſhall never complain.

5.

Ne'er tell me of thoſe, that with factious Notion
Infect the wild Rabble, and poiſon Devotion;
That Mortal is guilty of a far greater Sin,
That preſumes, with vile Stum, to debauch honeſt
(Wine.
Such impious Wretches, may Poverty ſeize on,
'Tis againſt our Liege *Bacchus* the higheſt of Treaſon,

An Epiſtle to Charles Dives, *Eſq*; *written by a* Gentleman in a Poſt *under the Government. Corrected by Mr.* Tho. Brown.

TO Epiſtolize in Verſe to thoſe,
To whom I never writ in Proſe,

And

And that (the more preſuming) too,
To ſuch an able judge as you ;
Requeſting what 'twould be much fitter
To ask in ſerious Proſe, than Metre ;
Is what was hardly ever heard on ;
So, to begin, I beg your Pardon.
By the Subſcript, you'll quickly gueſs
The Occaſion of this odd Addreſs.
Yet, pray, Sir, read it, e'er in Pocket
You put it, or in Candle Socket ;
And it will plainly let you ſee,
What I am now, and what would be.
I need not tell you, Sir, of late,
That *Cowley*'s Curſe has been my Fate.
A long Attendance all in vain,
Has made that Matter pretty plain ;
Vacancies almoſt every Week
Happen, both in the Town, and eke
Within the Country, here and there,
Yet none of them fall to my Share ;
And Waiters Places bring no Gains,
Only Folks Labour for their Pains ;
And Faith unleſs (you'll interpoſe)
When 'twill be better, the Lord knows.
I know your Generoſity
Is ſuch, you'll plead without a Fee,
A Cauſe, and Faith I'm glad it is,
For mine's in *Forma Pauperis* ;
And muſt (unleſs ſome Body will)
Of meer Neceſſity ſtand ſtill ;
Yet I opine, 'tis no hard Task
To prove I'm fit for what I ask,
But that I want the main Support,
That others have, a Friend in Court,
To write a Name, or twenty tell,
Require but very little Skill :
And this may be the Cauſe that ſome
Of late into Employment come ;

Who, if they cannot write, can ſcore,
As being us'd t' th' Trade before.
Whence I infer, ſtrong Commendation
Is much the beſt Qualification;
And for that Reaſon, Sir, to you,
Once more I for that Favour ſue.
  Sir, to be plain, I can't enjoy
My ſelf, 'till I'm in ſome Employ;
For, as the Devil does poſſeſs
Sooneſt thoſe given to Idleneſs,
So (having too much vacant Time)
I find I'm ſeiz'd with one call'd *Rhime*;
A Devil that of ſo great a Force is,
Nothing but Bus'neſs can exorciſe;
And (not caſt out) 's attended by
A living Death call'd Poverty.
This *H*——*x* and *St*——*g* knew,
And therefore ſeaſonably withdrew,
And to the Muſes bid Adieu.
Preſaging being Poets Mates-Men,
Would neither make 'em rich, nor States-Men;
And wiſely made this Obſervation,
Parnaſſus is a poor Plantation:
And that a thouſand Acres there,
In value make not one Foot ſquare
Of Ground-rent, where they ſettl'd are.
Whife *Dry*——'s, or thro' Fate or Choice,
Spell-caught by their Syrenick Voice,
Cowley and *Sev.* and more beſide,
(For th' Council-Table qualify'd)
Were in their Fortunes ſhipwrack'd on
The flow'ry Banks of *Helicon.*
Tho' to die famous, was their Lot,
'Tis known they liv'd not worth a Groat.
Some ſay the laſt is juſt my Caſe,
That I've got (not the *French* Diſeaſe)
But Poets, a much greater Curſe,
A *Gonorrhœa* in the Purſe;

And

And tell me, to remove that Ill,
That now and then a golden Pill
Apply'd internally to Fob,
Infallibly will do the Job;
And that I *applicare* this muſt;
Toties, quoties ſit *paroxyſmus*;
And ſay't muſt be my Buſineſs,
In order to't, to get a Place.
Then pray acquaint with my Condition
You know who, or I muſt by Petition,
Beſeeching he will pleaſe to apply
Forthwith that ſov'reign Remedy;
That is, an Officer to make me,
Or the Pariſh-Officers muſt take me.
And if to my Requeſt he liſten,
I ſhall be now and henceforth his and

Sir, your's

A ſober Slip in the Dark; or, a poor, unfortunate Gentlemans's Petition to his Friends, who had broke his Arm in a froſty Night.

WHen a *Dutch* Wind had rais'd the Price of (Coals,
And Men ſought Comfort in the warmeſt (Holes;
When piercing Weather taught the Poor to know
Compaſſion was as cold as Froſt and Snow;
When Surgeons buſy were with fractur'd Bones,
And Women walk'd in Fear of ſlipp'ry Stones,
Which flung the virtuous Fair upon their Backs,
As well as thoſe looſe Ladies, Punks, and Cracks;
Oft forcing the diſdainful Maid to ſtoop,
That frozen Ground might kiſs her thawing Poop,

And cool thoſe glowing Lips were *Cupids* ſwarm,
To keep Lov's melting Paradiſe more warm.
'Twas then, when *London*-ſtreets, with Froſt and (Rain,
Were ſmooth, but treach'rous, like the Tongues of (Men,
That I, who long had mourn'd beneath the Fate
Of being what my ſelf, like others, hate,
Was creeping Homewards in a diſmal Night,
When the cold Streets were deſtitute of Light;
Nor could I one auſpicious Star deſcry,
To guide my Foot-ſteps, or direct my Eye;
But all as dark and terrible appear'd,
As the old *Chaos*, e'er the Heav'ns were rear'd.
At laſt, as groping thro' a dang'rous Street,
Where Stones and Twaits in froſty Winters meet,
And where the ſliding Foot betrays the Rump,
In ſpite of Care, to many a fatal Thump:
'Twas there Dame *Fortune*, that invet'rate Whore,
Who long had curs'd me with her Frowns before,
Tripp'd up my Heels, when unappriz'd of Harm,
And fractur'd with a Fall, my yielding Arm.
So the unhappy Wretch, born down by *Fate*,
By freſh Misfortunes ſtill improves the Weight,
And makes the Burthen of his Woes more great.
O cruel Termagant! ill natur'd Foe!
To caſt thy humble Suppliant ſo low;
One who has courted thee ſo long in vain,
And always met with thy ſevere Diſdain:
But why ſhould I, in theſe unhappy Times,
Upbraid a fickle Gypſy with her Crimes;
Since cunning Jilts, like Tyrants, by Degrees,
Firſt make us poor, then uſe us as they pleaſe?
Had Liquor lent my Soul one ebrious Ray,
With greater Safety I had ſteer'd my Way;
The Proverb then had kept me on my Feet,
For drunken Men with Danger ſeldom meet:

But

But I, alas! was ſober when I made
The fatal Stumble, like a founder'd Jade;
Nor could my vacant Fob or Pocket boaſt,
One uſeful two Pence, in ſo hard a Froſt;
But Pennyleſs and poor, did Homewards creep,
To drown the Thoughts of Poverty in Sleep.
Thus, when o'erborn by *Fortune*'s baſe Deſign,
I fell unarm'd with either Ale, or Coin;
Numb'd in hard Weather, 'twixt the double Curſe
Of a cool Noddle, and an empty Purſe;
Plagues that continue to improve my Fate,
And make me ſtill the more unfortunate.
Therefore, my Friends, I muſt your Aid implore,
(If Friends are to be found by one that's poor)
Hoping you'll pity him, who lamely ſtarves,
And really wants, much more than he deſerves.
But if my Friends, who hear my doleful Tale,
Prove frozen, like the Stones on which I fell;
Rugged, inflexible, and hard as thoſe
United Flints, that were my Midnight Foes,
Twill make me wiſh, (if you no pity take)
That when I broke my Arm, I'd broke my Neck;
For who'd not rather chuſe a ſpeedy End,
Than live in Pain, and ſtarve without a Friend?

The Character of a Puritan; written in the Reign of King William.

A Modern Saint! what is that monſtrous Thing?
Friend to Sedition, Flatterer of his King,
Brother to Envy, ſubtle Satan's Son,
Heir to thoſe Ills his Serpent Sire begun;
Without a Vizard, by his meagre Face,
Within a Devil, varniſh'd o'er with Grace;
Dull, proud, imperious, ignorant and grave,
In Pow'r a Tyrant, when reduc'd, a Slave;

An envious Hypocrite, that prays and whines
At good Mens Welfare, more than for his Sins;
Fond of Diſſention, does the Church bely,
And in diſtracting Tempeſts, ſoars moſt high;
Uſes Religion to diſguiſe his Fraud,
And ſerves himſelf thereby, but not his God;
Prays loud, and often with a Conſcience foul,
More in Regard to Int'reſt than his Soul;
A quaint Diſſembler, who does pious ſeem,
Not to gain Heav'n, but win the World's Eſteem:
In wicked Crimes, the Zealot thrives a-pace,
Like poys'nous Hemlock, o'er the wholeſome Graſs:
And as he ſhoots, and makes the greater Show,
Like nauſeous Weeds, he does the ranker grow;
Spreads and Impov'riſhes his native Ground,
And ſtints the nobler Herbs that fade around.
A Nettle in the Soil, that ſprouts too faſt,
And deeply rooting, lays the Garden waſte;
O'er runs our fruitful *Eden* by Degrees,
And drains the Sap from uſeful Plants and Trees.
So hungry Ling each gen'rous Grain will choak,
And Ivy, to its Ruin hug the Oak.
But, O! that we could ſee that pow'rful Hand,
That plants ſo many Lawrels, weed our Land;
Then might we hope, the peaceful Palm would (grow,
And flouriſh, as *Geneva* Thorns do now;
But ſince our lofty Pines muſt be remov'd,
And worthleſs Thiſtles in their Room improv'd;
Whilſt ſuch rank Weeds are cheriſh'd and manur'd,
The Plagues we ſuffer, muſt remain uncur'd.

Commendatory Verſes on the Author of the two Arthurs, *and the* Satyr againſt Wit. *By ſeveral Hands, and collected by Mr.* Brown.

A ſhort and true Hiſtory of the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

By Coll. *Codrington.*

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,
Bl——*re* at firſt profeſs'd the Whipping-trade;
Grown fond of Buttocks, he would laſh no more,
But kindly cur'd the A——he gall'd before. (ſwore,
So Quack commenc'd; then fierce with Pride, he
That Tooth-ach, Gripes, and Corns ſhould be no more.
In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch, he try'd,
His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd.
Next, he turn'd Bard, and mounted on a Cart,
Whoſe hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* ſtart;
Burleſqu'd the braveſt, wiſeſt Son of *Mars*,
In Ballad-Rhimes, and all the Pomp of Farce.
Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit
On Buſ'neſs for his matchleſs Talent fit,
To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

Upon the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit

By Sr. Charles *Sidley.*

A Grave Phyſician us'd to write for Fees,
And ſpoil no Paper, but with Recipes,
Is now turn'd Poet, rails againſt all Wit,
Except that little found among the Great;
As if he thought true Wit and Senſe were ty'd
To Men in Place, like Avarice or Pride.

But in their Praiſe ſo like a Quack he talks,
You'd ſwear he wanted for his *Chriſtmas*-box.
With Mangl'd Names, old Stories he pollutes,
And to the preſent Time, paſt Actions ſuits.
Amaz'd we find, in ev'ry Page he writes,
Members of Parliament, with *Arthur*'s Knights.
It is a common Paſtime to write ill;
And Doctor, with the reſt, e'en take thy Fill.
Thy Satyr's harmleſs; tis thy Proſe that kills,
When thou preſcrib'ſt thy Potions, and thy Pills.

To that incomparable Panegyriſt, the Author of the Satyr upon Wit.

By Coll. *Bl*——.

HEnceforth no more in thy Poetick Rage,
Burleſque the God-like Heroes of the Age;
No more King *Arthurs* be with Labour writ,
But follow Nature, and ſtill rail at Wit.
For this thy mighty Genius was deſign'd;
In this thy Cares a due Succeſs may find.
Opinions we more eaſily receive
From Guides, that practiſe by thoſe Rules they give.
So Dulneſs thou may'ſt write into Eſteem;
Thy great Example, as it is thy Theme.
Hope not to join (like *G*—*rth*'s immortal Lays)
The keeneſt Satyr with the beſt of Praiſe.
Thy Satyrs bite not, but like *Æſop*'s Aſs,
Thou kick'ſt the Darling whom thou would'ſt careſs.
Would'ſt thou our Youth from Poetry affright,
'Tis wiſely done, thy ſelf in Verſe to write.
So drunken Slaves the *Spartans* did deſign
Should fright their Children from the Love of Wine.

Go

Go on, and rail as thou haſt done before.
Thus Lovers uſe, when picqu'd in an Amour;
The Nymph they can't enjoy, they call a Whore.

The Quack corrected; or, Advice to the Knight of the Ill favour'd Muſe.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of ——

LET *Bl —— re* ſtill, in good King *Arthur*'s Vein,
To *Fleckno*'s Empire his juſt Right maintain.
Let him his own to common Senſe oppoſe, (Foes;
With Praiſe and Slander, maul both Friends and
Let him great *Dr—d—n*'s awful Name prophane,
And learned *G—rth* with envious Pride diſdain;
Codron's bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,
And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town:
Let the Quack ſcribble any Thing but Bills,
His Satyr wounds not, but his Phyſick kills.

To the merry Poetaſter at Sadler's-hall *in* Cheapſide.

By Dr. ***

UNweildy Pedant, let thy awkward Muſe
with Cenſures praiſe, with Flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an Art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy School-boys ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not agen;
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen.
If *B—l*'s immortal Wit thou would'ſt decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.
Thy feeble Satyr ne'er can do him Wrong,
Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.

An

An equal Match; or, a drawn Battle.

By Coll. *Codrington.*

A Monument of Dullneſs to erect,
B ——*y* ſhould write, and *Bl* —— *re* correct;
Like which, no other Piece can e'er be wrought,
For Decency of Stile, and Life of Thought;
But that where *B* ——*y* ſhall in Judgment ſit,
To pare Excreſcencies from *Bl* —— *re*'s Wit.

To the Mirrour of Britiſh *Knighthood, the worthy Author of the* Satyr againſt Wit: *Occaſion'd by the Hemiſtick,* Pag. 8

By Captain *Steel.*

——Heav'ns guard poor *A* —— *n.*

MUST I then paſſive ſtand? and can I hear
The Man I love, abus'd, and yet forbear?
Yet much I thank thy Favour to my Friend,
'Twas ſome Remorſe, thou did'ſt not him commend.
Thou do'ſt not all my Indignation raiſe;
For I prefer thy Pity, to thy Praiſe.
In vain thou would'ſt thy Name, dull Pedant hide;
There's not a Line but ſmells of thy *Cheapſide.*
If *Cæſars*'s Bounty for your Traſh you've ſhar'd,
You are not the firſt Aſſaſſine he has ſpar'd.
His Mercy, not his Juſtice, made thee Knight,
Which *P-rt-r* may demand with equal Right.
Well may'ſt thou think an uſeleſs Talent Wit;
Thou, who without it, ha'ſt three Poems writ:
Impenetrably dull, ſecure thou'rt found,
And can'ſt receive no more, than give a Wound:

Then

Then ſcorn'd by all, to ſome dark Corner fly,
And in Lethargick Trance, expiring lie,
Till thou from injur'd *G----rth* thy Cure receive,
And *S——d* only Abſolution give.

To the Cheapſide *Knight, on his* Satyr againſt Wit.

By Mr. *Burnaby.*

SOME ſcribling Fops ſo little value Fame,
They ſometimes hit, becauſe they never aim.
But thou for erring, ha'ſt a certain Rule,
And, aiming, art inviolably dull.
Thy muddy Stream, no lucid Drop ſupplies,
But Puns like Bubbles on the Surface riſe.
All that for Wit you could, you've kindly done;
You cannot write, but can be writ upon.
And a like Fate does either ſide befit,
Immortal Dulneſs, or immortal Wit.
In juſt Extreams an equal Merit lies,
And *B--le* and *G--rth* with thee muſt ſhare the Prize,
Since thou can'ſt ſink, as much as they can riſe.

To the indefatigable Rhimer.

By Dr. *Smith.*

O! *S——rs, T——t, D——ett, M——gue,*
G--y, S—ld, C—ſh, P——ke, V—n, you,
Who ſuffer *Bl——re* to inſult your Taſte,
And tamely hear him bluſter in Bombaſt,
Bid him, before he dare to write agen,
Reſign his own, and take ſome other Pen.

D——n

D——*n* ſhall Numbers, *C*——*ve* Wit inſpire,
Dr——*ke* niceſt Rules, but *B*=*le* and *Codron* Fire.
Then *G*----*rth* ſhall teach him, and his witleſs Tribe
Firſt to write Senſe, and after to preſcribe.
The unlearn'd Pedant thus may pleaſe the Town,
But his own nauſeous Traſh will ne'er go down;
For nought can equal what the Bard has writ,
But *R*——*ff*'s Scholarſhip, and *G*——*n*'s Wit.

A modeſt Requeſt to the Poetical Knight.

By Coll. *Codrington.*

SINCE *B*----*y*'s Nonſenſe to out-do, you ſtrive,
Vain to be thought the dulleſt Wretch alive,
And ſuch in imitable Strains have writ,
That the moſt famous Blockheads muſt ſubmit;
Long may you Reign, and long unenvy'd live,
And none invade your great Prerogative.
But in Return, your Poetry give o'er,
And perſecute poor *Job*, and us no more.

Wholeſome Advice to a City Knight, over-run with Rhimes and Hypocriſie; Occaſion'd by his Satyr againſt Wit.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of *Angliſea.*

WE bid thee not give o'er the Killing-Trade:
Whilſt Fees come in, 'tis fruitleſs to diſſwade.
Religion is a Trick you've practis'd long,
To bring in Pence, and gull the gaping Throng.

But

But all thy Patients now perceive thy Aim,
They find thy Morals and thy Skill the ſame.
Then, if thou would'ſt thy Ignorance redreſs,
Prithee mind Phyſick more, and Rhiming leſs.

To a thrice illuſtrious Quack, Pedant, and Bard, on his incomparable Poem, call'd, A Satyr againſt Wit.

By the Right Honourable the Counteſs of *San*----

THOU Fund of Nonſenſe, was it not enough,
That Cits and pious Ladies lik'd thy Stuff,
That as thou copyd'ſt *Virgil*, all might ſee,
Judicious Bell-men imitated thee:
That to thy Cadence, Sextons ſet their Chimes,
And Nurſes skimming Poſſets hum'd thy Rhimes.
But thou muſt needs fall foul on Men of Senſe,
With Dulneſs equal to thy Impudence.
Are *D—n*, *C—dr—n*, *G—th*, *V—k*, *B—le*,
Thoſe Names of Wonder, that adorn our Iſle,
Fit Subjects for thy vile pedantick Pen?
Hence ſawcy Uſher, to thy Deſk again.
Conſtrue *Dutch* Notes, and pore upon Boys A----es,
But, prithee write no more heroick Farces.
Teach blooming Blockheads by thy own try'd Rules,
To give us Demonſtration that they're Fools.
Let 'em by *N*——'s Sermon-Stile refine
Their *Engliſh* Proſe, their Poetry by thine.
Let *W---ſl---y*'s Rhimes their Emulation raiſe,
And *Ar--wk--r*, inſtruct 'em how to praiſe.
That, when all Ages in this Truth agree,
They're finiſh'd Dunces, they may rival thee;
Thou only Strain to mighty *William*'s Sword!
Old *Jemmy* never knighted ſuch a T—— d.

For

For the moſt nauſeous Mixture God can make,
Is a dull Pedant, and a buſie Quack.

To Sir R—Bl—re, *on the two* Arthurs *being condemn'd to be hang'd.*

ONce more take Pen in Hand, obſequious Knight,
For here's a Theme thou can'ſt not underwrite,
Unleſs the Devil owes thy Muſe a Spite.
To Prince and King thy Dullneſs Life did give;
Let then theſe *Arthurs* too in Dogg'rel live.

A Tale.

By Coll. *Codrington.*

POEMS and Proſe of diff'rent Force lay Claim,
With the ſame Confidence to *Tully*'s Name;
And ſhallow Criticks were content to ſay,
Proſe was his Bus'neſs, Poetry his Play.
Thus *Cæſar* thought, thus *Brutus* and the reſt.
Who knew the Man, and knew his Talent beſt.
Maurus aroſe, ſworn Foe to Health and Wit,
Who *Folio* Bills and *Folio* Ballads writ;
Who buſtl'd much for Bread, and for Renown,
By Lies and Poiſon ſcatter'd through the Town.
To *Roman* Wives with Veneration known,
For *Roman* Wives were very like our own.
And Huſbands then we find in *Latin* Song,
Would love too little, and would live too long.
Tully, ſays he, 'tis plain to Friends and Foes,
Writes his own Verſe, but borrows all his Proſe.
He fearleſs was, becauſe he was not brave;
A noble *Roman* would not beat a Slave.

The Counſel ſmiling, ſaid, Judicious Friend,
Thy ſhining Genius ſhall thy Works defend.
Inimitable Strokes defend thy Fame;
Thy Beauties and thy Force are ſtill the ſame:
And I muſt yield, with the conſenting Town,
Thy Ballads and thy Bills are all thy own.

Upon the Character of Codron, *as 'tis drawn by the bungling Knight, in his* Satyr againſt Wit.

By Coll. *Codrington.*

HOW kind is Malice manag'd by a Sot,
Where no Deſign directs the *Embryo* Thought,
And Praiſe and Satyr ſtumble out by Lot.
The mortal Thruſt to *Codron*'s Heart deſign'd,
Proves a ſoft wanton Touch to charm his Mind.
Can *M---nt---gue* or *D---rſ---t* higher ſoar?
Or can immortal *Sh---ff---ld* wiſh for more?
Brightneſs, Force, Juſtneſs, Delicacy, Eaſe,
Muſt form that Wit, that can the Ladies pleaſe.
No falſe affected Rules debauch their Taſte,
No fruitleſs Toils their gen'rous Spirits waſte,
Which wear a Wit into a Dunce at laſt.
No lumber Learning gives an awkward Pride,
Falſe Maxims cramp not, nor falſe Lights miſguide.
Voiture and *W---lſh* their eaſie Hours employ,
Voiture and *W---lſh*, oft read will never cloy.
With Care they guard the Muſick of their Stile,
They fly from *B---ly*, and converſe with *B---le*:
They ſteal no Terms, no Notions from the Schools,
The Pedant's Pleaſure, and the Pride of Fools;
With native Charms their matchleſs Thoughts ſurprize,
Soft as their Souls, and beauteous as their Eyes:

Gay

Gay as the Light, and unconfin'd as Air,
Chaſt and ſublime, all worthy of the Fair.
How then can a rough artleſs *Indian* Wit
The faultleſs Palates of the Ladies fit?
Codron will never ſtand ſo nice a Teſt,
Nor is't with Praiſe, fair Mouths oblige him beſt.
Let others make a vain Parade of Parts,
Whilſt *Codron* aims not at Applauſe, but Hearts.
Secure him thoſe, and thou ſhalt name the reſt,
Thy Spite ſhall chuſe the worſt, thy Taſte the beſt.
He will his Health to *Mirmil*'s Care reſign,
He will with *Buxtorf* and with *B —— ly* ſhine,
And be a Wit in any Way but thine.

An Epigram on Job, *traveſted by the* City Bard.

By Coll. *Codrington.*

POOR *Job* loſt all the Comforts of his Life,
And hardly ſav'd a Potſherd, and a Wife:
Yet *Job* bleſt God, and *Job* again was bleſt,
His Virtue was eſſay'd, and bore the Teſt.
But had Heav'ns Wrath pour'd out its fierceſt Vial,
Had he been then burleſqu'd, without Denial,
The patient Man had yielded to that Tryal.
His pious Spouſe, with *Bl —— re* on her Side,
Muſt have prevail'd, and *Job* had curs'd, and dy'd.

To the Adventurous Knight of Cheapſide, *upon his* Satyr againſt Wit.

By Mr. *Manning.*

WHat Frenzy has poſſeſs'd thy deſp'rate Brain,
To rail at Wit in this unhallow'd Strain?

Re-

Reproach of thy own kind! to ſlander Senſe,
The nobl'ſt Gift beſtow'd by Providence!
Was it Revenge provok'd thee thus to write,
Becauſe thou'rt curs'd to ſuch a dearth of Wit?
Or was it eager Paſſion for a Name,
To be inroll'd among the Fools of Fame?
Like him, who rather than he'd live obſcure,
Would fire a Church, to make his Name ſecure?
Or was it thy Deſpair at length to find
Thy loads of Chaff the Sport of ev'ry Wind?
To ſee thy haſty Muſe, that loves to roam,
Promiſe ſuch Journeys, but come founder'd Home?
Juſt fate of Sots, who think in their vain Breaſt,
Their Coffee-Rhimes ſhall ſtand the publick Teſt:
Seiz'd with prolifick Dulneſs, 'tis thy Curſe
To write ſtill on, and ſtill too for the worſe.
Who hates not *Weſ-----y*, may thy Works eſteem,
Both alike able to diſgrace their Theme.
But thou, thro' wild Conceit, aſpiring ſtill,
Claim'ſt, in thy ravings, *Eſculapian*-skill.
Quack, thou art ſure in both, and curs'd is he,
Who guided by his adverſe Stars to thee,
Employs thy deadly Potions to reclaim
His feeble Health, thy Pen to ſpread his Fame.

To the canting Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

By Mr. Mildmay.

THE Preacher *Maurus* cries, All Wit is vain,
Unleſs 'tis like his Godlineſs, for Gain.
Of moſt vain Things he may the Folly own;
But Wit's a Vanity he has not known.

Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl---.

By the Right Honourable the Lord———

KNighthood to Heroes only once was due,
Now's the Reward of ſtupid praiſe in you.
Why ſhould a Quack be dubb'd, unleſs it be
That Pois'ning is an Act of Chivalry?
Thus we muſt own, you have your Thouſands ſlain
With direful ſtrokes of your reſiſtleſs Pen.
By whipping the Boys, your Cruelty began,
And grew, by bolder Steps, to killing Man.
Juſt the reverſe of *Dionyſius* Fate,
Who fell to flogging Bums, from murdering the
(State.
For

For both theſe Trades your Genius far unfit,
At length with ſawcy Pride aſpires to Wit.
Which by pretending to, you more diſgrace,
Than toaſting *Beaus*, our ancient *Britiſh* Race.
I'th' Mountebank the Aſs had lain conceal'd,
But his loud braying has the Brute reveal'd.
Such vile Heroicks, ſuch unhallow'd Strains,
Were never ſpawn'd before from *Iriſh* Brains;
Nor drowſy *Mum*, nor dozing *Uſquebaugh*,
Could e'er ſuggeſt ſuch Lines to Sir *John Daw*.
You weakly skirmiſh with the Sins o'th' Age,
And are the errant Scavenger o'th' Stage.
Why Vertue makes no progreſs now is plain,
Becauſe ſuch Knights as you its Cauſe maintain.
If you'd a Friend to Senſe and Virtue be,
And to Mankind, for once be rul'd by me,
Leave Moralizing, Drugs and Poetry.

To Dr. Garth, *on the fourth Edition of his Incomparable Poem,* The Diſpenſary; *occaſion'd by ſome Lines in the* Satyr againſt Wit.

By Dr. James Drake.

BOLD thy Attempt, in theſe hard Times, to raiſe
In our unfriendly Clime, the tender Bays,

While *Northern* Blaſts drive from the neighb'ring (Flood,
And nip the ſpringing Lawrel in the Bud.
On ſuch bleak Paths our preſent Poets tread,
The very Garland withers on each Head.
In vain the Criticks ſtrive to purge the Soil,
Fertile in Weeds, it mocks their buſie Toil.
Spontaneous Crops of *Jobs* and *Arthurs* riſe,
Whoſe tow'ring Nonſenſe braves the very Skies.
Like Paper-kites, the empty Volumes fly,
And by mere force of Wind are rais'd on high.

While we did theſe with ſtupid Patience ſpare,
And from *Apollo*'s Plants withdrew our Care,
The Muſes Garden did ſmall Product yield,
But Hemp and Hemlock over-ran the Field;
'Till skilful *Garth*, with ſalutary Hand,
Taught us to weed, and cure poetick Land;
Grubb'd up the Brakes and Thiſtles which he found,
And ſow'd with Verſe and Wit the ſacred Ground.
But now the Riches of that Soil appear,
Which four fair Harveſts yields in half a Year.

No more let Criticks of the want complain
Of *Mantuan* Verſe, or the *Mæonian* Strain;
Above them *Garth* does on their Shoulders riſe,
And, what our Language wants, his Wit ſupplies.
Fam'd Poets after him ſhall ſtrain their Throats,
And unfledg'd Muſes chirp their infant Notes.

Yes, *Garth*, thy Enemies confeſs thy Store,
They burſt with Envy, yet they long for more:
Ev'n we, thy Friends, in doubt thy Kindneſs call,
To ſee thy Stock ſo large, and Gift ſo ſmall.
But Jewels in ſmall Cabinets are laid,
And richeſt Wines in little Casks convey'd.

Let

Let lumpiſh *Bl*——*re* his dull Hackney freight,
And break his Back with heavy Folio's Weight;
His *Pegaſus* is of the *Flanders* Breed,
And limb'd for Draught or Burthen, not for Speed.
With Cart-horſe trot, he ſweats beneath the pack
Of rhiming Proſe and Knighthood on his Back.
Made for a Drudge, e'en let him beat the Road,
And tug of ſenſeleſs Reams th' Heroick load;
'Till o'er-ſtrain'd, the Jade is ſet, and tires,
And ſinking in the Mud, with Groans expires.

Then *Bl*——*re* ſhall this Favour owe to thee,
That thou perpetuat'ſt his Memory.
Bavius and *Mævius* ſo their Works ſurvive,
And in one ſingle Line of *Virgil*'s live.

To a Famous Doctor and Poet at Sadlers-hall.

IF Wit (as we are told) be a Diſeaſe,
And if Phyſicians cure by Contraries;
Bl——*re* alone the healing Secret knows,
'Tis from his Pen the grand *Elixir* flows.

To the Cheapſide *Quack*; *occaſion'd by this Verſe in the* Satyr againſt Wit.

'Who with more eaſe can cure, than *C——ch* kill.

By a Gentleman whom Dr. C---lb---ch *had cur'd of the Gout.*

By Colonel Johnſon.

HOw durſt thy railing Muſe, vain Wretch, pretend
In baſe Lampoons thus to abuſe my Friend!
Whoſe ſacred Art has freed me from my Pains,
And broke a haughty Tyrant's ſtubborn Chains?
Keep off, for if thou com'ſt within my Clutches,
I'll baſte thy Knighthood with my quondam Crutches.
The gen'rous Wine that does my Sorrows drown,
The charming *Cælia* that my Nights does crown,
The manly pleaſures of the ſporting Fields,
The gay delights the pompous *Drama* yields;
All this, and more, to his great Skill I owe,
Such Bleſſings can thy boaſted Helps beſtow?
The Snuff of Life, perhaps thy feeble Art
May fondly lengthen to thy Patient's ſmart;
But Health no more 'tis in thy Pow'r to give,
Than thy dull Muſe can make her Heroes live.
Ev'n War and Plague of killing to arraign
In thee, is moſt nonſenſical and vain:
Thee, who a branded Killer art declar'd
In both Capacities of Quack and Bard.

What-

Whatever Sots to thy Preſcriptions fly,
For their vain Confidence, are ſure to die;
And whate'er Argument thy Muſe employs,
Her awkward, ſtupid Management deſtroys.
Death with ſure Steps thy Doſes ſtill attends,
And Death too follows, whom thy Muſe commends,
What can eſcape thy all-deſtroying Quill
When ev'n thy Cordials, and thy Praiſes kill?
Thy Mother, ſure, when in Deſpair and Pain (*Cain.*
She brought thee forth, thought of the Murd'rer

To that moſt Incomparable Bard and Quack, the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

By Tho. Cheek, *Eſq;*

I Charge thee, Knight, in Great *Apollo*'s Name,
If thou'rt not dead to all Reproof and Shame,
Either thy Rhimes or Clyſters to diſclaim.
Both are too much, one feeble Brain to rack,
Beſides, the Bard will ſoon undo the Quack.
Such Shoals of Readers thy damn'd Fuſtian kills,
Thoul't ſcarce leave one alive to take thy Pills.

A merry Ballad on the City Bard.

By the Honourable Richard Nort---n.

To a new Play-houſe Tune.

IN *London* City, near *Cheapſide*,
A wond'rous Bard does dwell
Whoſe *Epics* (if they're not bely'd)
Do *Virgil*'s far excel.
A ſprightly Wit and Perſon join'd,
Both Poet and Phyſician;
Artiſt as famous in his Kind,
For ought I know, as *Titian*.
In Coffee-houſes pureſt Air,
His foggy Lines he writes,
In Fields of Duſt and Spittle there
His *Britiſh* Hero fights.
By ſudden Motion then o'erta'en,
The Privy-houſe he chuſes;
Great are his Thoughts, and great his Pain,
And yet no Time he loſes.
Grip'd in his Guts and Muſe, he there indites,
And praiſes *Arthur* moſt, when moſt he ſh---

The End of the Collection.

An

An Elegy on that most Orthodox, and Pains-taking Divine, Mr. Samuel Smith, *Ordinary of* Newgate, *who dy'd of a Quinsey, on St.* Bartholomew's *Day, the 24th of* August, 1698.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

TYburn, lament, in pensive sable mourn,
For from the World thy ancient Priest is torn.
Death, cruel Death, thy learn'd Divine has ended,
And by a Quinsey, from his Place suspended.
Thus he expir'd in his old Occupation,
And as he liv'd, he dy'd, by Suffocation.

Thou, reverend Pillar of the tripple Tree,
I would say Post, for it was prop'd by thee;
Thou Penny-Chronicler of hasty Fate,
Death's Annalist, Reformer of the State;
Cut-throat of Texts, and Chaplain of the Halter,
In whose sage presence Vice it self did faulter.
How many Criminals by thee assisted,
Old *Smith*, have been most orthodoxly twisted?
And when they labour'd with a dying Qualm,
Were decently suspended to a Psalm?

How

How oft haſt thou ſet harden'd Rogues a ſqueaking,
By urging the great Sin of Sabbath-breaking;
And ſav'd Delinquents from old *Nick*'s Embraces,
By flaſhing Fire and Brimſtone in their Faces?

Thou wa'ſt a Goſpel-*Smith*, and after Sentence,
Brought'ſt Sinners to the Anvil of Repentance;
And tho' they prov'd obdurate at the Seſſions,
Could'ſt hammer out of them moſt ſtrange Con-
(feſſions,
When Plate was ſtray'd, and Silver Spoons were
(miſſing,
And Chamber-maid betray'd by *Judas* kiſſing,

Thy Chriſtian Bowels chearfully extended
Towards ſuch, as by their *Mammon* were befriended.
Tho' *Culprit* in enormous Acts was taken,
Thou would'ſt deviſe a way to ſave his Bacon;
And if his Purſe could bleed a half Piſtole,
Legit, my Lord, he reads, upon my Soul.
Spite of thy Charity to dying Wretches,
Some Fools would live to bilk thy Gallows-Speeches.
But who'd refuſe, that has a taſte of Writing,
To hang, for one learn'd Speech of thy inditing.
Thou alway'ſt had'ſt a conſcientious itching,
To reſcue Penitents from *Pluto*'s Kitchen;
And haſt committed upon many a Soul,
A pious Theft, but ſo St. *Auſtin* ſtole.
And Shoals of Robbers, purg'd of ſinful Leaven,
By thee were ſet in the high Road to Heaven.

With ſev'ral Mayors haſt thou eat Beef and
(Muſtard,
And frail Mince-pyes, and tranſitory Cuſtard.
But now that learned Head in Duſt is laid,
Which has ſo ſweetly ſung, and ſweetly pray'd:
Yet tho' thy outward Man is gone and rotten,
Thy better part ſhall never be forgotten

While

While *Newgate* is a Manſion for good Fellows,
And *Sternhold*'s Rhimes are murder'd at the Gallows;
While *Holborn*-Cits at Executions gape,
And Cut-purſe follow'd is by Man of Crape;
While *Grub-ſtreet* Muſe, in Garrets moſt ſublime,
Trafficks in Doggerel, and aſpires to Rhime;
Thy deathleſs Name and Memory ſhall reign,
From fam'd St. *Giles*, to *Smithfield*, and *Duck-lane*.
But ſince thy Death does general Sorrow give,
We hope, thou in thy Succeſſor will live.
Newgate and *Tyburn* jointly give their Votes,
Thou may'ſt ſucceeded be by Doctor *Oates*.

An Epitaph upon that profound and learned Caſuiſt, the late Ordinary *of* Newgate.

UNDER this Stone
Lies a reverend Drone,
To *Tyburn* well known;
Who preach'd againſt Sin,
With a terrible Grin,
In which ſome may think, that he acted but odly,
Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the Godly.
In time of great need,
In caſe he were fee'd,
He'd teach one to read
Old Pot-hooks and Scrawls,
As ancient as *Pauls*.
But if no Money came,
You might hang for old *Sam*,

And

And founder'd in Pſalter,
Be ty'd to a Halter.

This Prieſt was well hung,
I mean with a Tongue,
And bold Sons of Vice,
Would diſarm in a trice;
And draw Tears from a Flint,
Or the Devil was in't.
If a Sinner came him nigh,
With Soul black as Chimney,
And had but the Senſe
To give him the pence,
With a little Church-paint
He'd make him a Saint.
He underſtood Phyſick,
And cur'd Cough and Ptiſick;
And in ſhort all the Ills
That we find in the Bills,
With a ſovereign Balm,
The World calls a Pſalm.

Thus his *Newgate-birds* once, in the ſpace of a Moon,
Tho' they liv'd to no Purpoſe, they dy'd to ſome (Tune.

In Death was his Hope,
For he liv'd by a Rope.
Yet this, by the way,
In his praiſe we may ſay,
That, like a true Friend,
He his Flock did attend,
Ev'n to the World's end,
And car'd not to ſtart
From Sledge, or from Cart,
'Till he firſt ſaw them wear
Knots under their Ear;
And merrily ſwing,
In a well-twiſted ſtring.

But if any dy'd hard,
And left no Reward,
As I told you before,
He'd inhance their old ſcore,
And kill them again
With his murdering Pen.

Thus he kept Sin in awe,
And ſupported the Law;
But, oh! cruel Fate!
So unkind, tho' I ſay't,
Laſt week, to our Grief,
Grim Death, that old Thief,
Alas, and alack,
Had the boldneſs to pack
This old Prieſt on his Back,
And whither he's gone,
Is not certainly known.
But a Man may conclude,
Without being rude,
That Orthodox *Sam*
His Flock would not ſham;
And to ſhew himſelf to 'em a Paſtor moſt civil,
As he led, ſo he follow'd them all to the D——l.

The

The Wonder of Wonders; or, a rich Vintner, and no Cuckold.

OH! happy *F—ck*, thou alone art he,
From jealous Stings, and forked Antlers free;
No am'rous Coxcombs clutter round thy Bar,
To breathe their Paſſions in thy Help-mate's Ear;
Or at thy Bride their ſquinting Glances throw;
Whilſt thou art mixing fatal Wines below,
Such that with ſcorching Fevers fill our Veins,
And with inebrious Fumes diſtract our Brains.

The bouncing partner of thy Nuptial Joys,
Who crowds thy Nurs'ry with ſuch thumping Boys,
Graces the Conſines of her chaulky Throne,
At leaſt with two Cart loads of Fleſh and Bone;
And ſeems, by her huge Sarazanick Face,
To be deriv'd of old *Tagenna*'s Race;
Who was, if ancient Writers do not lye,
Twelve Fathom thick, and ſeventy Cubits high.
But thine's a *Fairy* to ſo tall a Dame,
And cannot tow'r to ſuch a lofty Fame;
Yet none that ever view'd her, makes a doubt,
But that ſhe's ſix Foot high, and twelve about;
Yet ſh'as ſuch Charms in her gigantick Face,
And moves with ſuch an Elephant-like Grace,
That were *Antæus* living, thou might'ſt dread
A Rival then that might adorn thy Head.
But ſince Mankind to Pigmies are declin'd,
And no ſuch monſtrous Men we now can find,
Thou'rt ſafe from all the horned Plagues that wait
On Love, and need not fear *Acteon*'s Fate;

For

For tho' thy Bride appears ſo fat and fine,
She's far too big for any Arms but thine.

What, tho' no Moon at full, with all her Light,
Can ſhew a Countenance more large and bright;
And that her ſnowy Breaſts look big, and ſpread,
Like two peck Loaves of whiteſt Flour made;
Yet who can tell but that which hidden lies,
May prove by chance of a delightful ſize,
Since *Greenland* Sea-men from Experience note,
That the huge Whale has but a narrow Throat:
The mighty Monſter arm'd with Iv'ry Tooth,
Tho' large his Limbs, has but a little Mouth.

What, tho' her Belly looks as if ſhe bore
Beneath her Clouts, a Sack of Malt before,
To keep the ſpacious Centre of her Charms
Beyond the luſtful reach of common Arms;
For her Temptation, as ſhe upright ſtands,
Lies too remote by much, for humane Hands;
And from Aſſaults and Bobs is ſafe and free,
'Till Love's huge Pillars are diſclos'd for thee.

What, tho' her ſwelling Buttocks chafe behind,
And like too Mill-ſtones, as ſhe waddles, grind;
It is a pleaſing Sign, ſhe has no need
Of artful Pillows in her Nuptial Bed;
But that ſh'as Fleſh enough, when hugg'd at Night,
To raiſe her Charms to a convenient height.

Therefore make much of thy gigantick Bride,
For all the World believes ſhe never try'd
Love's tickling Joys, with any Man beſide.

A Comical Letter, out of the famous Monſieur de Colletier, *to Madamoiſelle de* Choux.

By *Mr.* Tho. Brown.

MADAM,

DID you ever ſee an Almanack in your Life? You'll ſay this is an odd Queſtion. I'll give you the Reaſon then why I ask'd it: There's an odd ſort of a Fellow uſually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant, for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has ſo pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my troth, I look like---- let me think, like what;——like your Ladiſhip's Pin-cuſhion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; for, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers uſe to be) I dropt plumb into your Fiſh-pond, by the ſame token that I hiſs'd like a red hot Horſe-ſhooe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pound to a Peny but I had been drown'd, for, thoſe that came to my Aſſiſtance, left me to ſhift for my ſelf, while they ſcrambled for boil'd Fiſh that were as plentiful as Herrings at *Rotterdam.* Some of my Fellow-ſufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladiſhip, as well as of, Madam, *Your moſt devoted Slave,*

Colletier.

THE

THE
Mourning Poet, &c.

The PREFACE.

I Wont say any thing in behalf of the following POEM. *A Prison is none of the most delightful Places for a Muse to exert her Talent in; and tho' Verse, in respect of Prose, is a confin'd sort of Writing, yet no People hate Confinement more than Poets.*

'Tis true, I as little thought a few Years ago of turning Poet, as, with all due Reverence be it said, any of the most topping Citizens about the Exchange do now; but the Case is alter'd, and for want of employing my Time better (which was none of my own Fault) I was forc'd, and I hope that will justifie me, to employ it in innocent Rhiming.

But let the Versification be what it will, my Subject and Design, I am sure, is virtuous and honest. I plead for Compassion and Pity to our fellow Creatures, and surely we should be asham'd of boasting our selves made after the Divine Likeness, if we don't Copy our Maker in what, with relation to our selves, is the best of his Attributes.

I will not rail at those Persons, by whose Importunity and Management the late Act against poor Prisoners was carried, that were but too miserable before; only it may be worth their while to ruminate a little upon the Apostles Words, Let him that stands take care of falling. *The World's a Lottery, and he that preaches against giving Relief to day, may want it for himself and Family to morrow. That Ill-condition'd Engineer, who presented* Phalaris *with the* brazen Bull, *was the first that handsell'd it. And after all, Why should numberless Wretches starve for a few Delinquents?*

If Numbers signifie any thing to gain a Cause, we have above Sixty Thousand Hands to sign this Paper. We don't pretend to Copy the Impudence of the Legion *Letter; no, 'tis our Business to supplicate, not huff Parliaments; nay, even to speak fair to the meaneſt of our Creditors. But tho' we are far from imitating the Insolence of the late* Legion, *yet 'tis plain the Name but too justly belongs to us, for, Heaven knows, we are a parcel of poor unpitied Devils.*

The

The Mourning Poet: Or, The unknown Comforts of Impriſonment, Calculated for the Meridian of the three populous Univerſities of the Queen's Bench, *the* Marſhalſea *and the* Fleet; *but may indifferently ſerve any Priſon in the Kingdom of* England, *Dominion of* VVales, *or Town of* Berwick *upon* Tweed.

By Mr. Brown, *in the Year* 1703.

SInce my hard Fate has doom'd me to a Jayl,
Some ſcolding Muſe direct me how to rail:
And let this Curſe, by my ill Genius ſent,
As 'tis my Penance, be my Argument.
The Scene of Life with *Black* and *White* ſpread o'er,
Here ſhows us *Want*, and there ſuperfluous *Store*.
The *Rich Man* and the *Poor* be then my Theme;
Having been *both*, I beſt can judge of them.

A *Rich Man*, what is he? Has he a Frame
Diſtinct from others? Or a better Name?
Has he more Legs, more Arms, more Eyes, more Brains?
Has he leſs Care, leſs Croſſes, or leſs Pains?

Can Riches keep the Mortal Wretch from Death?
Or can new Treasures purchase a new Breath?
Or does Heaven send its Love and Mercy more
To *Mammon*'s pamper'd Sons than to the Poor?
If not, why should the Fool take so much State,
Exalt himself and others under-rate?
'Tis senceless Ignorance that sooths his Pride,
And makes him laugh at all the World beside.
But when Excesses bring on Gout or Stone,
All his vain Mirth and Gayety are gone.
Then to make any Truce with his Disease,
And purchase the least interval of Ease,
He'd all his ill-got Magazines resign,
And at Health's Altar Sacrifice his Coin:
And when he dies, for all he looks so high,
He'll make as vile a Skeleton as I.

To number out the several sorts of *Poor*,
Would be to count the Billows on the Shore:
My Muse shall therefore all the rest decline,
And to th' industrious Man her self confine;
Who with incessant Labour strives to live,
And yet by cruel Accidents can't thrive.
To Trace the Original Fountain of his Woe,
From whence the Gross of all his Ills do flow;
With *War* I must begin, whose fatal Doom
Ruins all Trade as well Abroad as Home.
The dire effects the Merchant feels the first,
And all the other Trades by War are curs'd;
The Vitners, whom I own I pity most
Are daily in this cursed scramble lost.
And who can wonder that so many fail,
When righteous Claret truckles to vile Ale,
And *Barcelona* stoops to *Belgick* Mild and Stale.
War (to whose Court all lesser Evils join)
First help'd to circumcise our Current Coin.
'Twas a fine Harvest, when the Clipping Race,
To the conniving Government's disgrace,

Cut

Cut ſhort his Majeſty within the Ring,
And dock'd his Horſe's Tail (God bleſs the King:)
Then Goldſmiths, Scriveners, and the bulky Tribe
Of monied Knaves, too num'rous to deſcribe,
Batten'd apace on this unrighteous Trade,
And at the Realm's expence large Fortune's made;
While the poor half-ſtarv'd Slaves that for them (wrought,
Within the fatal Toil were daily caught;
And to relieve them in their *Tyburn* Qualm,
Troop'd off to the dull Muſick of a Pſalm.

The Charge of War out-balanc'd ſoon our Trade,
As this advanc'd, that palpably decay'd.
And as 'twas ten Years War that ruin'd *Troy*,
So ten Years War did *England*'s Wealth deſtroy.
War, fatal War, the murderer of Trade,
Occaſion'd heavy Taxes for its aid;
It ſet Mercurial Heads at work t' invent
Moſt eaſie ways to ſerve the Government:
NEALE ſtarted firſt, to raiſe a ſpeedy Sum,
A MILLION LOTTERY, let who will come,
No Loſs can happen, but moſt certain Gain;
Sell Lands and Houſes, ne'er was ſuch a Main.
This was a general and inviting Bait,
And did ſo luckily relieve the State,
That the Groom-Porter had Encouragement,
New ſpecious Schemes and Projects to invent.

Next, the old Maids and Batch'lers were cajoll'd,
Fourteen *per Cent* for Life, and well enroll'd:
They drew their Caſh from Commerce and from (Trade,
And laviſhly adventur'd on this *Aid*,
Long may they live, and ſtill (as now) be paid.
At the heels of this, *Survivorſhip* came in,
('Tis hard to ſtop, tho' eaſie to begin)

From six *per Cent*, t'increase as Children die,
So promising a Fund who wou'd not try?
Thus eager Parents paid their Money down,
To make their Children Vassals to the Crown,
And with much Ceremony beg their own.

At last, resolv'd new Methods still t' explore,
As if we ne'er cou'd drain the Nation's store,
The *Bank* peept up, and all before it bore.
As Rivers dutifully glide to pay
Their liquid Tribute, to their Parent Sea.
Nor is it strange; Av'rice is always wise,
And Profit, say the Learned, never lies.
Int'rest at twelve *per Cent*, for Stock advanc'd,
Stock to One hundred thirty Pounds enhanc'd;
So he that had a Thousand Pounds in there,
For Thirteen Hundred strait cou'd sell his Share;
Prodigious Gain! *Such Principal, such Use*
Th' Exchequer pays; *What must th' Exchequer loose*?

But say, my Muse, what harm was it to Trade,
If the Exchequer *Cent per Cent* had paid,
When the Realm's wants requir'd a present Aid?
It made the Nations Debt call for Supplies,
By doubling both the *Customs* and *Excise*;
It fram'd the *Capitation* by Degrees,
Births, Burials, Batchelours, Lights, Lawyers Fees,
Stock, Money, Titles, empty Houses pay,
Altho' the Tenants often run away.

All these, and many more Inventions joyn'd
To pamper War, while sickly Trade declin'd:
Set up *Stock-jobbers* on the Nation's Back,
Whose weight compleated poor *Britannia*'s Wreck.
These Vermin being hatch'd, the numerous Brood
Increas'd, and fatten'd on the Trades-Man's Blood;
If Tally's were deliver'd on some *Aid*,
Stock-jobber fixt, what Money shou'd be paid.

The

The *Legiſlators* gave Encouragement
For Men to work, and truſt the Government;
But tho' a general Good they thus deſign'd,
Thoſe rav'nous *Harpies* of th' *Exchange* combin'd
To fruſtrate All; and deaf to th' Nation's Cries,
Ev'n our beſt Laws turn'd into Merchandiſe;
So that poor Trades-Men for a Hundred Pound,
For Fifty with theſe Raſcals muſt compound,
Or elſe to Gaol; their Wants call for ſupply,
And ready Caſh at any rate they'll buy:
Thus all thoſe Millions given for Supplies,
Thoſe *Caterpillars* ſtill monopolize;
And if we find not out ſome ſpeedy way
To kill theſe Worms that on our Vitals prey,
Commerce, the Nation's Glory, ſoon will fail,
And half our Traders periſh in a Jayl.
Oh, who can bear to ſee ſo many Hands
Lie idle, like uncultivated Lands;
Devour'd by Want, only to gratifie
Senſeleſs Revenge, and brutal Cruelty?

Rome, whoſe Imperial ſway the World obey'd,
Juſtice the Rule of all her Actions made;
And tho' moſt Nations dreaded her Alarms,
Was no leſs famous for her Laws than Arms.
Among the reſt this juſtly claims a place,
And let not *England* think it a diſgrace,
The glorious Empreſs of the World to trace.
" The Debtor had one part, the Creditor two;
Revenge had nothing, nothing was her due.
Credit with us the whole Eſtate doth ſeize,
And on the wretched Debtor's Body preys;
Heav'ns brighteſt Gift, Compaſſion's out of Door;
And he's a graceleſs Reprobate that's poor.

In *France* this Law does ſtill maintain a ſway,
If Trades-Men prove incapable to pay;

Six Perſons of known Truth and Probity,
Make inqueſt what their whole Eſtate may be:
When this is duly done, two parts of three,
They to the Creditor's allotted ſee:
And then one third to th' Debtor is convey'd,
That he may have ſome Stock again to Trade;
How worthy praiſe are ſuch good Acts as theſe?
Conſidering too there's not a peny Fees.
Why ſhould we then our *Engliſh* Laws advance,
And ſcornfully expoſe the Laws of *France*?
Since Subjects, fellow Subjects can deſtroy,
And rob us of our boaſted Liberty.
In *Holland*, if a Creditor thinks fit,
His Debtor to a Priſon to commit,
At his own Charge he muſt maintain him there,
Not let him ſtarve, as Creditors do here.

A Priſon! Heav'ns, I loath the hated name,
Famine's Metropolis, the ſink of Shame,
A nauſeous Sepulchre, whoſe craving Womb
Hourly inters poor Mortals in its Tomb;
By every Plague, and every Ill poſſeſt,
Ev'n Purgatory it ſelf to thee's a Jeſt;
Emblem of Hell, Nurſery of Vice,
Thou crawling Univerſity of Lice:
Where Wretches numberleſs to eaſe their Pains,
With Smoak and Ale delude their penſive Chains.
How ſhall I thee avoid? Or, with what Spell
Diſſolve th' Enchantment of thy Magic Cell?
Ev'n *Fox* himſelf can't boaſt ſo many Martyrs,
As yearly fall within thy wretched Quarters.
Money I've none, and Debts I cannot pay
Unleſs my Vermin will thoſe Debts defray.
Not ſcolding Wife, nor *Inquiſition*'s worſe,
Thou'rt ev'ry Miſchief cramm'd into one Curſe.
May we at laſt the Senate's Mercy find,
And breathe (what Heav'n beſtows on all Mankind;

What

What needy Clowns as well as Monarchs ſhare)
The common Benefit of wholeſome Air:
Then to your Clemency we'll Altars raiſe,
And with united Voice our Benefactors praiſe.

So pray

Threeſcore Thouſand.

A true Copy of a Speech made by an Engliſh *Colonel to his Regiment, immediately before their Tranſportation to* Flanders.

THus far, Gentlemen and fellow Soldiers, I have conducted you, in order to your Tranſportation for *Flanders*. The Honour of the Poſt I now enjoy is due only to his Majeſty's Goodneſs, but the Happineſs which I propoſe to my ſelf in the Poſſeſſion, is a Gift which none but your ſelves can beſtow upon me.

Your civil Deportment and ſtrict Obedience hitherto, I take as an Earneſt of my good Hopes and Succeſſes hereafter; and when I conſider you are *Engliſhmen*, whoſe Loyalty to your Kings, and natural Courage, are celebrated all over *Europe*. I once thought I might have ſpar'd you the trouble of this meeting; but tho' long Speeches are now grown pretty well out of date, yet having ſomething of high Importance to communicate

nicate to you, I am resolv'd rather to be out of Fashion than lose the Opportunity.

I must acquaint you in the first place, that notwithstanding our Loyalty and Courage may be at as high a pitch as any mortal Man can boast of; yet the greatest Loyalty may be debauch'd, and Courage daunted, by the false Suggestions and cunning Insinuations of our Enemies, which Captivating our Understandings, and Perverting our Judgments, disarm us more forcibly than the open Assaults of our Foes.

Honour is such an inseparable Qualification of a Soldier, that when the Honour is gone the Soldier dies, though the Man perhaps may drag on a miserable despis'd Life. Now the Justice of the Cause in which we are to engage, has been always esteem'd the first and greatest Motive to Men of Honour to hazard their Lives and Fortunes upon; and to undergo the Hardships of War, and to appear glorious with all those Wounds, those Scars and Deformities upon them, which still from the Justice of the Cause have ever been reputed Honourable. What Man of Honour then would appear in a villainous Cause, and venture his Limbs and Life, and perhaps his Soul among the rest, in an unjust War? Slaughter in such Cases becomes Murder, Plunder is Robbery and Theft, and Victory it self oftentimes ends in the Destruction of the Conquerors.

Having premis'd these things, I must next observe to you how industriously this War has been misrepresented; and, with Grief and Abhorrence I speak it, some of the great Towns and Places where I have formerly quarter'd, have behav'd themselves

themſelves with a great deal of Rudeneſs upon that Account; I think it therefore my Duty to put you in mind of this, that you may be prepar'd againſt it. Many of thoſe brave Fellows that at the firſt raiſing of my Regiment came in Volunteers, have already been buried in the Bed of Honour; to you therefore that have never croſs'd the Seas 'tis I am chiefly ſpeaking; it may be of uſe to you to know what kind of Reception and Entertainment you are to expect Abroad. You, Gentlemen and fellow Soldiers, that have been ſharers in our Sufferings, as well as in our repeated Victories, will be inform'd of what has paſs'd at Home, and conſequently all of you be convinc'd of the Juſtice of our Cauſe.

I ſhall begin at the Fountain and Head of all Juſtice and Honour, I mean King *William*, and follow the ſtream of his moſt admirable Qualifications, until they are loſt in the vaſt Ocean of noble Thought. Firſt then, he is our Natural and Hereditary King, and Sovereign Liege Lord, and we his natural born Subjects. Had I no more than this to ſay of him, it were enough to confirm our bounden Duty and Loyalty to him. What, Gentlemen, can be more Juſt and Honourable than to obſerve the inviolable Laws of Nature? And what Man of Honour can forbear to bluſh, to hear himſelf charg'd with Diſobedience, after ſuch ſtrong and inviolable Obligations.

The Crimes which we commit againſt Nature, make us degenerate below the level of brute Creatures, who, even without the aſſiſtance of Reaſon, preſerve the Law of Nature; from the Kid and his Dam to the Lyon's Whelp, and the fierceſt Lyoneſs. All Creatures by Nature follow thoſe which

which nouriſh and preſerve them, and ſhall w
whoſe Profeſſion and Reward too is Honour, ſha
we forſake our Natural Hereditary King, wh
is our Common Father as well as our Pro
tector?

But to proceed; were he not our King, ye
we have ſo many Obligations to him, that would
ſilence all our Complaints. He it is, who at the
hazard of his Life, and at his own Expence, for
our ſakes only, has conſented to accept of Three
troubleſome Crowns, to deliver us from the Two
dreadful Monſters, Popery and Slavery. He it
is that brought in with him Peace and Plenty,
and has inſur'd them to us and our Poſterity, be-
yond the poſſibility of being again depriv'd of
them. He it is that ſo Tenderly and Compaſſion-
nately loves us, that he holds our Lives in the
Palms of his Hands, and is ſo cautious of expo-
ſing them to the common Danger, that he con-
ſtantly heaps up his own Countrymen as a Bul-
work before us, whilſt himſelf remains in the
Rear to favour our Retreat, if there ſhould be
occaſion.

In his Nature he is Affable, Courteous and Li-
beral, even to a fault; he is likewiſe extremely
Merciful and Compaſſionate, and ſo free from all
Ambition and Tyranny, the common and daring
Vices of Princes, that he hath divided his Throne
with the Conſort of his Bed, and hath entruſted
his Power to the Will of his People. But, not
to dwell too long upon Words, I proceed to Ef-
fects, which are more convincing, by how much
they are the more ſenſible to us.

Firſt,

First, From the beginning of his Reign how ee have we been from unneceſſary Taxes? How o we wallow in Peace and Plenty, and are ſe- ure, even from the Rumours of War? Is not our Trade increas'd, and our Merchants free'd al- moſt from the Apprehenſions of Loſs by the Seas? Are not the Prices of Food and Rayment conſi- derably decreas'd, and every thing in a moſt regu- ar and flouriſhing Condition? And more than ll, is not Juſtice equally diſtributed, and are not he Liberty and Property of the Subject as dear o him as his Prerogative? Have the Nobility, Gentry or Commonalty known of any illegal Fines or Impriſonments? Have we had any ſuch thing s brib'd Parliaments, and has not the Church of *England* been always beſt encourag'd and ſupport- ed during his whole Government?

Have the Spoils of our Enemies been given to Foreigners, or Honours and Employments beſtow- ed upon Strangers? Are not our Councils guided by the beſt of our Nobility, and the Cabinet by the Perſons who moſt love, and are moſt be- lov'd, of the *Engliſh* Nation? Is not the Trade and *Engliſh* Intereſt promoted, almoſt to the ruin of *Holland*, and are they not ready to ſink to their poor diſtreſſed State again for want of Traffick, whilſt we ride Maſters of the Ocean, and Import to them all Foreign Commodities, upon *Engliſh* Bottoms, to the eternal Glory of our King, and our own inexhauſtible Profit?

Are we now infeſted, as in former Reigns, with ſwarms of *Hugonots*, that like Maw-worms in our Bowels, eat up the Bread of the poorer Trades- men, and ſtarve the Wives and Families of our willing and induſtrious Natives? Or are our Pa-

laces

laces guarded by Foreigners, to the diſhonour o
our Countrymen? Or our Armies commanded b
Hogan Mogan Generals that hate our Nation
Have not the *Engliſh* the preference Abroad, bot
as to Pay and Poſt of Honour? And are not th
Sums given by Parliament conſtantly imploy'
for the Uſe of our Countrymen only?

My Hearts, are we not always led on to certai
Victory by our Brave and Wiſe Commander? O
if any of us drop, or are wounded, is not there
the greateſt Care imaginable taken of us? Are we
not welcom'd by the *Dutch* with high Civilities
and Reſpect, and upon all Occaſions, truſted with
more than we ſhall ever be able to pay? Do they
not Congratulate our Arrival among them with
the moſt ſincere and affectionate Demonſtrations
of Love and Honour, and lament our departure
as if they had parted with their Guardian Angels?
Are not our Sailors paid and encourag'd to that
degree that there is hardly any need of Preſs-
Maſters?

To conclude, for what Tongue or Pencil can
ſufficiently repreſent the inconceivable Vertues of
our gallant Commander; ſhould I compare him
with the braveſt of his Predeceſſors, it would
raiſe his Glories to ſo high a pitch that it would
blind the Eyes of the univerſe, by gazing too
ſtedfaſtly upon his inſupportable Luſtre. Com-
pariſons, ſays the Proverb, are Odious, therefore
I ſhall forbear giving my ſelf or you any farther
trouble in that reſpect.

To conclude all, fellow Soldiers, if all that has
or can be ſaid, were omitted, yet is there one
Conſideration hitherto untouch'd, ſufficient of it
ſelf to elevate our Courage and Reſolution to the
nobleſt

noble∫t Emulation, and fix upon us all the mo∫t lurable Sentiments of Love and Loyalty. In ∫hort, we are now, by the exalted Care and Goodne∫s of our Generals, upon the very brink of entring upon that Stage of Glory, where the greate∫t Captains and the Heroes of the Age are proud to bear a part. We, our ſelves, ſhall be Actors in thoſe famous Tragedies, which will repreſent us in Hiſtory as the Ornaments of all Ages.

To us it is granted to be inſtructed in the noble Diſcipline of Marching and Countermarching, which is the Perfection and Conſummation of the utmoſt Art of War. To us it is given to divide the Spoils of our Enemies, and ſhare in the Trophies of deſperate and deciſive Battles: And to us, and us only, is allow'd the Honour of all the moſt hazardous Attacks and Enterprizes, by which means 'tis highly evident, that we are diſtinguiſh'd from the *Dutch*, and all other Foreign Troops. All this and abundantly much more which might be ſaid, will, I don't doubt, ſufficiently ſatisfie you how great is the Honour, Juſtice, Equity, Prudence, Piety and many more innumerable Advantages of our Glorious Cauſe.

Thus far, as I ſaid, Gentlemen and Companions in Arms, I have brought you, and if I have detain'd you longer than I intended, remember the boundleſs Character of our inimitable Captain, and his wonderful Qualifications have been the occaſion of it. I ſhall now diſmiſs you till a fair Gale wafts us over to the *Elizian* Fields of *Flanders*, where, in all probability, the fate of War will put a glorious end to the many Misfortunes and Hardſhips of a Soldiers Life.

When

When the Colonel had done, a ſtout Volunteer addreſſed himſelf in the following manner to his Commander and the reſt of his fellow Soldiers;

MOſt Noble Colonel, your fine Speech has been ſo pleaſant and grateful to us all, eſpecially to my ſelf, that I rather wiſh you had added much more than left off ſo ſoon; but ſince your Honour hath been pleas'd to take ſo much Pains for our Satisfaction, I beſeech you, Sir, to give a poor Soldier leave to mind you of one Point that ſeems to require a more full and ample Explication.

I had the fortune to be born the younger Son of an *Engliſh* Yeoman, now call'd forſooth, a Gentleman; my Father had 80 good Pounds *per Ann.* he kept a good Houſe, and we had Beef and Pudding and Nog, to content. My Elder Brother had the good luck to be brought up in the way of his Anceſtors, that is, to the Plough, and a quiet Country Life; but, for my part, my Father, who was now a Gentleman, reſolv'd that I ſhould be Book learn'd, and ſo I was laſh'd from School to School, until at laſt I became a poor Scholar in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*. But the exceſſive Taxes, Polls and Prizes of all Neceſſaries, ſince the Revolution, growing too heavy for my Father's Income, to allow any thing conſiderable towards my Support, I was forc'd, *ſuper pedes Apoſtolorum*, to make the beſt of my way back into the Country. I had not been there long but I perceiv'd my Father's way of living was entirely alter'd, and our Commons grown ſo ſhort, that my poor Brains were almoſt turn'd with Grief and Melancholy; and, to add to my Afflictions, the Vicar of our Pariſh, who for a long time had been

an

an hoſpitable good Fellow, had ſhut up his Shop, and boarded upon meer Element and Barley Dumplin, at a poor Farmer's Houſe in the Village.

Lord, Noble Colonel, had you ſeen this diſmal Revolution in our Town, it would have broke even your own courageous Heart; for my part, I was not able to bear it any longer, but had fix'd my Thoughts upon ſeeking my Fortune. In ſhort, I reſolved to *abandon Dwelling*, and ſaving your preſence, *out I went a Colonelling*; *London* is the place I fix'd upon as the center of my Hopes, but long I had not been there, when my ſmall Stock being almoſt ſpent, I found it abſolutely neceſſary to think of ſome Employment: I had heard of ſuch as Knights of the Pad, and of the Poſt, which, as they told me, theſe hard Times a great many Gentlemen had been conſtrain'd to take up with. Others adviſ'd me to get my ſelf admitted into the united Company of *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Clippers and Coiners, but obſerving many hopeful young Gentlemen of thoſe Profeſſions, ſolemnly conducted up *High Holborn*, it ſoon check'd my Inclination againſt any of thoſe Vocations. I reſolv'd then to ſhere into the City, to try what luck I could find there, and, if poſſible, to bind my ſelf out an Apprentice to ſome honeſt Handy-craft Trade. But when I look'd into the Shops, inſtead of being buſied in ſelling their Goods, and anſwering Cuſtomers, I ſaw moſt of the 'Prentices either aſleep or at play, or elſe the Shops as empty as if the Houſe had been infected with the Plague. I eaſily invited one or two of them to drink a Pot with me, where they told me moſt diſmal Stories of Trade, and generally ſwore to me, that a Man had better be a Hangman in theſe Times than a Tradeſman. I ſoon took leave of

theſe uncomfortable Companions, reſolving to ſee what was to be done in the remoter Parts of the City, and accordingly I happen'd unluckily to fall into *Spittle-Fields*. But, noble Colonel, had your Honour ſeen the poor *Engliſh* Weavers, Button Makers, *&c.* ſitting at their Doors with their Wives and Children, curſing and railing at the *French* Dogs, as they call'd them, for taking the Bread out of their Mouths. Had your Honour heard them blaſpheming the Government, or ſmell the Hogo of their Onions and Garlick, you muſt have had ſtrange Ideas of the Miſery of thoſe unfortunate People. I ſoon took my leave of this Quarter too, and finding that there was but ſmall Proſpect of any good to be done at Land, I reſolved to try my Fortune in a Sea Expedition. In order to that, I ſet ſail for *Wapping*, not queſtioning but conſidering I was five Foot and nine Inches at leaſt, I ſhould find ſome honeſt Maſter that would entertain me on Board.

But would you believe it, Sir, the Seamen were all fled with as much diligence from thence as I had taken care to get thither; ſo that I ſcarce found any Body but ſhoals of Seamens Widows and Wives, with their Children and Orphans bitterly exclaiming againſt Preſs-Maſters, the Navy-Office, *&c.* I was ſoon weary of this Place alſo, which I look'd upon as the Repreſentative of Hell it ſelf, for I found nothing but weeping, wailing and gnaſhing of Teeth. Back then I return'd to *Holborn*, where, as my good or bad Stars guided me, I heard a Drum, and ſeeing the Majeſty of a Serjeant, furiouſly marching with his Halberd in the front of the Rabble; right or wrong I reſolv'd to Liſt my ſelf immediately for a Soldier. The firſt thing I did, was to enquire who was the Colonel, who I found

to

to be your Honour; and hearing all People giving you the Character of a good Officer, and an honeſt Gentleman, I was willing to take on; and now here I am, noble Colonel, at your Service.

And now, Sir, I have troubled you with all this, only to ſhew you and my fellow Soldiers, that it was Neceſſity, and not Choice, that brought me hither; and, to be plain with you, I neither regard the Juſtice or Injuſtice of the Cauſe. I neither fight for King *William*, nor againſt King *James*, but I venture my Life to preſerve my Life by Bread and Pay, and ſo I believe do moſt of thoſe that are here preſent, begging your Honours pardon if I am miſtaken in your ſelf.

Your Honour knows that a luſty young Man's Life is valued at ſeven Years Purchaſe, and to venture ſeven Years Purchaſe againſt five Pence a Day, is ſuch a ſcandalous Bargain that the Devil himſelf would be aſham'd of, if he had any other way to help himſelf. Now if we want our Pay we want all Things, and by conſequence get nothing but blows and ſtarving for all our hazards, but that I hope will never be our Caſe whilſt your Honour is at our Head.

And now, moſt noble Colonel, I only beg the liberty of one Word more; ſince I was admitted into this Honourable and Beneficial Employment, I have kept Company with many of my own Profeſſion, ſome ſerv'd in *Flanders* under the Duke of *Monmouth*; and theſe unanimouſly commend the good Uſage and good Pay they receiv'd in that Service. I have alſo convers'd with others that ſerv'd under the late King *James*, and when I enquire of them how they were treated and paid in thoſe Days, they fall a ſighing and ſobbing as if

their Hearts would break; and I can hardly get any thing from them but, Ah, ſhall we never ſee thoſe glorious Days again; and ſhew ſuch Raptures of Grief and Love for their Memories, that they almoſt amaze me. But truly, Noble Colonel, when I diſcourſe with thoſe that have made theſe laſt Campaigns in *Flanders*, all of them univerſally, except thoſe of your Honour's Regiment, have given a Relation ſo contrary to thoſe of the former, and eſpecially as to the main Points of Pay and good Uſage, that if your Honour would be pleas'd to give us a ſatisfactory Word or two in thoſe two grand Particulars, which, I can aſſure you, Sir, are the principal Motives to us, your Honour may be fully aſſur'd, that like true born *Engliſhmen*, we ſhall all follow you thro' all ſorts of Danger, without any regard to the Cauſe. We will follow you, Sir, thro' Fire as well as Water, even to the Gates of *Paris*, if you command us, and pay us well. *Here the young Fellow ended, and having made a very low Obeiſance, the Colonel ſmiling made this ſhort Reply.*

YOung Man, I have heard your long Speech with patience, and forgive many Impertinences in it; and that nothing may be wanting to your intire Satisfaction, take this in anſwer to the two main Points you ſpeak of.

Firſt, Gentlemen, I do moſt ſolemnly promiſe, that I will do my utmoſt that your Uſage in *Flanders* ſhall be ſuch as ſhall be worthy of *Engliſhmen*, and the Goodneſs and Juſtice of your Cauſe. And next, as to your Pay, I do here give you my Word and Honour, that you ſhall be, all of you, certainly paid before you return for *England*; in the mean time I command you to your Quarters, and recommend your reſpective Landladies to your Care and good Management.

THE

The Widow's Wedding: Or, A true Account of Dr. Oats's *Marriage with a Muggletonian Widow in* Breadſtreet, London, Auguſt *the* 18*th.* 1693. *In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.*

SIR,

THE only News of Importance I have to communicate to you at preſent is, that the Famous and Never-to-be-forgotten Dr. *Oats* was married the beginning of this Week. You know for a Perſon of his Conſtitution that always expreſs'd, and perhaps inherited, an Averſion to the Fair Sex; and beſides, had found out a back Door to beſtow his Kindneſs and Strength elſewhere, to confine himſelf at laſt to the inſipid Duties of Matrimony, is as unnatural and unexpected a Change, as for an old Miſer to turn Prodigal. And this perhaps was the ſurpriſing Revolution which moſt of our Almanacks, both at Home and Abroad threatned us with in the Month of *Auguſt*. I remember I happen'd to be at *Garraway*'s when a Gentleman came in and told us the News. Immediately all other Diſcourſe ceas'd, *Eaſt-India* Actions, the price of Pepper, and riſing of Currants; not a word of our Army in *Flanders*, or the Siege of *Belgrade*, the *Turkey* Fleet and the Battle of *Landen* were not men-

tion'd in two hours after. Nay, the Duke of *Savoy*, who is now working Miracles for us at *Piedmont*, was wholly laid aſide. Every Body ſtood amaz'd, and it was a conſiderable time before they could recover themſelves out of this Aſtoniſhment. At laſt an old Gentleman, at the upper end of the Table, broke the ſilence, and made himſelf and the Company very merry at the Dr.'s Expence. I remember, ſays he, I have ſomewhere read, that when *Eraſmus* heard that *Martin Luther*, of bleſſed Memory, was Married, he would ſay in a jeſting manner, That if, according to the old Tradition, Antichriſt was to be got between a Monk and a Nun, the World was now in a fair way to have a Litter of the ſort. Not that I would (continues he) apply this Story to the Doctor, for God forbid that we ſhould live to ſee a Brood of ſucking Antichriſts come out of the Doctor's Loins. My meaning is only this, that ſince the Saviour of the Nation has join'd his ſaving Faculty with a damning Talent (for you are to underſtand his Lady is a Muggletonian) and thoſe People pretend to have the Power of Damnation; we may now expect to ſee a Motley Race of half Saviours and half Damners. Hold you there crys another Gentleman, you ought to have ſaid half Damners and half Saviours; for ſince the Mother's is the ſureſt ſide, if the Doctor lives to have Children, they'll damn in all likelihood before they'll ſave.

The Doctor (as I have been acquainted by ſeveral of his intimate Friends) had two Reaſons to incline him to marry in his old Age. The firſt was his great Concern to ſee the Noble Army of Evidences defeated, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale* and *Dangerfield* ſleeping with their Fathers, *viz.* the Witneſſes that ſwore againſt *Suſanna*, and thoſe that

that ſtoned St. *Stephen*; *Fuller*, who with good Management, would have made a cleaver Fellow, buried alive in a Priſon, *Et cætera*. *Young*, his Virtuous Companion, routed paſt all hopes of rallying. Others, at the ſight of a Pillory or Whipping-poſt, utterly diſcountenanc'd and aſham'd of their Profeſſion. So the Doctor finding the whole hopes of the Family of the *Evidences* cent'ring in himſelf, and that if due care were not taken, the Species would be intirely loſt, reſolv'd, as far as in him lay, to prevent its utter Extinction, and to raiſe up Seed to the Popiſh Plot himſelf.

In the ſecond place, the Doctor was touch'd in Conſcience for ſome Juvenile Gambols that ſhall be nameleſs. It ſeems tho' he had pitied the other Corruptions of Popery, yet he ſtill fanſied Cardinaliſm. Now all the World knows Conſcience is a ſad terrible thing; what ſays the Doctor's Friend St. *Auſtin?* Why, *Conſcientia mille Teſtes*, Conſcience is a thouſand Witneſſes. It is therefore to be admir'd if the Doctor, who, make the beſt of him, is but one ſingle Witneſs, and ſcarce that, found himſelf forc'd to yield to a thouſand? So then, as I ſaid before, his Conſcience perpetually alarming and diſturbing him, the Doctor, merely at laſt for his own eaſe and quiet, made a Vow to ſow his wild Oats, and not to hide the Talent which God had plentifully given him in an *Italian* Napkin. No ſooner was this pious Reſolution communicated to his Friends, who were mightily pleas'd at the News, but they look'd out ſharp to find him a proper Yoke fellow. It was repreſented to him, that a Maid was by no means for his turn; the Doctor was fat and purſie; a Maidenhead was not to be got without much drudging for't; and beſides, 'twas

now juſt the Dog Days, and who knew but the Doctor's Reins might receive great Damage, in caſe of a violent Encounter. At laſt an Independent Miniſter adviſ'd him to Mrs. *Margaret Wells* of *Breadſtreet* (whoſe former Husband was a Muggletonian, and ſhe continued of the ſame perſwaſion) urging this Argument in her behalf, that in her the Doctor might have open and free ingreſs, egreſs and regreſs as oft as he pleas'd. That as he might enjoy her without the ſweat of, ſo he might eternally live with her without the leaſt peril of his Brows, ſhe being no Charmer, and conſequently would not equip him with a pair of Horns, which he knew the Doctor abominated, as being Marks of the Beaſt, and altogether Popiſh. The Doctor liked the Propoſal, and at the firſt Interview was ſo extremely ſmitten with the Gravity and Goodneſs of her Perſon, that he could neither eat (which was much) nor drink (which was more) 'till the Buſineſs was concluded.

A comical Paſſage happen'd at the *Commons*, which I think very well worth ſending you: The Doctor going thither for a Licence, two ſcurvy Queſtions were ask'd him; the firſt was, Whether he would have a Licence to Marry a Boy or a Girl? The ſecond, Whether he would have a Licence for behind or before? At this the Doctor loſt all patience, held up his Cane, and thunder'd out, you Raſcal, as thick as Hops, 'till upon the Proctor's crying *Peccavi*, the Sky clear'd up again.

The Articles of Marriage were as follows,

Imprimis, The Doctor promiſes, *in verbo ſacerdotis*, to keep ne'er a Male Servant in his Houſe under Sixty, and to hang up the Picture of the Deſtruction of *Sodom* in his Bed-chamber, *ad refricandam*

dam Memoriam, and to teach his Children to ſwear as ſoon as they can ſpeak.

Item, The Doctor promiſes that he will never offer to attack, either in Bed or Couch, Joint-ſtool or Table, the Body of the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, *a parte poſt*, but to comfort, refreſh and relieve her, *a parte ante*; giving the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, in caſe he offend after that manner, full leave to make her ſelf amends before, as ſhe pleaſes. As alſo on a ſecond Treſpaſs to burn his Peace-maker; however, with this Proviſo, that whenever the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells* happens to be under the Dominion of the Moon, that is to ſay, whenever it is Term Time with the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, then the abovemention'd Doctor ſhall have full Power, Liberty and Authority to enter the *Weſtminſter-Hall* of her Body at which Door he pleaſes. This laſt Clauſe was not obtain'd 'till after a ſtiff diſpute on the Doctor's part, who threatned to break off if it were denied him. The other Articles, as leſs conſiderable, I paſs over to come to the main buſineſs in Hand, the Marriage.

On the 17th of this preſent *Auguſt* the Doctor was new waſh'd and trim'd, with a large ſacerdotal Roſe in his Hat, and all his other Clergy Equipage, came to the Houſe of an Anabaptiſt Teacher in the City; where, in the Face of a numerous Aſſembly, conſiſting of all Sorts, Diviſions and Sub-diviſions of Proteſtants, he was Married to Mrs. *Margaret Wells*. The Doctor was obſerv'd to be very merry all Dinner time, and the largeſt part of his Face, meaning his Chin, mov'd notably. There ſtood right over againſt him a mighty Sir-loin of Beef, to which he ſhew'd as little Compaſſion as he did the Jeſuits in time of the Plot.

After

After Dinner 6 Fifth Monarchy Men, larded with as many Ranters, danc'd a Spiritual Jig, and 12 ſweet Singers of *Iſrael* employ'd their melodious Quail-pipes all the while. But Madam *Salamanca*, for ſo we muſt now call her, ſeem'd not to be much affected with this Diverſion, but look'd very Diſconſolate and Melancholy. One of the Siſterhood ask'd, why on a day of Rejoycing ſhe expreſs'd ſo much Sorrow in her Looks? To which Madam *Oats*, after a deep ſigh or two, anſwer'd,

That ſhe very much doubted, like the *Staffordſhire* Miller that mounted King *Charles* after the *Worceſter* Fight, upon one of his Mill-horſes, whether ſhe ſhould be able to bear the weight of the Preſerver of three Nations.

Thus the Time was agreeably ſpent 'till ten, and then the Bell rung to Prayers, and then his Spouſe, after the laudable Cuſtom of *England*, being gone before, the Dr. reſolutely march'd to the place of Execution. There was no Sack-Poſſet, nor throwing the Stocking, both thoſe Ceremonies being look'd upon as Superſtitious, and Things of meer Human Invention. The Bed continued in a trembling fit moſt part of the Night, for 'tis not doubted but the Dr. acquitted himſelf manfully; ſince the good Woman has already aſſur'd her Midwife, that the Doctor fought out all his Fingers, and ſhe began to find an Alteration in her Conſtitution. An Aſtronomer in *Moorfields* has been conſulted upon this Occaſion, and he foretels it will be a Boy, which has made the Doctor very buſie among the *Hebrew* roots to find out a proper Name for his Son.

I am your Servant,
Tho. Brown.

At

An Elegy in Memory of the Gallant Viſcount Dundee, *who was kill'd by a random Shot, after he had won the Battle at* Gillecrankey. *Writ by Mr.* Brown, *at the Requeſt of Dr.* Griffith *and Mr.* Burges.

Fors & virtus miſcentur in unum.
Vir. Æneid. 12.

GOddeſs, to urge me on forbear,
Or make my mournful *Song* thy care;
Oppreſs'd with Doubts, and mighty Woe,
I'd ſing the *Man*, that all *Mankind* ſhou'd know,
How brave he fought, how conquer'd, and how fell,
And in what *Cauſe* aſſiſt me whilſt I tell.
Quickly the *News* was hither brought,
Too true, alas, that he was dead,
And all our Expectations fled;
But yet we would not entertain the Thought.
Between th' extreams of *Hope* and *Fear*,
Confus'd we ſtood the Truth to hear,
Until 'twas made at laſt too plain,
Beyond all doubt the great unconquer'd *Man* was (ſlain.

Forgive

Forgive me, *Heaven*, that *impious Thought*,
At firſt I queſtion'd your *Supreme Decree*,
Love to my *King* the Madneſs wrought,
And Grief for the World's Loſs, the brave
(*DUNDEE.*
Oh! frail Eſtate of Things below,
Well to our coſt your emptineſs we know.
Scarce from the *fury* he had paſs'd
Of a miſtaken factious *Race*,
But other Dangers follow him as faſt,
And trace him as he goes from *Place* to *Place*.
His *Friends* deſert, his *Foes* purſue,
Yet ſtill undaunted he goes on;
New Dangers but his *Mind* and *Strength* renew,
So Brave, ſo Juſt and Good was this unalter'd Man.

Tho' much o'er-match in *Men and Arms*,
His *Cauſe* and *Courage* only beſt,
And his Example far above the reſt:
Firmly reſolv'd he meets the *numerous Foe*,
But firſt with *chearful Anger* in his Face,
Soldiers and *Friends* he ſpoke, I'm ſure you know,
For what Intent, and for whoſe ſake we go;
And then he bow'd, and briefly told the Caſe.

His Speech to his Soldiers.

A *King Entail'd* by long *Deſcent*,
Equal almoſt to Time in its extent,
Robb'd of his *Throne*, for ſure it muſt be ſo;
Nor *God* nor *Nature* can,
Only *preſumptuous* Man,
Be guilty of ſo black an Overthrow.
What's worſe, to palliate the *pretence*
Harmleſs Religion too is brought,
Falſly and indirectly us'd,
And all her ſacred *Myſteries* abus'd,
Beyond what the dark *Sibyls* ever taught. And

And can we bear, my Friends, this great Offence?
Can we ſtand idle by,
And ſee our *Mother* robb'd, at laſt condemn'd to die?
And not endeavour for ſome Recompence.
Envy and *Fraud*, *Hypocriſie* and *Pride*,
And bold *Ambition* arm'd for *Parricide*;
The certain loſs of *Liberty* and *Laws*,
And *Uſurpation* an intolerable Cauſe.
All theſe and more, have brought us here;
Let no Man doubt, let no Man fear,
His *Cauſe* is *Juſt*, and if he falls to day,
For ſo by chance he may.
At worſt his *Name* ſhall wear
A large and noble *Character*;
But his exalted *Soul* ſhall fly
The boundleſs pitch of vaſt *Eternity*.

He ſpoke; his Soldiers much approve,
Deſpair and *Fear* quit ev'ry Breaſt,
Rage and *Revenge* their place poſſeſs'd:
And then with wond'rous *Order* t'wards the *Foe* they mov'd,
But who th' *Amazement* and th' *Affright* can tell,
That on the other *Army* fell?
Or who without *Aſtoniſhment* can ſay,
The *wonderous Things* this great Man did that Day?
In vain their routed *Squadrons* fly,
In vain aloud for help they cry,
The *Battle*'s loſt, and they muſt *yield*, or *die*.

But ſee of Human Things the brittle ſtate,
The only beſt, and beſt deſerving Man,
That ſhould have breath'd beyond the *common Span*,
The laſt that meets *Triumphantly* his Fate;
As he was lifting up his Hand,
To give the finiſhing Command,

Comes

Comes a malicious random Shot,
And ſtruck the *Victor* dead upon the ſpot.
Methinks I ſee the wounded *Hero* lie,
Too good to live, and yet too brave to die;
I hear him bleſs his *Cauſe*, and more he had to ſay,
But, oh! the haſty Soul could make no longer ſtay.

Unconquer'd Man farewel,
Now thou art gone to dwell
Where thou ſhalt be intirely free,
From all the Curſes of *Mortality.*
No anxious Thoughts ſhall wrack thy Breaſt,
No *Factions* ſhall diſturb thy Reſt;
Nor ſhalt thou be by *Tyranny* oppreſs'd.
Thy *Learning* and thy *Parts*,
Thy *Knowledge* in the nobleſt, uſeful Arts,
Thy Converſation and thy *Wit*,
Spoke thee for *Earth* unmeet, for *Heaven* only fit.
Live bleſs'd above, almoſt invok'd below;
Live, and accept this *pious Vow*,
Our *Captain* once, our *Guardian Angel* now.
Live and enjoy, thoſe great *Rewards* are due,
To thoſe who to their *Prince* are Faithful, Juſt and
(True.

When he had finiſh'd his Poem, he inclos'd it in the following Letter to Dr. *Griffith*, and ſent it the next Night to the Club, which was then at the *Caſtle Tavern* in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

Dear Doctor,

AT your Requeſt I have writ ſomething, which, if you think fit, you may call an *Elegy* upon the *Viſcount Dundee.* But in truth, Sir, I am ſo ill acquainted with that kind of Writing, that I could have wiſh'd you would have pitch'd upon ſome Body elſe for your *Operator.* As for

Cramb

Crambo, *Acroſtick*, *Anagram*, and ſuch ſort of *Performances*, I think my ſelf not much below my Name-ſake *Durfey*, or any other of the *Gentlemen* of that *Order*; but for this *Elegiack* way, I know no more of it, with reſpect to his *Holineſs* be it ſpoken, than the *Pope* of *Rome*. I was two Days at leaſt hunting for a *Precedent*, at laſt I fell in with Mr. *Cowley*'s *Imitation of* Pindar, whom I have been ſo *impudent* to attempt to Mimick; ſo that if this mighty *Production* ſhould ever paſs into any other Hands, it muſt be dignify'd with the *Title of a Pindarick Elegy*, *in Imitation of Mr.* Cowley. But, Sir, to be a little ſerious, I am afraid I have not treated this great Man's *Character* as he deſerves; and withal, I am told Mr. *Dryden* has ſomething of this Nature new upon the *Stocks*, ſo I muſt beg of you, upon theſe and other weighty Conſiderations, that after you have read over the *Paper* you'll immediately apply it to the proper uſe. Sir, you ſee by this how ready I am, and always ſhall be, to obey your Commands; and to take all Opportunities to approve my ſelf

Sep. 27. 1689. *Your moſt obedient Servant*,

Tho. Brown

England's

England's *Triumph for their Conqueſt in* Flanders, *in the Year* 1694. *when the* French *took* Namur, *worſted us at* Steenkirk, *and General* Talmaſh *was kill'd at the Deſcent upon* Breſt. *A Burleſque Poem.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

WHen *People* find their *Money* ſpent,
They recollect which way it went,
The like in order to prevent
for future.

That *Money*'s ſpent I need not tell,
The *French King*'s *Tyranny* to quell,
I'm ſure we muſt remember well,
'tis true, Sir.

But leaſt that we ſhould think it vain,
Our *Engliſh Feats* I will proclaim,
And what we did the laſt *Campaign*
in *Flanders.*

With *Money* fluſh'd, and Arms good ſtore,
We'd touch the *French* to the quick we ſwore,
With that in haſte we hurry'd o'er
Commanders.

But ſcarce they'd ſet their foot on ſhore
But *News* was brought that *Luxemburg*
Had actually beſieg'd *Namure*,
nigh *Liege*, Sir.

This *Action* put 'em in amaze,
And yet if they ſhould make delays,
They thought they hardly e'er ſhould raiſe
the Siege, Sir.

With that they ſummon all their force,
Full fourſcore thouſand *Foot* and *Horſe*
That never flinch, nor hang an Arſe
when fighting.

But yet all this did prove in vain,
They not an inch of Ground could gain,
There was ſuch *Storms* of *Thunder*, *Rain*
and Light'ning.

The Seaſon bad did make 'em fret,
Not that they fear'd the *French* a bit,
But that it was ſo curſed wet,
raw Weather.

And raiſe the *Siege* they could not do't,
It was ſo dirty under foot,
The *French* were ſtrong intrench'd to boot,
together.

On this they frequent Counſels call,
In which they *voted* one and all,
That leaſt the *French* ſhould chance to maul
the Army,

'Twas better let the *Town* be taken
Provided they could ſave their *Bacon*;
The *Weather* too in time might happen
leſs Stormy.

Thus being, as you hear, diſtreſs'd,
They think it now high time to reſt,
And full two Months they took at leaſt
to do it.

When thus refreſh'd, then up they roſe
And ſwore if none did them oppoſe,
They'd be reveng'd, and make their *Foes*
to rue it.

Away they march with full intent
To pay theſe *French* a Complement,
And drub them to their Hearts content,
but mark, Sir.

The *French* their coming underſtood
And therefore lin'd a little Wood,
Where they their *Party* did make good
'till dark, Sir.

Theſe cunning Rogues had manag'd ſo
That we receiv'd another blow,
Which might have prov'd our overthrow,
pray mind it.

Here our poor *Engliſh* go to pot,
Becauſe, forſooth, it is their Lot
To undergo all *Service* hot,
we find it.

We had about *ſeven thouſand ſlain*,
But that is nothing in the main,
Conſidering what we hope to gain
next battle.

Then we'll recover all again,
With one of ours we'll kill them ten,
'Till we have waſted all their Men,
mere rattle.

But now tho' this *Attempt* did fail,
W'had ſtill a *Trick* that would prevail,
And make *Monſieur* his Stars bewail,
with Sorrow.

We had a *Project* under-hand
That ſoon would make him underſtand,
He muſt no longer keep the *Land*
h' had borrow'd

Th

This *noble Whim* to execute
A mighty *Fleet* was fitted out,
And *Talmaſh* is the Man muſt do't,
or no Man.

Away he goes, with might and main,
To try if he could footing gain,
But there the *Gallant Man* is ſlain,
brave *Roman.*

Namure we ſaw to *France* ſubmit,
At *Steenkirk* w' had enough of it,
And the *Deſcent* did prove beſhit
all over.

Our *Conqueſt* thus at length you view,
And how the *French* we did ſubdue,
Our *Triumphs* next I will to you
diſcover.

The *Tower Guns* were all prepar'd,
And Fire-works on Lighters rear'd;
But what came on them, I ne'er heard
a verbum.

In Houſes all Folks ſet up Lights,
Only ſome ſawcy *Jacobites*,
Who were all put to mortal frights
to curb 'em.

Firſt came the *Guards* to clear the way,
And next a '*Squire* in Boots of Hay,
Upon a *Nag* moſt miſerably
Jaded.

Maſons and *Bricklayers* with their Rules,
Join with the other *Rout of Fools*,
Who were to be the *Party's Tools*
perſwaded.

Next theſe in *droves* the Rabble come,
In one Hand Club, in t'other Stone,
Thoſe *Windows* that had Candles none
to batter.

Laſt came a *Coach*, in which there ſate
Four *Lords*, who went, as *People* prate,
The *General* to congratulate
and flatter.

But after all, it muſt be ſaid,
Our *Conqueſt* was not quite ſo bad,
But they theſe *Triumphs* merited
and more, Sir.

For never yet, as I preſume,
Was *Britiſh Prince*, or *Emp'ror of Rome*,
With Farthing *Candles* lighted Home
before, Sir.

Mr. Brown's Extempore *Verſion of two Verſes out of* Martial, *occaſion'd by a Clamorous Dun, who vow'd ſhe would not leave him 'till ſhe had her Money.*

SExte, nihil debes; nil debes, Sexte, fatemur,
Debet enim ſi quis ſolvere, Sexte, poteſt.

Sextus thou nothing ow'ſt, nothing I ſay,
He ſomething owes that ſomething has to pay.

Mr.

Mr. Brown's *Character of the Dukes and Dutcheſſes.*

THE *Dukes* we have of ſeveral Claſſes,
Some Wiſe and Great, ſome perfect Aſſes,
Some have quick Heads, ſome have ſlow Heads,
Some have great Heads, ſome have no Heads;
Some have *Courage*, *Wit* and *Beauty*,
Some have *Honour*, *Sence* and *Duty*,
And ſome there be too that have neither,
So they're a *Hodge podge* mix'd together.

The *Dutcheſſes* likewiſe are a *huddle of Creatures*
That differ as much in their Minds as their *Features*;
Some are Fair, and yet *Vertuous*, *Religious* and *Good*,
Some Ugly, yet Proud, ſome *Old* and yet *Lewd*;
And the miſchief on't is, that the Breed is ſo croſs'd,
In an Age or two more all the *Good* will be loſt;
For if whoring goes on as it has done of late,
We ſhall have all *Baſtards* at the head of the *State*.

Mr. Stacy *going to viſit Mr.* Brown *in a Morning, found him in Bed; and, after ſome Complaints for want of Sleep, he repeats to him the Verſes following, which he call'd a* Morning Whim.

GReat *God* of *Sleep*, if now thou art awake,
And hear'ſt the Vows poor watchful *Mortals* (make;
Raiſe all the Vapours under thy Command,
And make each Rebel Sex pay homage to thy Wand.
All Things but I a peaceful *Sabbath* keep,
The Sea it ſelf is wearied into Sleep,
All huſh'd and calm, forgets that e'er it roar'd,
And all its noiſe is but as if it ſnor'd.

Doubtleſs ſome happy *Lovers* now may lie,
Immers'd in Joys, and dread thy Company;
Leave them all looſe to bliſs, but fetter me,
What I a Bleſſing call, they'll count a Robbery.
Let them purſue with Vigour their delight,
And in ſhort ſlumbers paſs away the Night;
But touch me quickly, with thy charming *Rod*,
That I may *ſleep* and *dream* that thou'rt a God.

To the memory of Mr. Hender Silly, *of* Trevalvar *in* Cornwall. *An Ode in Imitation of Mr.* Oldham.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

'TWas a great *Truth*, ſpoke by the *wiſeſt King*,
That better is the Day of *Death*,
Than that curs'd *Day* that gives us Birth;
Since nothing here can any Comfort bring,
And Life, at beſt, is ſo unfix'd a thing.
In vain, alas in vain,
With ſo much care and Pain,
We ſtrive a little longer time to gain:
'Tis *nonſence*, all that we can do.
Our utmoſt *Arts* are *nonſence* all;
Diſeaſes, *Death* and deep *Deſpair*,
Attend us ev'ry where,
And upon wretched Men do undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

Farewel

Farewel the laſt, and of thy *Race* the beſt,
For thee *Trevalvar* hangs its Head;
Thy Tenants and thy Servants too,
With deep and unexhauſted Woe,
Lament their *Generous Maſter* dead.
But why do I diſturb the *good Man's reſt?*
Vain *Muſe*, to urge me on forbear,
We cannot reach his *Character*;
His worth deſerves a better Pen.
Poor artleſs me———
Shall only ſoil his *Memory*;
His worth deſerves an *Oldham's* Muſe,
And *Oldham* ſure would not refuſe
To place his Name i' the higheſt *Rank* of Men.

Oldham, forgive me, I invoke thy Name,
Thou that ſo well couldſt raiſe
Thy deareſt *Morwents*, and thy *Maſter's* Praiſe,
To th' utmoſt pitch of unexhauſted Fame.
Thy *Friend* and mine were ſurely near ally'd,
For *Virtue* both, and *noble Acts compleat*
Above *Deſign*, above *Revenge* or *Pride*;
Great without *Pomp*, and without *Grandure* great;
They were no *Apes* nor *Peacocks* of the *Town*,
No fluttering *Creatures* only fit for ſhew,
They were indeed, as all that knew 'em own,
Above the common ſize of every thing below,
To ſpeak 'em both in one *Epitomy*,
They were what ev'ry brave Man is, and ev'ry one
(ſhould be,

Farewel, dear Friend, again *farewel*,
Now thou art gone to dwell
Where thou ſhalt be intirely free
From all the *Curſes* of *Mortality*.
This Life is nothing but a *Name*,
And all our noiſe of *Wealth* and *Fame*,

Is merely but an *empty ſound*,
That like a *Taper* under Ground,
Goes out as ſoon as found.
Why ſhould we then his Loſs complain?
Why ſhould we wiſh him here again,
To run another round of *Sickneſs*, *Care* and *Pain*?
And yet 'tis pity he ſhould die,
Without the Pomp of *Elegy*;
Great Men and *Good* ſhould be the *Muſes care*,
And *Ages* yet to come, their *Virtues* ſhare.
And ſurely none could be more fit than he
To be a *ſtanding Guide* to late *Poſterity*.

A Preface ſent by Mr. Brown *to the Author of the* Engliſh *Marſhal, &c. Printed* 1699.

WIthout formal *Petition*
Thus ſtands my *Condition*,
I am cloſely block'd up in a *Garret*,
Where I *ſcribble* and *ſmoak*,
And ſadly invoke
The powerful aſſiſtance of *CLARRET*.
Four *Children* and a *Wife*,
'Tis hard, on my Life,
Beſide my *ſelf* and a *Muſe*,
To be all *cloath'd* and *fed*,
Now the *Times* are ſo dead,
By my *ſcribbling* of *Dogg'rel* and *News*.
And what I ſhall do,
I'm a *Wretch* if I know,
So hard is the fate of a *Poet*;
I muſt either turn *Rogue*,
Or, what's as bad, *Pedagogue*,
And ſo drudge like a *Thing* that has no wit.

My

My *Leve*'s all Duns,
Attended by *Bums*,
And my *Landlady* too ſhe's *Teazer*,
At leaſt four times a day
She warns me away,
And what can a Man do to pleaſe her.
Here's the *Victualler* and *Vinter*,
The *Cook* and the *Printer*
With their *Myrmidons* hovering about, Sir.
The *Taylor* and *Draper*,
With the *Cur* that ſells *Paper*,
That in ſhort I dare not ſtir out, Sir.
But my *Book* ſure may go,
My Maſter *Ovid*'s did ſo,
And tell how doleful the *Caſe* is;
If it don't move your *pity*
To make ſhort of my *Ditty*,
'Twill ſerve you to wipe your Arſes.

A Letter from Mr. Brickland, *an* Oxford *Taylor, to Mr.* Thomas Brown, *with Mr.* Brown's *Anſwer.*

Lightning and *Deſtruction*, Mr. *Brown*, what do you mean? My *Wife*, my *Man* and *I*, have been theſe three Days in purſuit of you, to no purpoſe. My *Wife* has been at all your haunts, from *Boccardo* to *Frier Bacon*'s *Study*; my *Man* has hunted all *Holywell* and St. *Giles*, and *I*, my ſelf, have been at all the Ale-houſes and Bawdy-houſes in St. *Thomas*'s, St. *Towl*'s and St. *Ann*'s, but the Devil a word was to be heard of Mr. *Brown*. When you have no *Money* you're eaſie enough to be

be found; then you're to be heard of at *Mother Carpenter*'s, or at *Hart*'s, *Harding*'s, or ſome other of your *Offices*, where either you, or any of your *Comrogues* have any Credit. What the *Devil*, is the Devil in you, to keep a *Body* out of a *Body*'s *Money* when a *Body* wants it? *Gad's Fleſh and Blood* you'd make a *Body* mad: And there's your two Pupils, *Heywood* and *Goſney* too, owe me for two *Suits* and a *Gown* each, and have put me off with their *ſlim ſlams* for this five Months; but I'll be ſerv'd ſo no longer by them, nor you, nor no *Body* elſe. I'll get leave, and one *Writ* will ſerve you all, and have you I will, if among the Living; and to *Boccardo* you go, and there you ſhall lie 'till you're as rotten as ſo many *Medlers*. 'Tis a very hard Caſe, that you'll ſpend the *Money* you had ſent you, and neither your *Bedmaker*, *Waſher-woman*, nor any of your *Creditors*, of which I am the chief, ſhould have one Shilling. This is the old way; but look you, Sir, your ſhams ſhan't always ſerve your turn, and I am reſolv'd to be as troubleſome and malicious as I can, unleſs ſpeedily paid, and then you ſhall find me your humble Servant, as formerly, to command,

John Brickland.

From my Houſe, near the May-pole, Sept. 27. *being* Saturday.

As ſoon as this Letter came to Hand, *Tom* Summons a *Committee* to meet at *Mother Carpenter*'s, to conſider what Anſwer was fit to be return'd in an *Affair* of ſo great *Importance*, where 'twas concluded Mr. *Brown* was the propereſt *Perſon* to draw it up, which he did in the following manner, and ſuperſcrib'd, *To Mr.* John Brickland, *Taylor in* Oxon.

We

We the under-written *Simon Heywood*, *Richard Goſney*, *John White*, *Stephen Townſend*, and *Thomas Brown*, having maturely conſider'd the Purport of your *Charge*, drawn up againſt us in an *Epiſtolary Remonſtrance*, *dated from your own Houſe*, *near the* May-pole, 27th *of* Sept. *being* Saturday, do think it neceſſary, in behalf of our ſelves and the reſt of your *Cuſtomers*, *Under-graduates* of the Univerſity of *Oxford*, to obſerve to you, that long *Truſt* and good Manners are the moſt exemplary Qualifications of a *Taylor*, and the ſureſt way for you to preſerve your old *Cuſtomers*, gain new Ones, and recover your *Debts*. But, Sir, we muſt give you to underſtand, that if you continue to treat us in this *Contumelious*, *Ænigmatical* and *Scandalous* Manner, we ſhall immediately proceed to ſuch *Terms* of *Reſentment*, that will not only oblige you to reſtrain your *Wife* from ſuch unneceſſary *Purſuits*; but likewiſe conſult ſuch other *Methods* as for the future ſhall engage both your ſelf and Man to keep your ſelves more ſtrictly within the limits of your own *Juriſdiction*. Look you, Mr. *Brickland*, this is our *Reſolution*, that if you ſhould, for the time to come, diſturb us any more with your *dunning Epiſtles*, or attempt to put us under any other *Difficulties*, we ſhall not only put our ſelves upon our *Guard*, and endeavour to repel *force* with *force*; but withal, unanimouſly determine not to pay you one Shilling for theſe twelve Months next enſuing the date hereof; but if you keep your Temper, give good Words, and more Credit; if we, or any of us ſhall have any juſt Occaſion, then you may depend upon it, when the next Returns come, you ſhall aſſuredly come in for a ſnack, according to the true Intent and Meaning of theſe *Preſents*. *Given under our Hands this* 5th *day of* October, &c.

A Letter to Mr. Musidorus Burghope, *late Curate of* Clerkenwel, *upon his being disappointed of a* Preferment *promis'd to him by a* Friend *at Court.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

I find, *Dorus*, thy dependance is as *Romantick* as thy *Name*; with what Justice or Probability could'st thou expect *Preferment* from the single Promise of a *Courtier*; didst thou know 'em as well as I, thou wou'dst not have hanker'd after one of 'em so long, and spent so much precious Time in making *Cringes* and *Grimaces* to a *mercenary Varlet*. Indeed I thought thou hadst had so many living and dead *Precedents* before thee, that thou hadst wanted no Caution, otherwise I would have been Impertinent, and sent thee one of my own. I beg you, Sir, to excuse me for being so free, and believe it nothing but the *mortal Aversion* I have to these *Court Parasites* could induce me to it. I confess 'tis a rude way of condoling with you upon so great a Disappointment, which I know you must take this to be, but I protest I can't help it. I all along dreaded the Consequence, I knew you was neither Knave nor Fool enough to come up to their Expectations, and without being eminent

eminent in one of those Characters, there is very little Expectation. I could dwell spightfully upon this Subject for an hour or two, but I'm afraid I have press'd it too far already, so will only for a Conclusion add this short Stanza, which has swam at top of my Brains, ever since I heard of your Miscarriage.

Fly this ungrateful *Town*, all *Courts* despise,
And ne'er disturb thy *Soul* with thoughts to rise;
Ne'er think thy *Merits* can *Preferment* get,
But be a *Rogue*, and then you may be great.
Vertue has no *Prerogative* at *Court*,
It only serves 'em there for *Scorn* and *Sport*.
The Knaves and Villains rise, the good Men fall,
And the same Fate does still attend you all;
Then let us try to find some safe Retreat,
Where we may live secure, but never great,
Where we may laugh at *Fools* and *Knaves* of State,
And be above Contempt, below all Hate,
In a safe, honest, middle Country State.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,
and fellow Sufferer,
June 29. 1698. THO. BROWN.

Mr. Brown *upon the four Verses writ by Mr.* John T---ham *in the Parliament House of Office.*

AS a Member sat shiting, belching and spewing,
Near the Place that's appointed for the Nation's undoing,
A Motion unlucky his fancy did hit,
So he pull'd out his Pencil and Writ as he shit,
Our Fathers took Oaths as of old they took Wives,
To have and to hold for the term of their Lives:

But

But we take our Oaths as our Whores for our eas
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when the
(pleas

Mr. Stacy's *Letter to Mr* Brown, *with Six Queries i Metre, with Mr.* Brown's *Answer.*

Dear Tom,

THis *impertinent young Coxcomb* has sent his *Iris Valet* this Morning with the *Queries*, who says his Instructions are to stay 'till they are done. I believe the Fellow takes us for a brace of Coblers, that can make forty or fifty Verses as soon as they can set on a pair of Heel-pieces. I don't know how the Spirit may move you, but I can tell you, for my own part, you kept me up so confounded late, and gave me so much of that nasty heavy Port, that I must be drawn through the Sheets four times at least, before I shall be fit for any thing. I think, *Tom*, as Cases stand, 'tis not adviseable to disoblige this Spark; prethee therefore get up, and think upon some sort of Answer, and send it to me by two a Clock; you know him better than I, and so are the best Judge what kind of Dogerel will best fit his *Constitution*; at five I'll be at *Sam*'s. Interim

Hora septima mane.

Adieu.

The

The Queries.

Query 1.

Whether he be a *Member* of the *Old* or the *New* (Church,
That would ſet up a *Whig* 'gainſt a Son of the true (Church?

Qu. 2.

Or whether he merits the Name of a *Prieſt*,
That makes his *Office* a *Tool*, and *Religion* a *Jeſt*?

Qu. 3.

Whether he, as things ſtand, be a fit *Legiſlator*,
That's by Nature a *Whig*, and a *Monarchy hater*?

Qu. 4.

Or whether the *Nation* may with ſafety depend,
On the Man that's untrue to his *Truſt* and his *Friend*?

Qu. 5.

If a National Church ben't in dangerous Condition,
That purely pretended for *Place* or *Commiſſion*?

Qu. 6.

Or whether it may not be fairly ſuſpected,
But the *Church* is undone if the *Bill* be rejected?

SIR,

ACcording to your Summons, I have ſent Solutions to the 'Squires Important Queries; and I think, without Vanity, I may venture to affirm I have in all reſpects adapted 'em ſo well, that neither he nor you can find fault. I am confident I am as profoundly dull as he can pretend to, tho' that's no eaſie Matter, I can aſſure you; for, between you and I, 'tis as difficult upon ſome Occaſions to be dull as to be witty, *&c.* At five I'll be with you at the Coffee-Houſe, and hope you'll take care that the 'Squire ſhall be there too, that he may pay for his Curioſity. A Capon and Six Bottles is the prime

prime Coſt, and *Glover* has the beſt Wine in Town.

Yours,
T. BROWN.

Anſwer 1.

Without conſulting the Stars, you may, Sir, conclude,
That he that a Whig on the Houſe would intrude,
Can have no good Eſteem for the Old and the True (Church,
But inclines to the Party would bring in a New (Church.

Anſw. 2.

Thoſe Prelates and Prieſts that their Office divide,
And Vote with the Faction againſt their own Tribe;
Take 'em which way you will, they're half Knaves (and half Fools,
Or a mixture of both to make proper Tools.
Such Wretches as thoſe are a ſcorn to the Name,
To the Church, to the Clergy, to Religion a ſhame.

Anſw. 3.

The Foes to the Church and the Crown are unfit,
In Places of Truſt, or Preferment to ſit;
They cannot be faithful, pretend what they will,
The Cauſe is in Nature, and the Whig's a Whig (ſtill.

Anſw. 4.

I cannot conceive how the Realm can depend
On a Man that's unjuſt to his Word, or his Friend;
For ſooner or later he'll find out a way,
How to ſave his own Head, he his Prince may betray.
If with Pride, or Revenge, or with Int'reſt he burns,
The Brute, like the Dog, to his vomit returns.
How unhappy's the Prince, how unhappy's the (Nation,
When from Raſcals, like theſe, they hold Preſerva- (tion?

Such

Such Villains as theſe all honeſt Men hate,
They're a Snare to the Crown, and a Curſe to the
(State.

Anſw. 5.

The Church is moſt certain in dang'rous Condition
When made a pretence for a Place or Commiſſion,
When Rebels and Fools are in Dignities plac'd,
And Learned Men ſlighted, and Loyal diſgrac'd:
Let them grumble and ſnarl like the Dog in the
(Manger,
It can ne'er paſs with me, but the Church is in
(Danger.

Anſw. 6.

If this Bill be rejected, as indeed I ſuſpect,
The Whigs will ſoon find their miſtake by th'effect;
For the Friends to the Church will never give o'er,
'Till they've reſcu'd her quite from Fanatical
(Power.

They will never ſtand by, and tamely ſurvey,
Rebellion gain ground, and Religion decay,
Whilſt the Qu---n is their Friend, and Duty com-
(mands,
'Tis nonſence to think that they'll hold their Hands.
No, no, they'll proceed to ſecure the Church ſtill,
Tho' the B----ps and Whigs ſhould throw out the
(Bill.

A ſhort Satyr upon an Occaſional Conformiſt, made at the Caſtle Tavern *in* Fleetſtreet, *the Night the Houſe of Lords threw out the Bill to prevent Occaſional Conformity.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

YOU curſed Nonconforming Conformiſt,
Your wicked Practice puts me in amaze!
The Church and all Religion is your Jeſt,
And you'd uſe neither, but to ſerve your Cauſe.
With falſe Pretences you do baſely gild
That holy Principle call'd Conſcience ſake.
In you are Satan's Oracles fulfill'd,
If you do good 'tis purely out of hate.
You cry up Loyalty, the Qu---n and Church,
But what that means, 'tis eaſie to foreſee,
You want the Power to leave them both i'th' lurch,
And ſo at once deſtroy the Monarchy.
And you can ſwear too, then again forſwear,
And yet you ſay an Oaths a ſacred Thing;
Such wicked Oaths once coſt poor *England* dear,
Witneſs the barbarous Murder of the King.
You take your Oaths as Lawyers take their Bills,
Firſt take it, then expreſs your canting dread,
As they their Clients, you the Factious Tribe
By wicked Arts, and in Paths deſtructive lead.

You

You Non-conforming Conformist beware,
'Tis insolent to play your Tricks with Heaven.
Such Villany as yours does Justice dare,
And rarely, very rarely is forgiven.

A Whig Psalm, to the Tune of, Hey Boys up go we: *Sung at Dr.* Burgess's *Meeting-House, the* Sunday *after the Bill to prevent Occasional Conformity, and the Resumption Bill was brought into the House of Commons.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

COme all you Whigs of every sort, and let's to (plotting fall,
For if these cursed Bills should pass we should be (ruin'd all;
These Bills our Modern Friends destroy, those (Friends so well respected,
Then let us Pray and Plot, and Plot and Pray these (Bills may be rejected.

Mr. Brown's *Character of the Jacobite Clergy, found among his private Papers, and ſuppos'd to be writ upon the Occaſion of Mr* Stacy's *Anſwer to the* Satyr *againſt the* French *King.*

THE Jacobite Clergy are ſuch a Generation of Vipers, ſo envenom'd with the poyſonous Pamphlets of the Obſervator, that you would ſwear they had made it their Buſineſs to ſwallow thoſe weekly Paſquils, and that the Sayings of that bewitching Author being digeſted in their Stomachs, was turn'd to real Nouriſhment. They are a numerous Gang, and haunt *Sam*'s Coffe-Houſe in Shoals, where they ſit croaking like Frogs in *March*, againſt the Government. If they are of the Tribe of *Levi*, the only reaſon to be given for it is this, that they are ſo butcherly inveterate againſt the Sichemite Whigs, upon pretence that they have raviſh'd their Siſter *Dinah*, the Church. They cannot ſtudy for hearkening after News, and in Parliament time the Court of *Requeſt* is ſo crowded with 'em, as if the Pope's Conſiſtory ſate in the *Painted Chamber*. If they can but get to be a Lord's Chaplain, they immediately whip on a long Scarf, and then *Lucifer* was not prouder when he exalted himſelf upon the Mountain of the Congregation of *Iſrael*; and yet theſe Scarfs are eaſily come by, for a Man that ſhew'd the Poppet Play of the Creation of the World the other day, may lay as good a Title to one if he could but ſlubber over a few Prayers in a Lady's Family. The

They are a ſort of mere Divinity Meteors that run whisking up and down, to miſguide the wandring People, and vent their undigeſted Conceits as the wind of their airy Fanſies agitates them. You cannot perceive 'em to be Cripples, and yet there is not one of them but halts innormouſly between God and *Baal*. They pretend to be Proteſtants, but with an extraordinary Inclination to Popery. Strange that ſuch hot-headed Sparks as theſe ſhould pretend ſo much to Paſſive Obedience, but that's a Vertue which they only think fit for the Practice of others, not for themſelves. They make uſe of it as Houſe-breakers do of their little Engines called Betties, to force open Mens Conſciences, that they may have the better Opportunity to rob them of their Underſtanding. Touch them in their Intereſt, and theſe preſently cry out, *'Tis better to ſerve God than Man*; and their King, *de Jure* inſtantly commences rank Tyrant. To have done with 'em; their vain Hopes perſwade them to obey King *James*, and their groundleſs Fears to diſobey King *William*; and thus they hope in a Popiſh Prince, and are afraid of a Proteſtant King; abandon the Happineſs they may expect from the one, and feed themſelves with empty Expectations from the other; like ſome Men, they are afraid of Heaven, and chuſe rather to relie upon the Devil's Civility in the future State.

In ſhort, they are the Dregs, and *Caput mortuum* of Humane Society, fit for nothing but to be thrown upon the Dung-hill; or, if they may be ſaid to ſerve for any thing, 'tis only to provoke the Anger of Heaven, and to be the Combuſtible ſtuff to kindle the general Conflagration.

That they may have two Strings to their Bow, that upon the return of their Idol, they may be in a readineſs to fall down and worſhip his Will and Pleaſure. If the Church of *Rome* would but releaſe her Penances, their Work were done; for tho' they have an unmerciful Inclination to the whipping of others, they have a mortal Averſion to it themſelves. They are the *Pompeys* and *Cæſars* of Divinity, and can endure neither Equals nor Superiors; and rather than a Diſſenter ſhould be one among them, if it were in their Power they would Sacrifice them all to *Moloch*. They ſay that *Nebuchadnezzar* did very well to throw the three Diſſenting Children into the fiery Furnace, becauſe they would not conform to the Church by Law Eſtabliſh'd. Had they liv'd in the Time of the Ten Perſecutions, what glorious riddance would they have made among the Non-conforming Chriſtians; or, if any thing would have ſav'd a Remnant, it muſt have been their Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience. They Idolize King *James* as the Heathens did their falſe Gods, firſt make the Idol, and then Worſhip it themſelves. Tyranny is the *Moloch* to which they would offer not only their own Poſterity, but their Native Country, 'till they had made *England*, in a literal Senſe, like the Valley of *Gehinnom*. They pretend to be the true Sons of the Church of *England*, and yet treat her in all reſpects like a Step-Mother, by offering the price of her Preſervation to the Mercy of her profeſs'd Enemies; and in ſo doing they preſume to avoid the Characters of Traytors by betraying themſelves; as if the Church would ever be able to give them ſuck, after they aſſiſted in cutting off her Nipples, from whence it is plain, that they are neither well read, either in Scripture or *Machiavil*, tho' it ſhows as truly that their Inclinations are better fitted

fitted for Politicks than Divinity. All this while how they ſhould be ſo tenderly affected for the Misfortunes of King *James* is a wonder, when they are ſo generally Uncharitable and Cenſorious one towards another.

They would be the beſt Marks-men in the Univerſe if they could bring but a great Gun, as well as a little Text, to bear upon all they aim at. To prove Epiſcopacy, they ſlubber over all other Scripture, and take this, *Sirs, what ſhall I do to be ſav'd?* becauſe the *Greek* word *Sirs* ſignifies *Lords*, that therefore they were all Biſhops that were ſpoke to.

Another, to preach up Kingly Government, choſe for his Text, *ſeek firſt the Kingdom of God*, not the Commonwealth of God, nor the Ariſtocraſie of God, but the Kingdom of God, *ergo* Kingly Government is the beſt Government. Another, to prove Non-reſiſtance, finds out that *Abraham* begat *Iſaac*, and from thence infers, that if *Abraham* had not been *Sarah*'s Maſter, and inhabited with her, he had never begat *Iſaac*. Another, to ſhew the Unlawfulneſs of the Bill of Excluſion, quotes this Text, *It is not lawful to do evil that good may come of it.* Another, to prove the excellency of the Monarchy, picks up theſe Words, *When there was no King in* Iſrael *every one did that which was lawful in his own Eyes*; for had there been a King in *Iſrael Michah* had never made a graven Image, nor had the Concubine been Raviſh'd. And thus their Sermons and publick Diſcourſes are a ſort of Lampoons upon Scripture, which they make uſe of to impoſe upon the People, and dreſs it up in ridiculous Interpretations, to the Diverſion of the worſt of Libertines. They pray to Heaven as if they believ'd there was no God, or ſought at leaſt to

make him the Author of their miſchievous Contrivances.

They vent all their moſt fervent Ejaculations for King *James* over their Coffee, and in their Cups, as if they believ'd that God was a favourer of Popery, Slavery and Tyranny, and yet at the ſame time would have us think, that they believe him a God of Mercy, Truth and Juſtice. But whatever they would have us believe of 'em, 'tis but an ill ſign of their Sincerity to hear them invoke the Divine Favour upon the known Enemies of the Religion, Laws and Liberties of their Country.

They ſet up King *James* like the brazen Serpent, thinking to be ſafe by looking upon him, when ſtung to Death by the fiery Serpents of the Church of *Rome*. Look into their Converſation and you'll find them Wine-bibbers to the higheſt Exceſs; they commonly move from the Coffee-Houſe to the *Dog*, or the *George* and *Vulture* Tavern, where they conſult upon Meaſures to chooſe proper Perſons for Sheriffs and Parliament Men; nor are they leſs addicted to the Smock, in all probability, it being their Principle to love every thing beſt, eſpecially Religion, with the Heels uppermoſt. When they get into their Pulpits they throw about their ſpiritual Granadoes with ſo much Heat and Violence, that you would think in good earneſt they were ſtorming a Conventicle; every Word carries a flaſh with it enough to ſinge the whole Congregation.

And this methinks ſhould put ſome check to the extravagant Proceedings of ſome of your Diſſenting Brethren, and let you ſee that the Conſtitution of *England* was too valuable a thing to be ventur'd upon

upon a Compliment. Now you have ſo far enjoy'd the benefit of your much deſir'd Liberty, 'tis fit you ſhould look into the Danger and the Means, and upon this view the ſame Reaſons that made you ſo ſolicitous to procure a Liberty ſhould make you no leſs careful to preſerve it; and, in order to that, nothing can be propos'd more advantageous than not to engage your ſelves beyond the poſſibility of a Retreat.

There are certain Periods of Time and Opportunities, that being once loſt, make all Cautions ineffectual, and all Remedies deſperate; our Underſtandings are often ſubject to be hurried by the firſt Heats of any thing, which, if not reſtrain'd in time, ſeldom give us leiſure to look back 'till 'tis too late. Conſider this in the Caſe of your Reſentment againſt the Church of *England*, and take warning from their Miſtakes of the ſame kind, when, after the Reſtoration, they retain'd ſo much of the bitter Taſte of your rough Uſage to them when you had got the Power, that it made many of them forget their Intereſt, and ſacrifice it to their Revenge.

Either you will blame this Proceeding in them, and for that reaſon not follow it, or you muſt allow it, and then you deſtroy all the Cauſes of your preſent Reſentment; ſo that you muſt either diſmiſs your own, or forfeit your Excuſe, except you argue more partially than ought to be ſuppos'd from Perſons of your Judgment and Morality.

If you object, that you have been handled with a great deal of Rigour, the ſenſe of that ill Treatment to your ſelves ſhould make you abhor the Repetition of it to others; beſides, as the common Danger hath taken off the edge of all Severity,

and

and chang'd the Spirit of Perſecution into Unity, Peace and Condeſcenſion, why ſhould this happy Change only affect the Church of *England.* Are you ſo deſperately in love with Separation as not to be mov'd by this Example, which, I am confident, ought to be follow'd, if it were for no other Cauſe than that it is a Noble and a Chriſtian Vertue.

If it ſhould be ſaid, that the Church of *England* is never humble but when ſhe's out of Power, the Cenſure would ſoon appear Unjuſt, Uncharitable, and ill Tim'd ; for at this very hour, even in the heat of your preſent Sun-ſhine, notwithſtanding all that can be ſuggeſted to you to the contrary, the Church of *England* can, in a moment, bring Clouds again, and turn the Royal Thunder upon your Heads ; the leaſt glimpſe of her Compliance would blow you off the Stage, and throw you back into your former ſtate of Suffering ; and yet the Church of *England*, with all her Faults, will not allow her ſelf to be reſcu'd by ſuch Unjuſtifiable Means, but chuſeth to bear the weight of Power, rather than lie under the burden of being Criminal.

It cannot be ſaid that ſhe's unprovok'd, Books and Letters come out every day, and call for Anſwers, and yet ſhe will not be ſtirr'd. From the ſuppos'd Authors and the Style, one would think they ſhould be Undertakers, and had made an Agreement to Quarrel. There are Laſhes in every Addreſs, and Challenges to draw the Pen in every Pamphlet, and ſtill ſhe continues Paſſive, and only looks upon theſe ſmall Skirmiſhers as little Picqueteers which are only ſent out to begin a Fray among the Proteſtants, which muſt end in the Entertainments

rtainments as well as Advantages of the Church *Rome.*

I beſeech you, Sir, think a little who they are hat promoted your former Perſecutions, and then onſider how abſurd it will look to be angry with he Inſtruments, and yet at the ſame time make a eague with the Authors of your Sufferings.

Conſider that the imply'd Conditions of your ew Treaty are no leſs, than that you are to do very thing you are commanded without any Examination, and that for this pretended Liberty of Conſcience, your real Freedom is to be ſacrific'd. Your former Faults hang like Chains ſtill about you; you are let looſe only upon Bail, the firſt Act of your Non-compliance ſends you to Gaol again.

You have formerly blam'd the Church of *England* for going ſo far as they did in their Compliance, and yet as ſoon as they ſtop'd, you ſee they are not only deſerted, but proſecuted. Conclude therefore from this Example, that you muſt either break off your Friendſhip, or reſolve to have no Bounds in it. If they do not ſucceed in their Deſign they will leave you firſt, if they do, you muſt either leave them, or elſe, after the ſqueamiſhneſs of ſtartling at a Surplice, be forc'd to ſwallow Tranſubſtantiation.

Remember that the other Day thoſe of the Church of *England* were Trimmers, for induring you, and now by a ſudden turn you are become the Favourites. Do not deceive your ſelves, it is not the nature of laſting Plants thus to ſhoot up in a Night; you may look gay and green for a little time, but you want a Root to give you a

Continuance

Continuance. It was not so long since that the Maxim was, it is impossible for a Dissenter not to be a Rebel; and, take my Word for it, their Opinion of you is not very much alter'd, tho' in the present Conjuncture they may look a little more pleasantly upon you.

Sir, to come to a Conclusion, the Protestants have but one sure Article of Human Strength, on which they may safely depend, and that is, not to lose the advantage of their Numbers, by being so unwary to suffer themselves to be divided.

We all agree in our Duty to our Prince, our Objection to his Belief must not hinder us from seeing his Vertues; and our not being of the King's Religion, should in no respect affect our Allegiance. We ought not to be laugh'd out of our Passive Obedience and Non-resistance, tho' even those who perhaps owe their whole Security to those Principles, secretly make a Jest of them.

Let us still be quiet and undivided, and firm at the same time to our Religion, Loyalty and the Laws, and then 'tis next to impossible that our great odds should lose the Bett; except the Church of *Rome*, that has been so barren of Miracles for so many Centuries, should now, in her declining Age, be brought to Bed of a new one that would out-do all the rest she can boast of in her Legends.

To trouble you no longer, the short Question will be, whether you will join with those that must inevitably run the same Fate with your selves. If Protestants of all sorts have been to blame, they are upon equal Terms, and for the same Reasons ought to be reconcil'd. Our disunion in this Juncture is not only a Disadvantage, but

t a Reproach to us. Thoſe that believe in Mo-
ern Miracles have more Right, or at leaſt more
xcuſe to neglect all Secular Cautions; but for us
is as juſtifiable to have no Religion as 'tis war-
ntable for us to throw away all Human Means
preſerve it.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt Affectionate Servant,

T. B.

The

The State Auction, conſiſting o many uſeful Books and Pictures with a Summary of what the Treat of.

I. Divinity Books.

The Infallible Director for a Benefic'd Clergy-man.

BEing one of the moſt uſeful and valuable Book of the Age, demonſtrating, that a fat Pre ferment is the ſureſt Guide to a ſcrupulous Con ſcience, and ought to weigh more with the In cumbent than the ſtale Precepts of the Goſpel, o the Canons and Conſtitutions of the Ancient Fa thers of the Church; atteſted by moſt and beſt Dig nitaries, Parſons, Vicars and Curates, that liv at the latter end of the laſt Century.

Sold by Richard Balwin, *at the Sign of the* Pilgrim *near* Doctors-Commons.

II. *The Practice of the preſent Church of* England.

A choice Treatiſe, proving that the Majority o the benefic'd Church-men concur, not only with the Doctrines of *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Knox*, and all the late Fanaticks, but even with the Jeſuits them ſelves in their Doctrines of Reſiſting, Depoſing and Murdering Kings, as often as they oppoſe them, either in Intereſt or Principle.

Written by D. Burnet, *and ſold in the* Palace-yard, Weſtminſter.

III.

III. *The new Obligation of Oaths.*

An Elaborate Piece to ſhew that Self-Preſervation is the only True, Subſtantial and Immutable Law, and that all other Laws, both Divine and Humane, are ſubſequent to it; and conſequently, that all Oaths oppoſite to it are *ipſo facto*, null and void, in themſelves. And that whatever Oaths ſhall be impos'd to Capacitate us to live in a freedom from Suffering, and enable us to indulge our ſelves in Eaſe and Luxury, are lawful, and ought to be taken without the leaſt Reluctancy or Conſideration.

With an Appendix to prove, that by the ſame Rule by which we may diſengage our ſelves from Oaths of State; we may likewiſe diſſolve all private Contracts, when any Inconveniency or Hazard ſeems to require it.

Sold by Algernoon Bray, *at the Sign of the* White Dog *with the blue Collar.*

IV. *The right Uſe of Parliaments, after the Modern way,* &c.

Containing Arguments to demonſtrate, that a Prince that has a well Offic'd and Penſion'd Parliament, can never want any Supplies he ſhall think fit to demand; and that none ever had the true Art of Government, who attain'd not to that Perfection, ſhewing, that the Laws owning the King to have the ſole Power of making Peace and War, would be defective, without a Ductile and Complying Parliament. And withal, that 'tis abſurd and ridiculous to acknowledge the Prince to be Head of the Church and State, in the Politick Capacity, and wants the like Influence which the Head, in the

the Natural Body, hath over the Members. With a Corollary proving, that it is but a Feather in such a Princes Cap, and an empty Title to style him Sovereign, who is not in reality so over the collective Representative of the People, in Parliaments, as well as over the diffusive Body of them in Cities and Villages.

Printed by C. B. *and* T. N. *and inscrib'd to the Right Honourable his Majesty's Keeper of the Privy Purse.*

V. *The Bishops the surest Courtiers.*

A Treatise writ by a Prolocutor lately deceas'd, to prove the necessity for all Princes to preserve the Hierarchy rather than Presbytery, according to the old Maxim, *No Bishop, no King.* With an Appendix, deducing by particular Instances, how steady and resolv'd the Bishops have been to pursue the Directions sent to them from Court, tho' never so opposite to their former Preachings, Principles and Practice.

To which is added, by way of Advice, that the Honourable Members of the House of Commons, who chanc'd to be over voted in the Bill for preventing Pensioners and Officers for the future; have the greatest reason to shew their utmost Gratitude to the Right Reverends, who, by their dead weight, turn'd the Scales, and reinstated the Commons in a future Capacity to serve themselves, and to join with others in the Destruction of the Kingdom.

Writ by a Reverend Count Palatine, *and sold by the Faction-Broker, at the Sign of Doctor* Oates's *Head.*

At which Place is likewise to be seen the Picture of an Occasional Conformist, drawn after the Modern manner, with Lawn Sleeves under a Cloak.

Cloak. 'Tis the first of the Kind that was ever heard of in *England*; and, as some say, the only one that was ever seen in the World.

VI. *Five to One are odds at Foot Ball.*

Being a very Learned and useful Tract, wherein is attempted to be prov'd, that Lords ought to yield to Knights, Knights to Esquires, Esquires to Gentlemen, Gentlemen to the Mob, because they are more numerous, and are sure to have the Advantage at Club-Law.

Together with necessary Admonitions that smaller Numbers never contest with the greater for Privileges, but rather tamely submit to such as by their special Grace and Favour, they will allow them.

With a *Memento* not to forget when the Supream Authority voted the Lords House useless and dangerous.

To which is subjoin'd, an Encomium on those self-denying Lords, who chose rather to forego their own Privileges, than obstruct the Supplies, in which they themselves were to be sharers.

As also a Premonition to several of the Members of the Honourable House of Commons, to be preparing themselves against the next Sessions, to repeal the Act for the frequent meeting of Parliaments, particularly the present one, lest the Perquisites should be lost which the Members of former Parliaments us'd to enjoy.

Compos'd by Sir Humphry Lackland, *for the use of his new Establish'd Chimerical Silver Society.*

VII. *Good Wits Jump.*

Being a Dialogue between a Member of the Rump Parliament, and a Modern Member of that now in being; wherein the Rump-Member would insinuate, that the same Principles, Laws and Counsels are now avow'd and preach'd, as were in the Year of Grace 1641, and so on to the Death of *Oliver Cromwel.*

With a Transition, to shew the absurdity of observing the Anniversary of the thirtieth of *January*, or celebrating the fifth of *November*, for the Preservation of King *James* the First, the whole Royal Family, and the two Houses of Parliament, any further than as an Induction of our Joy and Gratitude, for a much greater Blessing which befel the Nation upon the same Day, by the Landing of the Prince of *Orange*; to preserve the Laws and the *English* Constitution, and to defend the Nation against Popery, Slavery and Arbitrary Power.

Together with many solid Arguments to prove, that the Solemnity of the Restoration of King *Charles* the Second, on the 29th of *May*, ought to be for ever abolish'd; and one on the 13th of *February* establish'd in the Place, that the whole Nation may be rightly inform'd, that in the Opinion of our present Governors, the last Blessing was far greater than the first, and tended more to the Preservation of the ancient Monarchy, and the Advantage of the Church of *England.*

Written by William Prin, *the younger, and Publish'd by Mr.* A. Smith, *and are to be had at the* New Exchange.

VIII. *The Sovereign Power of Mobbism.*

A moſt Learned and Compendious Work, ſhewing the Common People are the Original of Power, with Demonſtrations to prove, that whoever can manage them right, has a juſt Title to the Supream Government.

With a digreſſive Argument, ſetting forth, how eaſily the Magiſtracy in *Holland* have been chang'd, and ſometimes *De Witted*, when the Mob was in the Intereſt of the Stadt-Holder.

Written by Captain Tom's *Secretary, for the uſe of* Spittle-fields, Clare-market *and* Weſtminſter-hall.

IX. *An infallible Device never to want Soldiers.*

A Political Diſcourſe, demonſtrating, that the laying inſupportable Taxes and Impoſitions upon the Subject, and not providing for the Security of Trade and Manufacture, is a certain Expedient to bring the Nation into ſuch a State of Poverty, that the Majority of the People in a little time will be under a neceſſity of Liſting themſelves for Soldiers, purely for the want of Bread.

N. B. This Work was begun ſome Years ſince, and the Author finding it to be experimentally true, has been prevail'd with to make it publick, and recommends it earneſtly to the Commiſſioners appointed to raiſe the Soldiers and Seamen, for the Year enſuing.

Printed for the uſe of the Keepers of the Savoy, *and propos'd as a Guide to all Beadles, hir'd Conſtables and Recruiting Officers.* Price One Peny.

X. *The New Project of Kidnapping.*

A brief Diſcourſe illuſtrated with Copper Cuts, wherein the true Methods of Impreſſing Men for the Sea-Service, and then ſelling them, and turning them over to Land Officers, is fairly repreſented, and however contrary to *Magna Charta*, and all the Laws of *England*, is demonſtrated to be abſolutely neceſſary for the more effectual raiſing the neceſſary Recruits to fill up the Regiments that ſuffer'd in the terrible Sieges in *Flanders*, or that periſh'd for want of Neceſſaries in *Spain* and *Portugal*.

Dedicated to all Pretenders to Liberty and Property.

XI. *Expectance better than Fruition.*

An ingenious Tract, ſhewing, that the beſt way to keep the People in Subjection, and to borrow Immenſe Sums, is to offer them treble Intereſt for their Money, upon Funds which can never anſwer the one half.

Tranſlated by a Prime Miniſter of State, from a Dutch *Original, and now publiſh'd for the Information of all whom it concerns. Sold at* Mercers Chappel, *the* Royal Exchange, *and* Lombard-ſtreet, *with Mr.* L----n's *Annotations.*

XII. *Look before you Leap.*

Or, a neceſſary *Caveat* to all that are inclin'd to lend Money upon the Publick Faith, ſetting forth the Advantage of Stock-jobbing, and humbly propoſing, that ſince ſo many Inſurers are march'd off a ſelect Committee may be choſen out of

of *Exchange-Alley*, to advance Money at ſomething under *Cent per Cent.*

Printed for the Brokers, Scriveners, and Stock-jobbers, and ſold at Jonathan's, *and moſt of the Coffee-Houſes in and about the* Royal Exchange.

XIII. *The Magick of Words.*

Being a Treatiſe of great Worth and Antiquity, wherein is prov'd, beyond Contradiction, that in the two Words, Liberty and Property, there are more powerful Spells than ever were invented by the Magicians of the Ancients. And ſhewing by a ſeries of undeniable Inſtances within leſs than a Century, theſe Words have deſtroy'd more than a Million of Men, Women and Children. Great Monarchs have been Murder'd and Dethron'd, Kingdoms Diſmembred and turn'd into Commonwealths by 'em; and yet, like the Deluſion the Devil is ſaid to uſe to Witches, there is ſeldom any thing real in the Pretence. After all Arts us'd to apply theſe Words, to mad and terrifie the People, they have commonly left Religion more unſettled, Liberty more enſlav'd, and Property more endamag'd, than when theſe State Magicians rais'd the Tempeſt by the Charms of them.

Writ by a Learned Hiſtoriographer, for the uſe of Aſſociators, Agitators and Covenanters. Printed by Ezekiel Firebrand, *at the Sign of the* Crocodile; *with Notes and Animadverſions. By* Julian *the Apoſtate.*

XIV. *An Infallible Cure for a decay'd Memory.*

Being an Account of a great and wonderful Cure, perform'd upon the 9th of *January* laſt, upon a Right Reverend old Prelate, who having

ſo intirely loſt his Memory, that he could not remember a Meſſage of the laſt Importance that was ſent to him upon a Publick Concern, for twelve hours, wherein his own Intereſt was no ways concern'd, yet, by the help of this Recipe was brought to his Remembrance again, and oblig'd to own his Neglect, and to beg Pardon.

To which is annex'd Infallible Remedies againſt Ingratitude and Diſobedience; being an Extract from Dr. *P---ce*'s Collections, Author of the Hiſtory of the Reſtoration, and dedicated to all true Lovers of their Prince and Country, particularly to the Earl of *B*—— and the old Biſhop of *W---ton.*

XV. *The Picture of* Great Britain *in a Hand-barrow, carried by two* Dutch-men, *to the top of a Precipice.*

Being a Piece extreamly proper for the Galleries and Stair-caſes of Noblemen and Gentlemen's Houſes, and may ſerve well enough for a Chimney-piece for Clergy-men, Officers, *&c.* to put 'em in mind of their *Dutch* Deliverers.

XVI. *Propoſals for eſtabliſhing an Office for the Inſurance of Principles.*

Where any Perſon that will bring his old Principles with him, and leave them in the Office, may have his new ones inſur'd, *Gratis*, for any term not exceeding twenty Years, provided that no more Revolutions happen in the time limited.

Sold by the Auctioneer in the Picture Room adjoining to the Court of Requeſt.

XVII.

XVII. *Doctor* No-Church, *the* Latitudinarian *Phyſician's new Survey of Religions.*

In which, among other uſeful things, the Doctor pretends to demonſtrate, that according to the Modern Diſtinctions, a Socinian, Deiſt, Presbyterian, Anabaptiſt, Quaker, Independent, *&c.* may be virtually compromis'd in one and the ſame individual Church-man.

Printed for Adam Tennor *and* Samuel Currant, *and are to be ſold at moſt of the* Latitudinarian *Bookſellers in* London *and* Weſtminſter.

Some Paradoxes preſented for a New-Years Gift, by the Old to the New Orthodox, and may ſerve for an Index to the Revolution.

1. TO make it the blackeſt of Crimes in Fanaticks to depoſe *Charles* I. becauſe he was the Sovereign Lord the King, and yet to make it no fault in ſome Church of *England* Men, who now openly avow the ſame Principles, and would, if it were in their Power, do the very ſame thing to their Sovereign Lady the Queen.

2. To keep a Faſt ſtill for Beheading the Father, and yet obſerve a Day of Thankſgiving for turning out his Son.

3. To pretend a Reformation from former Abuſes in Church and State, and yet neither to be Reform'd from the Authors of them, either in Politicks or Morals, nor the Principles or Meaſures that lead to them.

4. To make the Preſervation of the Lineal Succeſſion a great Reaſon for the Revolution, and at the ſame time to make the Revolution the main handle for ſetting up a Commonwealth.

5. To aſſert that the Crown is elective, and the ſupream Power in the People, and yet to plead the Royal Prerogative as often as it ſerves a turn, either in Intereſt or Politicks.

6. To make the Revolution pass for a Reformation, and yet in a short time to find it absolutely necessary to make strong Provision against Imprisonments, False Witnesses, Partial Tryals, Corrupt Judges, and Pensionary Parliaments.

7. To attempt the Violation of all Laws, in Opposition to the Prerogative, and yet alledge Prerogative for the Punishment of particular Persons, and to evade the security of the Liberty and Property of the Subject.

8. To think it Bribery in King *Charles* II. to take off Sir *Th---- O——* and Sir *Th--- L———* by Preferments, and yet think it none in another Prince to Bribe and Corrupt a third part of the House of Commons.

9. To be perpetually exclaiming against Popery with Popish Confederates, and setting up for Monarchy and Episcopacy, by the Assistance of the States General, *Scotch* Covenanters, and *English* Fanaticks.

10. To have a tender sence of the Protestants of *France*, and at the same time to Confederate with their greater Persecutors in other Nations.

11. To pretend to Conquer *France* in the compass of a Year, who are more at unity than our selves, three times bigger, and as well skill'd in War, with a Wise, as well as an Absolute Prince at their Head.

12. To hope to save *England* by Ways and Methods that most sensibly decline and exhaust it, rather than by a timely Accomodation.

The

The Fable of the Plague among the Beasts, in Imitation of Mr. La Fountain.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

ONE time a mighty *Plague* did pester
All Beasts *Domestick*, and *Silvester*.
The *Doctors* all in *Consult* join'd,
To see if they the *Cause* could find;
And try'd a world of *Remedies*,
But none could conquer the *Disease*.
The *Lyon*, in this *Consternation*,
Sends out his *Royal Proclamation*,
To all his loving *Subjects*, *Greeting*,
Appointing them a solemn *Meeting*.
And when they're gather'd round his *Den*,
He spoke, *My Lords and Gentlemen*,
I hope you're met full of the Sense
Of this devouring *Pestilence*:
For sure such heavy *Punishment*
On *common Crimes* is rarely sent.
It must be some *Important Cause*,
Some great *Infraction* of the *Laws*;
Then let us search our *Consciences*,
And ev'ry one his *Faults* confess;
Let's *Judge* from biggest to the least,
That he that is the foulest *Beast*
May for a *Sacrifice* be given,
To stop the *Wrath* of angry *Heaven*.
And since no one is free from Sin,
I with my self will first begin.

I have done many a thing that's ill,
From a *propenſity* to kill;
Slain many an *Ox*, and what is worſe,
Have *murder'd* many a gallant *Horſe*;
Robb'd *Woods* and *Fens*, and like a *Glutton*,
Devour'd whole *Flocks* of *Lamb* and *Mutton*;
Nay, ſometimes, for I dare not *Lye*,
The *Shepherd* went for *Company*.
He had went on, but *Chancellor Fox*
Stands up, What ſignifies an *Ox*?
What ſignifies a *Horſe*, ſuch *Things*
Are honour'd when made Sport for *Kings*?
Then for the *Sheep*, thoſe fooliſh *Cattle*,
Not fit for *Carriage*, or for *Battle*;
And being tolerable Meat,
They're good for nothing, but to eat.
The *Shepherd* too, your *Enemy*,
Deſerves no better *Deſtiny*.
Sir, Sir, your *Conſciences* is too nice,
Hunting's a *Princely Exerciſe*;
And theſe being all your *Vaſſals* born,
Juſt when you pleaſe are to be torn.
And, Sir, if this will not content you,
We'll vote it *Nemine Contradicente*.

Thus after him they all confeſs,
They had been *Rogues*, ſome more, ſome leſs;
And yet, by little ſlight Excuſes,
They all got clear of great *Abuſes*.
The *Bear*, the *Tiger*, *Beaſts* of fight,
And all that could but ſcratch and bite;
Nay, even the *Cat*, of wicked Nature,
That kills in Sport her fellow *Creature*,
Went Scot-free, but his *Gravity*
An Aſs of ſtupid *Memory*,
Confeſs'd i'th' *Road* to *Tunbridge-Fair*,
His Back half broke with *wooden Ware*,

Chancing

Chancing unluckily to pass
By a *Church-yard* full of good *Grass*,
Finding they'd open left the Gate,
He ventur'd in, stoop'd down and ate.
Hold, says *Judge Wolf*, these are the *Crimes*
Have brought upon us these sad *Times*;
By several *Acts of Parliament*
'*Tis Sacrilege*; and this vile Ass
Deserves to dye for eating *holy Grass*.

The Fable shews us poor Mens Fate,
Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.

Mr. Brown's *Letter to a Dissenting Preacher, occasion'd by his joyning with the Papists in their Attempts upon the Penal Laws and Test.*

SIR,

SInce Addresses are so much in fashion, give me leave to make one to you, which being neither the effect of Fear, Interest or Resentment, you may be sure is Sincere; and for that Reason I cannot suspect but it will be kindly receiv'd: Whether it will have Power enough to convince you, must depend upon the Reasons it brings, of which you your self are to be the Judge; and upon Preparation of Mind to receive it, whenever Truth is laid before you: Neither ought it to be the less welcome because it comes from a friendly Hand,

Hand, and from a Perſon whoſe Eſteem for you s in no reſpect leſſen'd upon the Account of our ifference in Opinion.

I am neither ſurpriz'd nor provok'd, conſider- ing your late Circumſtances; and that you ſtood charg'd with the Bill of Excluſion, and the Rebel- lion; that you ſhould uſe your utmoſt Efforts to make your ſelves leſs uneaſie and obnoxious to Authority. Men who are in pain, often have re- courſe to the neareſt Remedies, without conſider- ing the Conſequences, and will hardly be pre- vail'd with to turn their Ears to the beſt Advice that can be given, 'till the ſmart is a little al- layed.

I do not know whether the Warmth that na- turally belongs to new Friendſhip, may make it a harder Task for me to perſwade you. 'Tis like telling young Lovers, in the beginning of their Joys, that in a little time they'll have an End; and ſuch an unwelcome Style doth not ea- ſily find Credit. But I will ſuppoſe you are not ſo far gone in your new Paſſion, but you will yet hear me with Patience and Attention, whilſt I offer to your Conſideration theſe two things— The firſt is, the Cauſe you have to ſuſpect your new Friends; and the ſecond, the Duty Incum- bent upon you, not to hazard the Publick Safety upon any Motives drawn from the proſpects of Intereſt, Eaſe or Revenge.

To the firſt——— Conſider, that notwithſtand- ing the ſmooth Face that the Papiſts now put on to engage you, theſe new Friends do not make you their Choice, but their Refuge. They always made their firſt Court to the Church of *England*, and being rejected there, they muſt in courſe

course come to you; of which I could produce many Instances, if there was an occasion, particularly *Coleman*'s Letter, and the Journals of Parliament, from whence you may be thoroughly convinc'd, that they only design you for their Properties, mere Instruments to introduce a Liberty of Conscience, which they intend to destroy, as soon as it has answer'd their Ends.

To establish an Alliance between Liberty and Infallibility is to bring together two of the most contrary things in the World—— The Church of *Rome* does not only dislike the Allowance of all sorts of Liberty, but by its Principles is oblig'd to the contrary. Wine is not more expressly forbidden to the *Mahometans*, than giving Hereticks Liberty is to the Papists; they are no more able to make good their Vows to you, than a Man married, and his Wife alive, is capable to perform his Contract with another Woman; the continuance of their Kindness would be a habit of Sin, of which they are to repent, or to die unabsolv'd, and be damn'd. You are therefore to be hugg'd now, only to fit you the better for squeezing at another time.

There must be something certainly very extraordinary upon the Stocks, when the Church of *Rome* sets out Bills, and offers Plaisters for tender Consciences. By all that hath hitherto appear'd, her Skill in Chirurgery, lies chiefly in a quick Hand, to cut off Limbs, but she is the worst at healing of any that ever pretended to it.

To run so quick from one extream to another, is such an unnatural Motion, that it ought to put you

you upon your Guard; the other day you were Sons of *Belial*, now you are Angels of Light; this is a violent Change, and, in my Opinion, you would do well to pauſe upon it a little before you believe it; for my part, I don't ſee any of your Features alter'd, how far ſoever theſe Gentlemen may have chang'd their Knowledge, and their Opinions of you.

Think a little how dangerous it is to build upon a Foundation of Paradoxes; Popery now is the only Friend to Liberty, and the known Enemy to Perſecution. The good Men of *Taunton* and *Tiverton* are above all other eminent for Loyalty, and the Quakers from being declar'd no Chriſtians, are taken into Protection, and made Favourites, and of a ſudden are grown the moſt accompliſh'd Men in the Kingdom. Not to ſay harſher Words, theſe are ſuch extraordinary Things, that I think in point of Prudence we ought to wait a little to try whether they are Realities or Apparitions; for, by the way, if they are true, we have been a great while under very vile and ſhameful Miſtakes.

But, Sir, give me leave to ſpeak a word concerning the Inſtruments of your new Friendſhip, and whether they do not afford Matter of Suſpicion. 'Tis a ſtanding Maxim, no Corroſive is to be mix'd where healing only is intended, and therefore I ſhall ſay nothing with reſpect to particular Perſons, how great ſoever the Temptation may be, a Word or two in the general ſhall ſuffice——Suppoſe then, for Argument ſake, that the Mediators of this new Alliance ſhould be ſuch as have been formerly imploy'd in the ſame Negotiations, and ſhould be fully directed to act by ſecret Commiſſions, and to be empower'd to give large

large Encouragements and Rewards. Would not this be a ſtrong Argument to ſuſpect their Fidelity? If they ſhould be under any ſuch Engagements, all their Arguments ought to be look'd upon as falſe Pretences to cover their real Deſigns.

If they are Perſons who had formerly the Means to perſwade by Secular Arguments, and have in truth ſcatter'd Bribes among the Diſſenting Preachers, it muſt be plain to every conſidering Perſon, to be a full Demonſtration, rather than a bare Preſumption of their Deceit.

And if ſuch there are, I appeal to your ſelf, whether they are not ſtrongly engag'd to continue their Frailty, for fear of being expos'd.

The Arguments of ſuch Men muſt ſure have the leſs force, conſidering they come from Men who have Mortgag'd themſelves to ſevere Creditors, who expect a rigorous Obſervation of the Contract, let it be never ſo unwarrantable.

If theſe Men, ſpirited by Jeſuits and Papiſts, ſhould cry up Revenge againſt the Church of *England*, may it not from thence be concluded, that they are rather acted by Corruption than Miſtake; and thoſe who now clamour loudeſt for the Repeal of the Penal Laws and Teſt, only do it under the Apprehenſion that their Wages might be retarded. And therefore, whilſt Noiſe and Violence is their Intereſt, thoſe who have not the ſame Obligations, have no reaſon to follow their wild and deſtructive Examples.

If

If there ſhould be Men, who by the Load of their Crimes againſt the Government, ſhould be bowed down to comply with them againſt their Conſciences, I hope you'll grant, ſuch Men are rather to be pittied than believ'd. Nay, they themſelves when they have perform'd their unwelcome Task, will ſecretly rejoyce that their forc'd Endeavours have not ſucceeded; and are beſt pleas'd, when they find their Inſinuations rejected.

Let the Scene lie in *England*, or in any other Part of *Chriſtendom*; the Conſequence is true, and will afford ſufficient grounds to ſuſpect their Conduct. Apparent Contradictions muſt affect us; neither Nature nor Reaſon can digeſt them; Self-Flattery, and the Deſire to deceive our ſelves can never get the Maſtery of ſuch broad Convictions, as ſome things now carry along with them.

If then, for theſe and a Thouſand other grounds of Suſpicion, your New Friends are not to be Credited; why will you ſuffer them to dictate to you, and impoſe upon you. As to the multitude of Addreſſes that fly abroad Weekly, the firſt Draughts are made by thoſe who are not very proper Secretaries for the *Proteſtant Religion*; and it is your part only, to write them out fair, and hand them to the Publick. Strange, that you who have always been ſo violent againſt ſet Forms, ſhould now be content that Prieſts and *Jeſuits* ſhould Indict for you.

The Nature of Thanks, is an unavoidable Conſequence of being pleas'd or oblig'd; they grow in the Heart, and from thence ſhew themſelves, either in Looks, Speech, Writing, or Action. No Man was ever thank'd in earneſt, becauſe he was bid to be ſo: Thanks muſt be Voluntary; not only unconſtrain'd, but unſoli-

cited; elſe they are either Trifles or Snares they either ſignifie Nothing, or a great de more than is intended by thoſe that give them and if it be ſo, where's the neceſſity of tyrin half the Poſt-Horſes in the Nation, to Solic that which ſhould be done without either Tro ble or Conſtraint.

If an Inference ſhould be made, that whoſ ever thanketh the King for his Declaration, by that, engag'd to juſtifie it in point of Law that is a larger Stride than I preſume, all tho intend to make, who are perſwaded to Addreſs or if it ſhould be ſuppos'd that all the Thank ers were for Repealing the *Teſt*, ſuch an Ex pectation is better prevented before, than diſap pointed afterwards; and the ſureſt way to a void the falling under ſuch a Scandal, is not t do any thing that may give the leaſt Colour t the miſtake.

I know Sir, the deſire of Enjoying a Liberty from which Men have been ſo long reſtrain'd may be a Temptation, that even Reaſon it ſel may not at all times be able to reſiſt; and i ſuch a Caſe, indifferent Men will be more inclin' to lament the Occaſion, than to fall too har upon it, whilſt it is cover'd with the Popula Apology of a good Intention; but then, whe to *reſcue* your ſelves from the Severity of on Law, you give a Stab to all the reſt; you be come Voluntary Aggreſſors, and look like Coun ſel retein'd by the Prerogative againſt your ol Friend, *Magna Charta*; who hath done nothin to deſerve her falling under your Diſpleaſure.

If the Caſe then ſhould be, that the Price ex pected, from you for this Liberty; ſhould be th intire Yeilding up your Right to the Laws o your Native Country; ſure you would think twice, before you proceed further in ſuch a loſing

Bar

rgain. If you will ſet up a Power at one time help you, which at another will undoubtedly e made uſe of to deſtroy you; you muſt expect either to be pitied or reliev'd in ſuch a Caſe; our Complaints will come too late to be heard, nd your Sufferings will rather incite the Scorn nd Contempt of the Nation, than their Com-aſſion.

A Prologue at a new Farce Entituled, The Whiggs *Feſtival.*

By Mr. Brown.

YOnder your *Author* ſtands extreamly Ill,
And yet of *perfect Mind*, thus makes his *Will.*

Firſt I bequeath my *Soul*, when I forſake it:
To him that has the trueſt *Right* to take it;
My *Body* next, let me conſider well,
To thoſe that will Convey it out of Smell:
My *Worldly Goods* altho' they are but Few,
My *Brother Poets*, thoſe I leave to you;
And were I ſure that they'd accept of it,
The *Rhyming Quality* ſhould ſhare my *Wit*:
To *Daniel*, and his *Friend* the *Obſervator*,
I leave my *Manuſcripts*, and *Scottiſh Pſalter*,
With all my *Volumes* that have Scap'd my *Bum*;
From the *Wiſe Maſters*, to the Fam'd *Tom Thum.*
Next I *Bequeath*, but let me recollect,
I fain would ſomething leave to ev'ry *Sect*;
To all our Grave *Divines* where e'er they be,
I leave them, what they want, my *Charity*,
And to thoſe *Prelates* that oppoſe the *Bill*,
Were I ſecure, they would not take it Ill;

To them, and to their Heirs, I'd Give and Gra
My *Model* of the *Godly Covenant.*
The *Presbiterians* too, I'd ſomething give,
Tho' they're ſo Rich, I know not what to lea
Beſides, they're Grown ſo very Proud withal,
They won't accept of any thing that's ſmall;
And yet methinks, 'tis fit that they ſhould ha
Some Marks of my *Remembrance* in my Gra
Amoung my *Lumber* they will Papers find,
Writ to inform the *Realm*, what they Deſign'd
That they have them, it is my ſole *Intention*,
They'll be of uſe againſt a *Comprehenſion*:
The *Quakers* too expect their *Legacy*,
To thoſe *Good men* I leave my *Modeſty*;
And let the other *Sects*, that I may'nt wrong 'e
Take my *Religion* and devide among 'em;
And to *Conclude*, it is my *Will* and *Mind*,
Some Honeſt wealthy *Cit* would be ſo kind;
To ſee all this perform'd, and for his Pains,
To take for him, and for his *Heirs* my Bra

A

Criticiſm on the STAGE,

OR AN,

ESSAY

UPON

TRAGEDY.

Tranſlated by Mr. Tho. Brown.

IT is my Opinion, that the *French* excel in *Works* of the *Theatre*; and I believe, I ſhou'd not flatter *Corneille*, if to many of his *Tragedies* I gave a *Preeminence* to thoſe of *Antiquity*. I know, the *Ancient Tragic* Poets have had *Admirers* in all Ages; but I queſtion whether this *Loftineſs*, both of *Place* and *Wit*, aſcrib'd 'em by their Admirers, has any *ſolid Foundation*.

To make us believe that *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, are as *Admirable*, as they tell us, we muſt *fancy* many *more* Things in their own Works, than what we can *learn* from their *Tranſlators*; and in

my Mind, the Words and *Language* muſt claim a *conſiderable* Portion in their *Beauty*.

Through the *Praiſes* of their moſt *Renowned* and moſt *Partial* Adorers, (methinks) I ſee, and *perceive*, that *Grandeur*, Magnificence, and chiefly *Dignity*, were things very *little* known by 'em: *They* were a parcel of *Good Wits*, coop'd up in a *narrow Family* of a ſmall *Common-wealth*, to whom a *Neceſſitous Liberty* ſerv'd inſtead of all manner of *Things*.

Put 'em upon repreſenting the *Majeſty* of a great *Monarch*, they ſcarcely *knew* how to enter on ſuch an *unknown Grandeur*: Their *Senſes* were ſo us'd and *ſubject* to baſe and *mean Objects*, that thay could hardly *avoid* them.

'Tis true, theſe *Wits* diſtaſting ſuch Objects, ſometimes *heav'd* themſelves up to ſomething *wonderful* and *ſublime*: But then, they wou'd be ever bringing ſo many *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* into their *Tragedies*, that a Man could meet with nothing *Mortal* or *Humane* in 'em: What was *Great*, was *Fabulous*; what was *Natural*, was Poor and *Crawling*.

In *Corneille*, *Height* and *Grandeur* is known by it ſelf: The *Figures*, he uſes, are *handſom*, when he has a Mind to adorn with ſome *Ornament* his Diſcourſes; but generally, he neglects thoſe *extravagant Sallies*, and does not go a *hunting* into the *Heavens* for ſomething to *ſet off* that, which is already *conſiderable* enough on *Earth*: He thinks it ſufficient to make a *right Entrance* into Things; and the *full* and juſt *Image*, he gives us, of them, makes that *true Impreſſion*, which Men of *good Senſe* love to receive.

In effect, moſt *Admirable* every where is *Nature*: And when Men have recourſe to that *ſtrange* and borrowed *Splendor*, where-with they think to *embelliſh* Objects, 'tis frequently a *tacit*

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Confeſſion, that they do not know their *Propriety* and true Nature. Hence proceed the greateſt part of *Our Figures* and *Compariſons*, which I cannot approve of, unleſs they come very *ſeldom*, be altogether *noble*, and altogether *juſt* : Otherwiſe, by this *ſubtile Dexterity*, they ſeek a *diverſion*, to turn a Man's Thoughts away from the *things*, which *themſelves* do *not underſtand*. Yet what-ever Beauty *Simile*'s may have, they *agree* much better with an *Epic Poem* than a *Tragedy*. In an Epic Poem the *Mind* ſeeks its *Divertiſement* out of the *main Subject* ; but, in a Tragedy, the Soul being *full* of Thought, and crowded with *Paſſion*, does not *eaſily* move at the meer *Glittering* of a *Similitude*.

To return to thoſe *Antients*, from whom our Diſcourſe has inſenſibly Wandred, and that we may do 'em Juſtice, we muſt confeſs, that they have *ſucceeded* much better in *expreſſing* the *Qualities* of their *Heroes*, than in deſcribing the *Magnificence* of great *Kings*. A *confus'd Idea*, of the Glories of *Babylon*, did rather *ſpoil* than *exalt* their *Imagination* : But their *Wit* could not commit any *miſtake* as to *Strength*, *Conſtancy*, *Juſtice* and *Wiſdom*, whereof they had evermore *Examples* before their Eyes. Their Senſe being diſengag'd from *Pride*, in a little *Common-wealth*, left their *Reaſon* more *free* to conſider *Men* by *themſelves*.

Thus nothing *diverted* them from ſtudying *Human* Nature, from applying their Minds to the *Knowledge* of *Vices* and *Vertues*, of *Tempers* and *Inclinations*. By this means, they learnt to form their *Characters* ſo well, that a Man cannot wiſh 'em to be more *juſt* according to the *Age*, wherein they liv'd. Tho' we may be ſatisfied with *knowing* Perſons by their *Actions*, yet *Corneille* did believe, it was *not enough* to make them *Act* ; he

went to the very *bottom* of their *Souls*, to find out the *Principle* of thoſe Actions; he deſcended into their Hearts, to ſee how the *Paſſions* were form'd, and to *diſcover* what was moſt *hidden* in their Motions.

As for the *Ancient* Tragique Poets, either they *neglect* the Paſſions, to keep *cloſer* to the exact *Repreſentation* of *Incidents*, or elſe they bring *grave Talkers*, even in the midſt of Diſtreſs and *Perturbations*, and give you *ſtarch'd Sentences*, when you expect Trouble and *Deſpair*.

Corneille robs us of nothing of what *paſſes*, but brings every *Action* into view as far as *Decency* permits: Yet ſtill, to his *Thought*, he gives all the *Extent* it requires, conducting *Nature* without *perplexing* or *abandoning* it too much to it *ſelf*.

What-ever was *barbarous*, he has prun'd off from the *Ancient Theatre*: He has mollifi'd the *Horrour* of its *Scene*, by certain *Tenderneſſes* of *Love*, judiciouſly diſtributed: But he has taken no leſs Care, to keep up our *Fear* and our *Pity* in his Tragical Subjects, not diverting the Soul from thoſe *true Paſſions*, which it ſhou'd feel, to thoſe *little* troubleſome *Sights* which, tho' varied a hundred times, never ceaſe appearing always the *ſame*.

What Praiſes ſoever I give this *Excellent Author*, I do not ſay, that his Pieces are the *only*, that deſerve *Applauſe* upon the *French* Theatre. The *French* have been taken with *Alcyone*, *Sophonisba*, *Mariamne*, *Stilico*, *Andromache*, *Britannicus*, and many others, whoſe *Excellence* I do not pretend to call in Queſtion, by not urging as Proofs of my *Aſſertion*.

I avoid, as much as poſſible, being *diſtaſtful*; and I ſhall think it ſufficient to ſay, that never any *Nation* could diſpute with (ours) the *advantage* of *excelling* in Tragedies. As

As to thoſe of the *Italians*, they are hardly worth mentioning; to *name* 'em only is enough to make a Man Sick: Their *Feaſt of Peter* would kill the *patienteſt* Soul upon Earth, 'tis ſo tireſom; and never did I ſee it, but I wiſht the *Author* of *that* Piece *Thunder-ſtruck* with his *Atheiſt*.

There are four or five *Engliſh* Tragedies, in which many things ought to be retrench'd; and with this Curtailing they wou'd be render'd altogether Exact and Compleat.

In all the reſt you can ſee nothing but Matter without Form and Diſgeſtion, an Heap of confuſed Events: And without conſideration of Places or Times, without any Regard to Decency; their cruel Eyes delight to ſee Blood and Wounds, and moſt direful Murthers.

To take *away* the *Horrour* of *theſe* Things, by *Narrations* and *Recitals*, as is us'd in *France*, would be to *rob* the *People* of the Sight of what affects 'em moſt.

Men of Senſe do diſallow of this *Cuſtom*, eſtabliſht perchance on no very *Humane* Senſe in the Minds of Men: But it is an Ancient Habit and *Way*, wherein the *Nations* Taſte in *General* prevails over the *Delicacy* of *particular* Perſons.

To *die*, is ſo trivial a thing among the *Engliſh*, that to move them there is need of Ideas and *Images* more dreadful than *Death* it ſelf. Upon this account the *French* reproach 'em with *allowing too* much to their *Senſes* in the Theatre. On the other Hand, the *French* muſt take that *Recrimination* very kindly from them, of paſſing into the *other Extremity*, when they *admire* ſuch Tragedies only, that have *little Softneſſes*, which make but ſlight Impreſſion on the Mind. Sometimes their Hearts, being very ill ſatisfied with a *Tenderneſs*, which has been *ill-drawn*, they ſeek

ſeek for a *further* Emotion in the *Acting* of the *Players*. Sometimes they will have the *Actor* be more *tranſported* than the *Poet*, and *lend* ſome *Fury*, and *Deſpair* to a mean Agitation and *too common a Grief*.

In a Word, that which ought to be *tender*, is only *ſweet*; what is to create *Pity*, only cauſes *Tenderneſs*: A meer *Emotion* ſerves inſtead of the *Aſtoniſhment of Horror*.

Something, that is profound and *ſearching*, is wanting to our *Sentiments*: And the *Paſſion*, being toucht but *by halves*, excites only *imperfect* Motions in our *Souls*, which do neither *leave* them in their *proper Seat*, nor yet *raiſe* 'em up *above* themſelves.

Upon COMEDY.

AS to *Comedy*, which ought to repreſent ordinary *Life* and *Common Converſation*, the *French* have altogether turn'd it upon *Galantry*, in *Imitation* of the *Spaniards*; not conſidering, that the *Ancients* made it their whole *Buſ'neſs* to repreſent *Humane* Life according to the *Diverſity* of *Humors*; and that the *Spaniards*, to *follow* their own *proper* Bent and *Genius*, have only *deſcrib'd* and painted out the *Life* of *Madrid* in their *Intrigues* and *Adventures*.

I confeſs, *this* ſort of *Work* among the *Antients*, might have had a much more *Noble Air*, and more *Gallant*: But this was rather the *fault* of thoſe *Ages*, than the fault of thoſe *Authors*. Now-adays the greater part of our *Poets*, are as *little* acquainted with the *Manners*, as the former with Gallantry. You wou'd ſwear, there are *no more* Covetous Rogues now living; no more

more Spend-thrifts; no more Good Natur'd Men, of an Humour fit for Society; no more People naturally Peeviſh, Gloomy, and Auſtere; as if *Nature* were chang'd, and *Men* had *worn* out theſe *ſeveral Humors*. Now all are repreſented under the *ſame* Character; the Reaſon of which I can't imagine, unleſs it be this, that the *Women* in *our Daies* have found it very *ſeaſonable*, that there ought to be *no Creatures* in the World but *Galants*.

I muſt acknowledge, that the *Madrid-Wits* are much more *Fruitful* in *Invention* than the *French*: For this Reaſon, the *Latter* have taken *thence* the greateſt part of their *Subjects*, which they have crowded with *Amorous* or tender *Diſcourſes*, and in which they have put more *Regularity* and *Probability*. The cauſe of theſe Adventures in *Spain* is, that the Women there, are *ſeldom* or *never* ſeen; The Poet's *Imagination* is ſpent in *Ingenious* Wayes, to *bring* the *Lovers* together; whereas in *France*, where a free liberty of *Commerce* is ſettled, the Author's greateſt *Delicacy* is employ'd in the *tender* and lovely *Expreſſions* of *Thoughts*.

'Tis not long ſince a *Lady* of Quality, in *Spain*, read the Romance of *Cleopatra*: And happening, after a long Narration of *Adventures*, to fall upon a very Curious and Nice *Converſation*, betwixt a *Lover* and his *Miſtreſs*; that had an *equal* Paſſion one for the other: *God bleſs me*, ſays ſhe! *What a World of Wit is here ill imploy'd? What ſignify all theſe fine Diſcourſes, when they are got both together?* This Reflection was as pleaſant as natural, and *Calprenet* ought to have remember'd, that, to *Lovers* Born under a *Sun* much *hotter* than that of *Spain*, *Words* were very *uſeleſs* on ſuch occaſions. But this Ladies *good Senſe* would never be *receiv'd* in the *Ordinary* Galantries among the *French*, where a Man

a Man may ſpeak a *thouſand* times of a *Paſſion*, before he can be once *believ*'d, and be whole Years making Complaints, before he can meet with the happy Minute of putting a Period to his Torment.

The *Coy thing* of *Moliere*, is ridiculous in the Matter, as well as the Terms, in not reading the Romance backward, when the Serious Affair of *Marriage* is to be Treated with the Parents; but it had been no falſe Nicety in a Lover, to expect his Declaration, and all that comes by Degrees in the Progreſs of a Galantry.

As for *Regularity* and *Veriſimilitude*, 'tis no wonder, we meet with 'em *leſs* among the *Spaniards*, than among the *French*: As all the *Spaniſh* Galantry came from the *Moors*, there *ſtill* remains in't ſome *reliſh* of *Africa*, unknown to *other* Nations, and too *extraordinary* to be *accommodated* to the Exactneſs of *Rules*.

To this add, that an *old* impreſſion of *Knight-errantry*, which has the aſcendant over all *Spain*, does *biaſs* the Minds of the *Cavaliers* to mighty *ſilly Adventures*. The *Young Ladies*, on their parts, in their very *Child-hood*, draw in this *Air* from the *Books of Chivalry*, and the fabulous Tales of the *old Women* about them. So that both Sexes fill their Minds with the ſame Ideas; and equaly eſteem the *Scruple* of an Amorous Extravagance, as a poore Coldneſs unworthy of their Paſſion.

Though *Love*, in *no* Country what-ever, *takes* very good and *accurate Meaſures*, yet ſtill this I will ſay, that it hath nothing very *extravagant* in *France*, either in the *Manner* of it's making, or in its ordinary *Events*. *That*, which is call'd *a true Paſſion*, has much adoe to *preſerve* it ſelf from being *Laught* at: For the *People of Quality*, being

being engaged in ſeveral *Cares* and Employs, never *devote* their *Thoughts* to it, as the *Spaniards* do amidſt the * *Inglorious Eaſe* of *Madrid*, where there is no *Motion*, but what proceeds from *Love*.

* *In the French* Inutilité, *which I render in* Virgil's *Language*, Ignobile Otium. *Georg. lib.* 4.

At *Paris*, the continual *Hurry* of the *Court* ties Men up to the Function o f a *Charge*, or elſe the Deſign of an *Employment* keeps them awake; *Fortune* prevailing over *the Miſtreſs* in a Place, where the Cuſtom is for a Man to *prefer* what is his *Intereſt*, before what he *Loves*: And the *Ladies*, who are to *regulate* themſelves *accordingly*, have *more Galantry* than *Paſſion*, and beſides do make *uſe* of their *Galantry* to dive into *Intrigues*.

There are very few, who are not ſway'd by *Vanity* and *Intereſt*, which makes Things go the eaſier on both ſides; for the Galant makes uſe of his Miſtreſs, and She of her Galant reciprocaly, to attain their particular Aims and Deſigns.

Love will always intrude and mingle with this *Intereſt*; but ſeldom or never gets the Maſtery of it. For the *Conduct*, which Men are oblig'd to *keep* in their *Affairs*, does adapt and faſhion 'em to ſome *Regularity* in their *Pleaſures*, or at leaſt *diſtances* them from any *Extravagant* Actions.

In *Spain* to *Live*, is to *Love*: What *they* call *Love* in *France*, is only *to talk of Love* [in Propriety of ſpeaking] and to mix vain *Galantries* with the ſentiments of *Ambition*.

Theſe differences being conſidered, no Man can think it ſtrange, that the *Spaniſh Comedy*, which is nothing elſe but the repreſentation of their

their Adventures, ſhou'd have as *little* Regularity as the Adventures themſelves; nor any more can he admire, that the Comedy among the *French*, which follows the Cuſtoms of their Country, ſhou'd keep up thoſe *Reſpects* in the repreſentation of their *Amours*, as *they* commonly keep in the Amours *themſelves*. I confeſs, *good Senſe*, which ought to be a *Native* of *all Countries* in the World, does *eſtabliſh certain* Things, which in *no* part can be withal *diſpenſed*. Yet it's a hard matter, o' my Word, not to allow *much* to Cuſtom; ſince *Ariſtotle* himſelf, in this *Art of Poetry*, ſometimes places *Perfection* in what was believ'd and thought *better* at *Athens*, and not in what was *really the moſt perfect*.

Comedy hath no more Priviledge than the *Laws*, which ought not *all* to be founded upon *Juſtice*; yet nevertheleſs have *particular* diſcriminations according to the different *Genius* of the People, that make them. And if a Man be obliged to preſerve the Air of *Antiquity*, if he is to keep up the *Character* of *Hero's*, that are dead two thouſand Years ſince, when he repreſents 'em upon the Stage, how can he *not* follow the Humors, and fit himſelf to the *Manners* of thoſe *now alive*, when he repreſents to their Eyes that which they do every day themſelves?

Yet what Authority ſoever *Cuſtom is* pleas'd to aſſume, yet undoubtedly *Reaſon* holds the *Primary* Rights; but its *Exactneſs* ought not to be *harſh* and *rigid*. For, in *Things* deſigned purely for *Pleaſure*, as *Comedy* is, it is unkind and *troubleſom* to *enſlave* a Man to an *Auſtere Order*, and to begin with the *Rack* in *Subjects*, where we only ſeek for *Diverſion*.

Upon Italian COMEDY.

YOU have heard what I had to ſay of the *French* and the *Spaniſh* Comedy: I ſhall now tell you my *Thoughts* of the *Italian*. I ſhall not ſpeak of *Amyntas*, *Paſtor*, *Fido*, *Phillis*, *Cyrus*, and other Comedies of the *like* Nature. A Man muſt underſtand the *Graces* of the *Italian* Tongue a great deal *better* than I do: For, tho' I am charm'd with *Amyntas* perhaps *more*, than any *Italian*, 'tis becauſe I make a *thorough* Paſſage into the Poets *Mind*, and apprehend the *Things* more *ſharply* than the *Verſes*. On the *other* hand, in this Diſcourſe I deſign to ſpeak of *Comedy*, as it is *ordinarily* ſeen upon the Stage. That which is *ſhewn* up and down in *France*, of the *Italian Theatre*, is not *properly* Comedy, ſince it has no true *Platform*; the *Subject* has no *Ligament* to tye the *Parts* together; nothing of *Character* is well *kept*, nor of *Compoſition*, whereby a *happy Wit* is well *guided*, at leaſt according to ſome *Rules of Art*: But it is only a kind of *ill-manag'd Conſort* among *many* Actors, where every body ſupplies and *provides* of himſelf, what he judges *fit* for his proper *Perſon*: 'Tis (in ſhort, and to ſpeak my Mind) a *Medly* and Heap of impertinent *Tuneable* Words in the Mouths of *Inamorato*'s, and curſedly fooliſh *Buffooneries* in thoſe of *Zanis*.

You can ſee nothing of *true Judgment* any where, but *falſe Wit*, which reigns either in very *heavenly-minded* Thoughts, as *Suns*, *Stars* and *Elements*, or in an Affectation of *Nawite* and plain-dealing, that has nothing of *true Nature*.

I confeſs the *Buffoons* are *inimitable*: And among the hundreds of Imitators or *Poſture*-Maſters that I have ſeen, there has not one come near reſembling them in their *Grimaces*, their *Motions*, their Agility, their *Feats* of *Activity*, their Diſpoſition to *change* their Faces, as they pleaſe. I know not whether the *Mimi* and *Pantomimi* among the *Ancients*, had any great *Advantage* over them, tho' we read very *wondrous* things of 'em. 'Tis certain a Man muſt *love* ſuch *Railery* and *unhappy* Merriment, to be *really* affected with what he hears. He muſt alſo be of a very *Grave* and *Compoſed* Humor, not to *laugh* at what he ſees: And 'twould be a too-too-much *affected Moroſeneſs*, not to be pleaſed at their *Acting*, tho' a Man of a *delicate Ear* would not take any *Pleaſure* in their *Diſcourſe*.

All *Repreſentations*, in which *Wit* bears no ſhare, are *troubleſome* at the long-run; but yet they fail not to *ſurprize*, and be agreeable ſometime before they grow troubleſom, as *Buffoons* divert a *Man of Senſe* only by *whiles* and *Interims*. The *Art* is to put a *ſtop* to it in due time, and not allow the *Mind* ſpace to *return* to the *Juſtneſs* of thinking and *Diſcourſe*, and to the Idea of *undiſguis'd Nature*. This *Oeconomony*, as it is wanted, ſo it is to be deſired and *wiſht* for in the *Italian* Comedy. For the *firſt Diſtaſt* is follow'd by a *new Trouble* much *more* wearifom; and the *Variety* inſtead of *refreſhing* you, brings only a new ſort of *Drooping*.

In few Words, when you have been moſt *unmercifully* tired with the *Buffoons*, that have ſtaid *too long* on the Stage, to *compleat* your ruin the *Amorous* Hot-ſpurs appear. This, in my Opinion, is the laſt and *utmoſt Puniſhment*, that can be inflicted on a *judging* Perſon; and a Man wou'd have greater Reaſon to prefer *ready* and immediate

ate *Death* to the *Patience* of *hearing* them out, than *Boccalini*'s *Lacedemonian* had, when he preferr'd the *Gibbet* before that *long* and tedious *Reading the War* of *Piſa*, in *Guicciardin*'s Hiſtory. If ſome one, that is *overfond* of Life, can *weather-out* ſo Mortal a *Laſſitude*; inſtead of *recovering* himſelf by ſome *pleaſurable* Diverſion, he finds no *Change*, but preſently meets with another *dreadful Buſ'neſs*, which makes him *deſpair*, and think of nothing but a *State of Separation*, and that is *the Doctor*. To deſcribe well the folly of a *Doctor*, I know, it muſt be done in ſuch ſort, that he *turn* all his *Diſcourſe* and Converſation upon the *Science*, wherewith he is *poſſeſt*, (even in the *worſt* Senſe of the Word;) and that he *never* anſwer to what is ſaid to him, but *quote* a Thouſand *Authors*, and alledge a Thouſand Paſſages with ſuch a *Nimbleneſs* of *Tongue*, as ſhall *put* him out of *Breath*: *This* is to introduce a *Fool* on the Stage; that ought to be chain'd up in *Bethlehem*, and not rightly to manage the *Impertinence* of a Doctor.

Petronius has taken quite *another* way in his ridiculing *Eumolphus*. The Pedantry of *Sidias* is otherwiſe handled by *Theophilus*, to whom the Praiſe is due, of *knowing* how to form the moſt *accompliſh't* Character, that is beſtow'd upon this ſort of *Pedants*. That of *Charitides* in *Moliere*'s *Facheux*, is altogether *juſt*: Nothing can be *taken* from it, without *diſfiguring* the Picture. And theſe are the *Learnedly-ridiculous* Creatures, whoſe repreſentation would pleaſe the *Pit*.

But 'tis a bad Divertiſement to a Man of Senſe, to bring him a *Wretched Doctor*, whom *Books* have made a *Fool*, and who ought very *carefully* to be *lockt* up (as I ſaid) leſt the World ſhould ſeek the *weak* and *mean* Eſtate of *Mans* Condition, and the Miſery of Humane Nature.

Now, that I may not *ſtretch* too far my *Obſervations* on the *Italian* Comedy, and to *ſum* up all, I have diſplay'd in a few Words; I ſay that, inſtead of *agreeable Lovers*, you have only *affected* Talkers of Love; inſtead of *natural Comedians*, *incomparble* Buffoons, but ſtill Buffoons; and inſtead of *ridiculous* Doctors, poor *mad Scholars*. There is hardly any part but what is forc'd, unleſs that of *Pantalon*, which is the *leaſt* taken notice of in the Play; and yet the *only thing*, that does not exceed the Bounds of Probability.

Tragedy was the chief Delight of the *Ancient Common-wealth*; and the old *Romans*, endow'd only with a rough Virtue, ſought no other Examples in their Theatres, but ſuch as might fortify their Natural Diſpoſition; and entertain their Fierce Habits. When the Sweetneſs of Wit for Converſation, was join'd to the Force of Soul for great Matters, then they began to be pleas'd likewiſe with Comedy; and thus, ſometimes delighted with great and noble Ideas, and ſometimes diverted with thoſe that are agreeable.

As ſoon as *Rome* came to be *corrupted*, the *Romans* quitted *Tragedy*, and could not endure to behold any Image of the Ancient *Vertue*, on the Stage.

From thoſe days to the *laſt* of the Commonwealth, *Comedy* was the Recreation of *Great Men*, the Divertiſement of *Polite* Perſons, and the Amuſement of a *People* either *Remiſs* or *Soft'ned* into Effeminacy.

A little before the *Civil War*, the *Spirit* of *Tragedy* began again to animate the *Romans*, by a ſecret Diſpoſition of a *Genius*, that prepar'd 'em for the dreadful *Revolutions*, which happen'd afterwards. *Cæſar* wrote one, and *many* Perſons of Quality wrote *ſome* likewiſe: But the *Diſor-*

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ders being calmed under *Auguſtus*, and *Peace* nd Tranquillity *re-eſtabliſhed*, *Pleaſure* was ſought after.

Then came *Comedies* into Play again; the *Pantomimes* were Men in *Vogue* and Credit; and *Tragedy* made a ſhift to keep up her *Reputation*. Under *Nero*'s Reign, *Seneca* entertain'd *fatal Ideas*, which made him compoſe the *Tragedies* that he had left us: And when *Corruption* was at the Height, and *Vice* general and *A-la-mode*, the *Pantomimes* deſtroy'd both Tragedy and Comedy. No longer now had *Wit* any part in the *Stage-Repreſentations*, and only the *Sight* did ſeek in *Poſtures* and *Motions*, that might imprint *Voluptuous* Images on the Soul of the *Spectators*.

The *Modern Italians* are ſatisfy'd to enjoy the ſame Sun, and breath the ſame Air, and inhabit the ſame Land with the Ancient *Romans*. But they have left to Hiſtory that ſevere Virtue, which the *Romans* practic'd, and therefore think, they have no need of *Tragedy* to animate them to hard and difficult Things, which they have no Mind to undertake. As they love the ſoftneſs of an ordinary, and the delights of a Voluptuous Life, ſo they love to act Plays, that may relate to both, and hence came the mixture of *Comedy* with *Mimickry*, which we ſee in the *Italian* Stage.

All the *Actors*, that play now, are generally very *excellent*, except thoſe that play Lovers: And not to do them an *Injury*, any more than ſhew them any *Favour*, I will ſay, they are very good *Actors*, but have very bad *Comedies*; and *perhaps* they can't make good ones, and perhaps they have *reaſon* not to make ſuch. For one day telling *Cintiſio*, that there was not *Veri-ſimilitude* enough in their Pieces, he anſwer'd me, that, *If there were more*, good *Comedians* with good Comedies, might go ſtarve. X 2 *Upon*

Upon Engliſh COMEDY.

THere is no *Comedy* more *conformable* to that of the *Ancients*, than the *Engliſh*, in what reſpects the *Manners*. It is not pure and *ſincere Galantry*, full of *Adventures* and *Amorous Diſcourſes*, as in *Spain* and *France*; but the Repreſentation of humane *Life in common*, according to the Diverſity of Humors, and *ſeveral Characters* of Men. 'Tis an *Alchimiſt* who, by the Illuſions of his Art, entertains the deceitful hopes of a vain *Curioſo*: 'Tis a *ſilly* and Credulous Perſon, whoſe fooliſh Eaſineſs is eternally abus'd. 'Tis ſometimes a ridiculous *Politician*, Gravely ſtarcht, and compos'd; who ſhruggs up his Shoulders, and pinks with his Eyes at every thing, being moſt myſteriouſly ſuſpicious; and who fancies he can find Deſigns hidden in the moſt common Intentions, and thinks to diſcover Artifice in the moſt innocent Actions of Life. 'Tis a *Whimſical Lover*, huffing *Bully*, a Pedantick *Scholar*, one with natural *Extravagance*, and the other with his ridiculous *Affectations*. Indeed theſe *Cheats*, theſe *Fools*, this *Polititian*, with the other Characters, being *ingeniouſly* form'd, and *carried* on too *far*, according to *Frenchmen*'s Opinions; as thoſe of the *French* Theatre lye ſomewhat *heavy* on the *Stomach* of an *Engliſhman*. And the reaſon hereof is, perhaps, that the *Engliſh* think too *much*, and moſt commonly the *French* think *not enough*.

In effect, the *French* content themſelves with the *firſt Images* receiv'd from *Objects*: And by *ſtopping* them at the meer *Out-ſides* of Things, an *Appearance* almoſt always ſerves inſtead of *Truth*; and what is *eaſy*, for that which is *natural*. An

here I ſhall ſay, by the by, that theſe two *laſt Qualities* are ſometimes very improperly *confoumded* together: What is *eaſy*, and what is *natural*, agree ſufficiently in their *Oppoſition* to what is *hard* or *forc'd*: But when the *French* go about to dive into the Nature of *Things*, or the natural diſpoſition of *Perſons*, every Man will confeſs is not always *eaſily* attain'd: There is ſome *Internal* thing, ſomething *hidden*, which they would diſcover, if they wou'd ſound Matters a little deeper. It is as difficult for us to enter in, as for the *Engliſh* to get out: They never *leave* off thinking, till they become *Maſters* of the Thing, on which they think; and when they *comprehend* their Subject, they *dig* on ſtill, where *nothing* is to be *found*, and *ſurpaſs* the juſt and *natural Idea*, which they ought to have, by an *over-profound* Enquiry.

To ſpeak the Truth, I never met with *People* of *better Underſtanding* than the *French*, who apply themſelves to *conſider*; and the *Engliſh*, that can *break off*, from their *too great* Meditations. But to return to the Freedom of *Diſcourſe*, and a certain *Liberty* of *Mind*, which we ought always, if poſſible, to *enjoy*; *Men of the beſt Senſe in the World are the* French *that think, and the* Engliſh *that ſpeak*. I am inſenſibly caſting my ſelf into *too general* Conſiderations, and therefore ſhall reſume my Subject concerning *Comedy* again, and paſs to a conſiderable Difference betwixt the *Engliſh* and *French* Comedy: And that is, that the *French*, being tyed up to the *Regularity* of the *Ancients*, refer *all* to one *principal Action*, without any other Diverſity, than that of the *Means*, whereby they think to bring it about.

We are all to *agree* in this Point, that one principal Adventure ought to be the only *Scope*

and End of the Repreſentation in a *Tragedy* wherein the *Mind* wou'd ſuffer ſome *violence* in ſuch Diverſions, as would turn its thoughts aſide.

The *Misfortunes* of a miſerable *King*, the fatal and *Tragical* Death a of great *Heroe*, hold the Soul ſtrongly *chain'd* up to theſe *important* Objects; and inſtead of all the *Variety* in the World, is ſatisfi'd with knowing the different *Means* that lead to this principal *Action*. But *Comedy*, being made to divert us, and not wholly to buſy us; provided that *likelyhood* be kept, and *Extravagance* avoided, in the opinion of the *Engliſh*, the Varieties are pleaſing *Surprizes*, and agreeable Alterations; whereas the continual expectation of the *ſame* Thing, wherein nothing of *Importance* can be conceiv'd, muſt neceſſarily *create* a *Faintneſs* in our *Attention*.

So that, inſtead of repreſenting an eminent and ſignal *Impoſture* carried on by Means that refer all to the ſame End, they repreſent a notable Rogue with diverſe cheats, every one of which produces its *particular* effect according to its proper *Conſtitution*. As they almoſt always renounce *Unity of Action* to repreſent a *principal* Perſon, who diverts 'em with *different* Actions; ſo they likewiſe forſake this Principal Perſon, to let you take a Proſpect *diverſe* ways of what happens in *publick* Places to *many* Perſons: *Ben. Johnſon* has taken this courſe in his *Bartholomew Fair*: The ſame thing we ſee in *Epſom-Wells*: And in *both* Comedies, are comically repreſented the ridiculous paſſages in both thoſe places.

There are other Pieces, where (as it were) a *Couple* of Subjects do ſo ingeniouſly mingle one with the other, as that the *Mind* of the *Audience* (which might be wounded by an over-ſenſible change) finds nothing but *Pleaſure* in that divert-

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ing *Variety*, which they produce. We muſt confeſs, that this is not according *to Law* and Rule: But the *Engliſh* are perſuaded, that the *Liberties*, which are allowed for the greater *Pleaſure*, ought to be *prefer'd* before ſuch *exact* Rules, as every *barren* and *ſleepy Author* can make an *Art* of *plaguing* others withal.

To avoid *confuſion*, we ought to obſerve Rules and *Directions*, and to follow true Judgment and *good Senſe*, which may allay the Heat of an *inflamed* Imagination: Yet we are to *undreſs* thoſe Rules of all *tormenting* Conſtraint, and to baniſh a too *ſcrupulous Reaſon*, which through too *cloſe* embracing of Juſtneſs, leaves nothing *free* and *natural*.

Thoſe whom *Nature* has ſent into the World without a *Genius*, being never able to give it to themſelves, allow *all* to *Art* which they can *acquire*: And that their *ſervile obſervation* of *Regularity* may not go without its due Merit, they never forget to decry a *Work*, which is not perfect. As for thoſe that love the *Ridiculous*; that are pleaſed with the Humours of Fops; that are affected with true Characters; they will find the *Engliſh* Comedies excellent, and right for their *Taſte* and *Purpoſe*, as far, and (it may be) more than any they have ever ſeen.

The *French Moliere*, into whom the *Ancients* inſpir'd the *true Spirit* of *Comedy*, equalls their *Ben. Johnſon*, in admirably repreſenting the ſeveral *Humors* and Different *Manners* of Men, both of them in their *reſpective* Paintings, keeping a *juſt Regard* to the *Genius* of their Nation. I believe, they have carry'd that point as far as the Ancients ever did. But it is not to be denied, but that they have had greater Regard to Characters, than to the Main of their Subject, the

deduction of which might have been more me
thodically link'd together, and the unfoldin
the Intrigues more Natural.

Upon O P E R A'S,

Written to his Grace

The Late Duke *of* BUCKINGHAM.

IT is a long Time, MY LORD, since I have had a Deſire to tell you my *Opinion* concerning *Opera*'s, and to write to you about the *Difference*, which I find betwixt the Manner of *ſinging* among the *Italians*, and that among the *French*.

The *Occaſion*, that I had to ſpeak of it, in Company with *Madam* the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*, has rather *encreas*'d than *ſatisfi*'d that *Deſire*: Which I now do at length ſatisfy, in this Diſcourſe, which I here ſend you, *My Lord*.

I will begin with great *Freedom*, and tell you, that I do *not* much admire *Comedies* in *Muſick*, ſuch as we ſee 'em at *preſent*. I confeſs, their *Magnificence* abundantly *pleaſes* me, and the *Machines* carry a great deal of *Surprize*; the *Muſick* at certain *Times* is very moving, and the *whole* taken together appears almoſt *Miraculous*: *But* we muſt likewiſe confeſs, that theſe Miracles and *Wonders* are very *troubleſom*; becauſe where the *Mind* has little to do, there is an unavoidable *Neceſſity*, that the Senſes *languiſh* after the *firſt* pleaſure of Surprize, the Eyes are taken up and grow weary of being continually fix'd upon

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the Objects. At the *Beginning* of the *Conſorts*, the *Juſtneſs* of *Concords* is *obſerv'd*, and there eſcapes nothing of all the varieties, that can omit to *make* up the Sweetneſs of *Harmony*. But ſoon after, the *Inſtruments* deafen us, and the *Muſick* is nothing to our Ears, but a *confuſed* Noiſe, where nought can be diſtinguiſh'd. Now, who can ſupport the Tedioufneſs of a *Recitative* Modulation, which has neither the charm of a *Singing*, nor the Pleaſant Force of *Speech*? The *Soul*, being *wearied* out with long *Attention*, where it can find nothing to *think* on, looks after ſome *ſecret* Motion in it ſelf, that may affect it: The *Mind*, that is vainly *urg'd* upon by Impreſſions from *without*, lets it ſelf fly at *Rovers*, or elſe is *diſſatisfi'd* with its own *Impertinence*: In brief, the *Tireſomeneſs* is ſo great, that a Man dreams of nothing but going out, and the only Pleaſure, remaining to the drooping Spectators, is the hopes to ſee the *Shew* done very ſoon. The *ordinary* Drouſineſs, whereinto I fall at an *Opera*, proceeds hence, That I never ſaw one, but it appear'd very *contemptible* to me, both in the *Diſpoſal* of the *Subject*, and in the *Verſes*. Now 'tis in vain, to *flatter* the *Ear*, or charm the *Eyes*, unleſs the *Mind* be ſatisfi'd. My *Soul* being of Intelligence with my *Mind*, rather than my *Senſes*, ſhapes in it ſelf an Oppoſition to the Impreſſions, which it may receive; Or at leaſt, it fails to lend a *willing* and agreeable *Conſort*, without which even the moſt voluptuous object cannot afford any great Pleaſure. A *Foppery* beſet with *Muſick*, *Dances*, *Machines*, and *Scenes*, is a *magnificent* Foppery, yet ſtill its a *Foppery*: Its a pitiful *mean* Thing under a *Glorious* Out-ſide, which I look into with much *unwillingneſs*. There is *another* thing in *Operas* ſo much *againſt Nature*, that my Imagination is *offended* with it, and that is

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to make the whole Stage do nothing but *ſing* from the beginning to the end; as if the *Perſons* repreſented, were *bound* moſt ridiculouſly in *Muſick*, to treat of both the moſt *common* and moſt *important* Affairs of their Lives. Can any Man fancy, that a *Maſter* ſhould *call* his *Servant*, or give him Orders for ſuch or ſuch things, while he is *ſinging*? that one Friend ſhould declare a *Secret* to another in a Song? that Men ſhould *deliberate* in a Privy Councel ſinging? or that they ſhould *melodiouſly* kill one another in a *Duel*? This deſtroys the *Wit* of the *Repreſentation*; which, queſtionleſs, is preferable to that of the *Harmony*; ſince Harmony ought only to be a meer *Attendant*, and the greater *Maſters of the Theatre* have added it as a *pleaſant*, but not as a *neceſſary* Thing, after all has been *rightly* ordered, which regards the *Subject* and *Diſcourſe*. However in Opera's the Idea of the *Muſician* goes far beyond that of the *Heroe*: 'Tis *Lovigi*, *Cavallo*, and *Ceſti*, that *preſent* themſelves to our Imagination. The *Mind*, being unable to conceive an *Heroe* in a *Songſter*, is wholly fixt on him that *ſings*; and no body can deny, but that at the repreſentation of the *Palace-Royal*, (we) an hundred times think on *Baptiſt*, to once on *Theſeus* or *Cadmus*. Yet nevertheleſs, I do not pretend to *exclude all* ſort of Singing on the Stage. There are ſuch things as *ought* to be ſung, and may be, without any Offence to *Decency* or *reaſon*: *Vows*, Prayers, and *Praiſes*, and generally *every* thing, relating to the ſervice of the *Gods*, have been ſung in *all* Nations, and at all times. *Tender* and *dolorous* Paſſions are *naturally* expreſſed in a *ſort* of ſinging: The *Utterance* of an *Amour* juſt in its *birth*, the *Irreſolution* of a *Soul* toſt and tumbled with ſeveral *Motions*, are *fit* Matter for *Stanza*'s, and *Stanza*'s for *Song*. Every one knows, that the

Chorus

Chorus was brought upon the *Athenian* Stage; and we muſt confeſs, that it may, with as much *Reaſon*, be introduced upon *ours*: So that this is the *Diſtinction*, which I make, *whatever* belongs to *Converſation* and Conference, whatever concerns *Intrigues* and *Affairs*, whatever appertains to *Counſel* or *Action*, is *proper* to be recited by *Comedians*, and *ridiculous* in the mouth of a *Muſician*. The *Greeks* made *excellent* Tragedies, wherein *ſome part* was ſung: But the *Italians* and *French* make *wretched* ones, where they ſing *all*. If you would know what an *Opera* is, it is nothing elſe but a *fantaſtical* Medley, made up of *Poetry* and *Muſique*; where the Poet and Muſician being equally *rackt* one by the other, do make a *dull* Piece of *Work*. Not but that you may find very *pleaſant Words*, and very *good Airs*: But moſt aſſuredly you will *at laſt* be *diſguſted* at the *Verſes*, in which the Poets *Genius* has been mightily ſtrain'd and confin'd, and the *Muſicians* and *Singers* quite *exhauſted* and ſpent by ſo tedious a Labour. If I were fit to give advice to our Men of Senſe, that take much *Delight* in the *Stage*, I ſhould direct them, to *reſume* our beſt *Comedies* into their hands, where *Dances* and *Muſick* might be introduced, that would *not ſpoil* the Play. The *Prologue* might be ſung with very pleaſant *Attendances*: In the *Chorus*'s, a Song would *animate* ſuch Words as might ſeem to be the very *Soul* of what is *Acted*. And then, the *Epilogue* might be ſung, or ſome *Reflection* on the greateſt *Beauties* in the Play: The Idea and *Shaddow* might be *enhanced* and *ſtrengthened*, and the *Impreſſion* more *cleverly* and *laſtingly* made on the Spectators *Minds*. 'Tis thus we may find *Satisfaction* for the *Mind* and *Senſes*, while we cannot any more deſire the *Charm* of *Singing* in a pure *Repreſentation*, nor the Vigour of a Repreſentati-

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on in the *Drowſineſs* of continual *Muſick*. It remains ſtill behind, that I ſhould give ſome *Directions* for all thoſe *Comedies*, wherein *Singing* is put: Which is to leave the *main* Authority to the *Poet* for the management of the *Piece*: The *Muſick* ſhould be made *rather* for the *Verſe*, than the *Verſe* for the *Muſick*; it belongs to the *Muſician* to follow the *Poets* Order; from which courſe only *Baptiſt*, in my Opinion, ought to be *exempt*, for his underſtanding the *Paſſions better*, and ſinking farther into Mens Hearts than the *Authors* themſelves. *Lambert*, undoubtedly, has an *excellent* Genius, fit for an hundred *ſeveral* Sorts of Muſick; and all are well managed with a *Righteous* Oeconomy of *Voices*, and *Inſtruments*; there is no *Recitative* better *extended* nor better *varied* than his: But as to the *nature* of the *Paſſions*, and the *quality* of *Sentiments* to be *expreſt*, he ought to receive that *Light* from the Authors, which *Baptiſt* is able to give *them* himſelf, and not to refuſe *Direction*, tho' *Baptiſt* through the *vaſt* comprehenſiveneſs of his knowledge may very *fitly* be the *Director*. To my diſcourſe I will not put an End, without entertaining you with that *ſmall Eſteem*, the *Italians* have for our *Operas*, and the *great Diſlike* we bear to thoſe of *Italy*. The *Italians* being altogether imployed about the Repreſentation, and particular Care of *expreſſing Things*, cannot endure the *French* ſhould call an *Opera*, a *Concatenation* of *Dances and Muſique*, which have no juſt *Affinity*, nor *natural Correſpondence* with the *Subject*. The *French* being accuſtom'd to the *Beauty* of their Entries, the *Pleaſantneſs* of their *Airs*, and the *Charm* of their *Symphonies*, cannot bear the Ignorant uſe of the Inſtruments in the *Venetian Operas*, and *refuſe* Attention to a long *Recitative*, *that* becomes *troubleſome* by the little *Variety* we meet with in it. I can not tell you *properly*, what

what their *Recitative* is: It is ſomething *unknown* to the *Ancients*, which we may *define a bad uſe of Song and Speech*. I confeſs, I have found *inimitable* things in *Lovigi*'s Opera's, both in the expreſſion of *Thoughts*, and the charm of *Muſique*: But the *ordinary* Recitative was extream *tireſom*, inſomuch as the *Italians* did even *impatiently* expect thoſe *quaint Paſſages*, that came very *rarely*, in their Opinion. The greateſt defects in the *French* Operas, I will compriſe in few Words: They think to *come* to a Repreſentation, where they will find nothing repreſented; they go to ſee a *Comedy*, where no *Spirit* or *Shade* of a Comedy is to be ſeen. This is what I had to ſay concerning the *different* conſtitution of *Opera's*. As to the manner of *Singing*, call'd in *France*, *Execution*, I believe without partiality, that no Nation can reaſonably diſpute with it. The *Spaniard* is admirably *well diſpos'd* in his Throat, but with his *Quaverings* and *Rowlings*, he ſeems to aim at nothing more, than to contend with the *Nightingal* for the Facility of *Wind-pipe*. The *Italian*, he has a *falſe* Expreſſion (or at leaſt tis *overdone*) not knowing exactly the nature or *degree* of the Paſſions: He breaks out into *Laughter* rather, than *Sings*, when he wou'd expreſs ſome ſentiment of *Joy*: If he wou'd *ſigh*, you hear ſuch *Sobs* as are violently form'd in the Throat, and not ſuch Sighs as ſecretly eſcape from the Paſſion of an *amorous* Heart: At a *dolerous* Reflection, he makes the *Lowdeſt* Exclamations; Tears of abſence become *Funeral wailings*; and the *Melancholly* Man becomes ſo *ſorrowful* in their Mouths, that they ſend forth *Cries* inſtead of *Complaints* in Grief; and ſometimes they expreſs a *Languiſhment* of *Paſſion* by a *Swoon*. Perhaps the *Italians* have now made *ſome Alteration* in their way of *Singing*, and *better'd* themſelves by a *Commerce* with the

the *French* as to the *Neatneſs* of a Polite *Execution*, as the *latter* have drawn *advantage* from them, in the *Beauties* of a greater and more *bold Compoſition*. I have ſeen *Comedies* in *England*, where there has been much Muſique: But to ſpeak of 'em with *Diſcretion*, in ſinging I cou'd not *faſhion* my ſelf to the *Engliſh Singing*. Too *late* I came to take a *Reliſh* ſo *different* from all others. There is *no Nation*, where appears more *Courage* in the *Men*, or more *Beauty* in the *Women*, or more *Wit* in either *Sex*. We cannot have *every* thing, where ſo *many good Qualities* are ſo *common*, 'tis not *ſo great* an evil, that the *true Taſte* ſhould be ſo *rare*; and certain it is, we meet with it very ſeldom there. But *thoſe Perſons*, in whom we find it, have it as *nice* and *delicate* as any People in the World, eſcaping the common Misfortune of their own Nation by an exquiſite Air, and moſt happy natural parts. *Solus* Gallus *cantat*, *only* the *Frenchman Sings*: I would notbe *injurious* to *all other* Nations by *maintaining* what an *Author* has been pleas'd to *promote*: Hiſpanus *flet*, *dolet* Italus, Germanus *boat*, Flander *ululat*, *& Solus Gallus cantat*: To *him* I leave all theſe *cunning Diſtinctions*, and think it enough to *ſound* my Opinion on the Authority of *Lovigi*, who could never endure the *Italians* ſhould ſing *Airs*, after he had heard *M. Nyert*, *Hilaire*, and *la Petite Varenne*. At his return into *Italy*, he made all the *Muſicians*, of that *Nation*, his Enemies, by ſaying openly at *Rome*, as he had done at *Paris*, *that*, *to make the Muſick pleaſant*, *the* Italian *Airs ſhould be put into* French-mens *Mouths*. He made very little Account of *French Songs*, excepting *Beauſſet*'s, which he lov'd *particularly*. He admir'd the *Concert of* [our] *Violins*; he admired our *Lutes*, our *Clavicords*, and *Organs*: He was raviſht to hear, the firſt time, the great Bells of St. *Germain des Prez*:

Prez: And what *Charm* might not he have found in our *Flutes*, if they had been in uſe at *that time?* This is certain, he was mightily *diſheartned* and *diſſatisfi'd* with the *Rudeneſs* and *Harſhneſs* of the *greateſt Maſters* of *Italy*, when he had taſted the *tender* way of *moving*, and the Neatneſs and *Manner* of the *French*. I ſhould be too partial, if I ſpoke only of [our] Excellencies: There is no People, that have a more *ſlow apprehenſion*, both as to *the ſound* of the *Words*, and the *Mind of* the *Compoſitor* as the *French*: Very *few* there are, that underſtand the *Quantity leſs*, and andwith more trouble find out thePronunciation: But after, *long ſtudying* has made 'em overcome all thoſe *Difficulties*, and they come once to *comprehend* what they ſing, nothing comes *near* them. The ſame thing befalls 'em in *Inſtruments*, and particularly in *Conſorts*, where nothing is very *ſure* or *juſt* but after *infinite* Repetitions; yet nothing ſo neat and *handſome*, when the Repetitions are done. The *Italians* go deep into *Muſique*, and bring their Science to our Ears *without* any *Sweetneſs*. The *French* are not ſatisfi'd with taking away from the Science the *firſt Roughneſs*, which ſmells of *Labour* in *Compoſition*: But alſo in the *ſecret* of *Execution* they find a *charm* for our *Souls*, and ſomething in it ſelf ſo *moving*, that makes it's way to our *Hearts*. I had forgot to talk with you concerning *Machines*; ſo eaſy is it, to forget ſuch things, as we would have retrench'd. *Machines* may ſatisfy the *Curioſity* of *Ingenious* Men in *Mathematical* Inventions, but upon the *Stage* they can never *pleaſe* Perſons of *true Judgment*. The more *ſurprizing* they are, the more do they *divert* the Mind from its *Attention* to *Diſcourſe*: And the more *admirable* they appear, the *Impreſſion* of this *Admiration* doth leave the *Soul* the *leſs* exquiſite Senſe and *Tenderneſs*, which

which it has *need* of to be *affected* or *charm'd* by the *Muſick*. The *Ancients* us'd Machines only upon *neceſſity*, to fetch in ſome *Deity* or other; tho' the *Poets* were almoſt always *laught at* for letting themſelves be *reduc'd* to ſuch a *Straight*. If a Man hath a Mind to be at any *expence* and charge, let him open his *Purſe-Strings* upon handſom *Scenes*, the uſe of which is more *natural* and *pleaſant* than that of Machines. *Antiquity*, that expoſed its *Godheads* to Poets, and even on *Hearths*; this ſame Antiquity (I ſay) as *vain* and *credulous* as it was, yet did very *ſeldom expoſe* them on the Stage. After the *Deſtruction* of their *Creed*, and Mortals truſting in 'em, the *Italians*, in their Opera's, *reviv'd* and ſettled the *Heathen Gods* again in the World, and fear'd not to *poſſeſs* Men with thoſe *ridiculous Vanities*, provided they gave a *great Splender* to their *pieces* by the introducing that *falſe* and *dazling* kind of *Wonderment*. Theſe *Theatre-Divinities* abus'd *Italy* a long time: But at length being happily *undeceiv'd* it renounc'd theſe *Gods*, whom it had reſtor'd; and it return'd to ſuch things, as tho' really they were not *exactly true*, yet were leſs *troubleſom*, and ſuch as *good Senſe* with a *little* Indulgence would not *reject*. In the caſe of Gods and Machines it has happen'd to the *French*, what almoſt ever happens to the *Germans* in the *French* Faſhions; the *French* take up what the *Italians* leave: And, as if [we] wou'd *repair* the *fault* of having been *prevented* in the *Invention*, we carry on the humor of a *Cuſtom* or Mode even to *exceſs*, which they had brought for *no good* into the World, but manag'd it with Reſerve and *Moderation*. In effect, *we* cover the Earth all o'r with *God-ſhips*; and make 'em *dance* and deſcend in *Troops*, whereas *they* made 'em come down with ſome ſort of Management to the moſt *im-*

portant

portant occaſions. As *Arioſto* outflew the moſt wonderful *Sublimities* of *Poetry*, by his incredible *Fables*; we out-do *all Fable*, by a confus'd *Aſſembly* of *Gods*, *Shepherds*, *Heroes*, *Enchanters*, *Phantomes*, *Furies*, and *Devils*. I admire *Baptiſt*, as well for his ordering *Dances*, as for that which concerns *Voices* and *Inſtruments*: But the *conſtitution* of our *Opera*'s ought to appear very *Extravagant* to thoſe, that have a *true Taſte* of *Veriſimilitude*, and things *marvellous*, yet a Man runs the *hazard* of being *cry'd* down for his *true Taſte*, if he dares make it publick: And I adviſe *others*, when they hear any *diſcourſe* about Opera's, to keep their *own thoughts* ſecret to themſelves. As for *my ſelf*, who have now paſt the *Age* and *Time* of *ſignalizing* my ſelf in the World, by the *Humour* of *Modes*, and *Merit* of *Fancies*, I am reſolv'd to *take* the ſide of *good Senſe* (as much abandon'd and *forlorn* as it is) and to follow *Reaſon* in all her *Diſgraces*, with as much *Loyalty*, as if ſhe had now her *firſt conſideration*. That which *vexes* me the moſt for the *Giddineſs* of Pate, wherewith Men run after Operas, is, that they will *ruin* the *beſt Thing* we have, the moſt proper to *elevate* the *Soul*, and moſt capable to *form* a true *Wit*. So that we will *conclude*, after ſo long a Diſcourſe, that the *Conſtitution* of *Operas* can hardly be more *defective* than they are.

An Eſſay, Concerning Humour in Comedy : *in a Letter to Mr.* Dennis.

Written by William Congreve *Eſq*;

Dear Sir,

YOU write to me, that you have entertained your ſelf two or three days with reading ſeveral Comedies of ſeveral Authors; and your Obſervation is, That there is more of Humour in our Engliſh Writers, than in any other Comick Poets, Ancient or Modern. You deſire to know my Opinion; and at the ſame time my Thought of that which is generally call'd Humour in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our Engliſh Writers, in that particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of Humour, I muſt at the ſame time confeſs, that what I take for true Humour, has not been ſo often written even by them, as is generally believed: And ſome who have valued themſelves, and have been eſteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have ſeldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Diſcourſe, and ſuch as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But ſuch little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the compaſs of a Letter, and ſuch unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Cenſure of the World, or ſetting up for a Dictator, you ſhall have from me, ſince you have enjoyn'd it.

To define Humour, perhaps, were as difficult, as to define Wit; for like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the ſeveral Humours of Men,

Men, were a Work as endles, as to ſum up their ſeveral Opinions. And in my Mind, the *Quot homines tot Sententiæ*, might have been more properly interpreted of Humour; ſince there are many Men of the ſame Opinion in many things, who are yet quite different in Humours. But tho' we cannot certainly tell what Wit is, or what Humour is; yet we may go near to ſhew ſomething, which is not Wit, or not Humour; and yet often miſtaken for both. And ſince I have mentioned Wit and Humour together, let me make the firſt Diſtinction between them, and obſerve to you, that *Wit is often miſtaken for Humour.*

I have obſerved, that when a few things have been wittily and pleaſantly ſpoken by any Character in a Comedy, it has been very uſual for thoſe, who make their Remarks on a Play, while it is acting, to ſay, *Such a thing is very humorouſly ſpoken*; *There is a great deal of Humour in that Part.* Thus the Character of the Perſon ſpeaking, may be, ſurpriſingly and pleaſantly, is miſtaken for a Character of Humour; which indeed is a Character of Wit: But there is a great difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many things humorouſly, as they call it, which is, pleaſantly ſpoken; and one, where there are ſeveral Characters of Humour, diſtinguiſh'd by the particular and different Humours, appropriated to the ſeveral Perſons repreſented, and which naturally ariſe from the different Conſtitutions, Complexions, and Diſpoſitions of Men. The ſaying of Humorous Things, does not diſtinguiſh Characters; for every Perſon in a Comedy, may be allow'd to ſpeak them. From a witty Man they are expected; and even a Fool may be permitted to ſtumble on 'em by chance. Tho' I make a difference betwixt Wit and Humour; yet I do not think, that Humo-

rous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the manner of Wit ſhould be adapted to the Humour. As for Inſtance, A Character of a Splenetick and Peeviſh Humour, ſhould have a Satyrical Wit; a Jolly and Sanguine Humour, ſhould have a Facetious Wit: The former ſhould ſpeak poſitively; the latter careleſly: For the former obſerves, and ſhews things, as they are; the latter rather over-looks Nature, and ſpeaks things as he would have them; and his Wit and Humour have both of them a leſs Alloy of Judgment than others.

As Wit, ſo, its oppoſite, *Folly, is ſometimes miſtaken for Humour.*

When a Poet brings a Character on the Stage, committing a thouſand Abſurdities, and talking Impertinencies, Roaring aloud, and Laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occaſion; this is a Character of Humour.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy, ſtuff'd with ſuch Groteſque Figures, and Farce-Fools? Things, that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monſters, and Births of Miſchance; and conſequently, as ſuch, ſhould be ſtifled, and huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*, that Mankind may not be ſhock'd with an appearing Poſſibility of the Degeneration of a God-like Species. For my part, I am as willing to Laugh as any Body, and as eaſily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: But at the ſame time, I can never care for ſeeing things, that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confeſs freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very Mortifying Reflections; Tho' I never heard any thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not Originally of a diſtinct Species. As

I don't think Humour excluſive of Wit, neither do I think it inconſiſtent with Folly; but I think the Follies ſhould be only ſuch, as Mens Humours may incline 'em to; and not Follies intirely abſtracted from both Humour and Nature.

Sometimes *perſonal Defects are miſrepreſented for Humours.*

I mean, ſometimes Characters are barbarouſly expoſed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, caſual Defects in the Senſes, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet muſt be very Ill-natur'd himſelf, and think his Audience ſo, when he propoſes, by ſhewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raiſe their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compaſſion. But much need not be ſaid upon this Head to any body, eſpecially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnſon's* Fox, have juſtly excepted againſt this Immoral Part of Ridicule in *Corbaccio*'s Character; and there I muſt agree with you to blame him, whom otherwiſe I cannot enough admire, for his great Maſtery of true Humour in Comedy.

External Habit of Body, is often miſtaken for Humour.

By External Habit, I do not mean the ridiculous dreſs or Cloathing of a Character, tho' that goes a good way in ſome received Characters; (tho' undoubtedly a Man's Humour may incline him to dreſs differently from other People) but I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or moſt of the ſame Country, Trade, Profeſſion, or Education. I cannot think *That* a Humour, which is only a Habit, or Diſpoſition contracted by Uſe or Cuſtom; for by a Diſuſe, or Compli-

ance with other Cuſtoms, it may be worn off, or diverſifi'd.

Affectation is generally miſtaken for Humour.

Theſe are indeed ſo much alike, that, at a diſtance, they may be miſtaken one for the other: For what is Humour in one, may be Affectation in another; and nothing is more common, than for ſome to affect particular ways of ſaying and doing things, peculiar to others, whom they admire, and would imitate. Humour is the Life, Affectation the Picture. He that draws a Character of Affectation, ſhews Humour at the Second-hand; he at beſt but publiſhes a Tranſlation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as theſe two laſt Diſtinctions are the niceſt, ſo it may be moſt proper to explain them, by particular Inſtances from ſome Author of Reputation. Humour I take either to be born with us, and ſo of a natural Growth; or elſe to be grafted into us, by ſome accidental Change in the Conſtitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may ſo call it, Naturaliz'd.

Humour is from Nature, Habit from Cuſtom, and Affectation from Induſtry.

Humour ſhews us as we are.

Habit ſhews us, as we appear, under a forcible Impreſſion.

Affectation ſhews what we would be, under a voluntary Diſguiſe.

Tho' here I would obſerve by the way, that a continued Affectation, may in time become a Habit.

The Character of *Moroſe* in the Silent Woman, I take to be a Character of Humour. And I chooſe to Inſtance this Character to you, from many others of the ſame Author, becauſe I know it has been condemn'd by many, as Unnatural

tural and Farce: And you have your ſelf hinted ſome Diſlike of it, for the ſame reaſon, in a Letter to me, concerning ſome of *Johnſon's* Plays.

Let us ſuppoſe *Moroſe* to be a Man naturally Splenetick and Melancholy; is there any thing more offenſive to one of ſuch a Diſpoſition, than Noiſe and Clamour: Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We ſee common Examples of this Humour in Little every Day. 'Tis ten to one, but three parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are diſcompos'd and ſtartled at the Cutting of a Cork, or Scratching a Plate with a Knife: It is a Proportion of the ſame Humour, that makes ſuch or any other Noiſe offenſive to the Perſon that hears it; for there are others, who will not be diſturb'd at all by it. Well; but *Moroſe*, you will ſay, is ſo extravagant, he cannot bear any Diſcourſe or Converſation, above a Whiſper. Why, it is his Exceſs of this Humour, that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have ſided with the Character, and have condemn'd the Author, for expoſing a Humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Beſides, the Diſtance of the Stage requires the Figure repreſented, to be ſomething larger than the Life; and ſure a Picture may have Features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactneſs of Quantity, were to be obſerved in Wit, as ſome would have it in Humour; what would become of thoſe Characters that are deſign'd for Men of Wit? I believe, if a Poet ſhould ſteal a Dialogue of any length, from the extempore-Diſcourſe of the two Wittieſt Men upon Earth, he would find the

Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the purpoſe:

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the ſame Play, is a Character of Affectation: He every where diſcovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conſcious to himſelf, but the Audience alſo plainly perceives that he is Ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraſo*, in the Eunuch of *Terence*; and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Glorioſus* of *Plautus*: They affect to be thought Valiant, when both themſelves and the Audience know they are not. Now, ſuch a boaſting of Valour in Men who were really Valiant, would undoubtedly be a Humour; for a fiery Diſpoſition might naturally throw a Man into the ſame Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob*, in *Every Man in his Humour*, and moſt of the under-Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, diſcover'd only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the ſeveral Educations and Profeſſions of the Perſons repreſented. They are not Humours, but Habits contracted by Cuſtom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradeſmen, Jockeys, Gameſters, and ſuch-like, who make uſe of Cants or peculiar Dialects in their ſeveral Arts and Vocations. One may almoſt give a Receipt for the Compoſition of ſuch a Character: For the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phraſes and Terms of Art, and to make the Perſon apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Converſation, with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this kind, have been very ſucceſsful; But in my Mind, they may be Painted without much Art or Labour; ſince they require little more, than a good Memory and ſuperficial Obſervation. But

true

true Humour cannot be ſhown without a Diſſection of Nature, and a narrow Search to diſcover the firſt Seeds, from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I ſhould be obliged to dwell longer upon each of theſe Diſtinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers: But a bare Hint is ſufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: And I hope by this time you are of my Opinion, that Humour is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor perſonal Defect, nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet, that each, and all of theſe, have been both written and received for Humour.

I ſhould be unwilling to venture even on a bare Deſcription of Humour, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my hand is in, I'll tell you what ſerves me inſtead of either: I take it to be, *A ſingular and unavoidable manner of doing, or ſaying any thing, and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are diſtinguiſh'd from thoſe of other Men.*

Our Humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as Accidents have to a Subſtance; it is a Colour, Taſte, and Smell, diffuſed thro' all; tho' our Actions are never ſo many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the ſame Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be diſguiſed by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Inſtrument will be diſtinguiſh'd, tho' the Notes expreſſed by it, are never ſo various, and the Diverſions never ſo many. Diſſimulation may by degrees, become more eaſie to our Practice; but it can never abſolutely tranſubſtantiate us into

into what we would ſeem: It will always be in ſome proportion, a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his Humour: And there is nothing more provoking, than the being made ſenſible of that Difficulty. Sometimes, one ſhall meet with thoſe, who perhaps, innocently enough, but at the ſame time impertinently, will ask the Queſtion, *Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleaſant, and cheerful?* Then inſtead of anſwering, could I ask ſuch an one, *Why are you not Handſome? why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forc'd.

The two Famous Philoſophers of *Epheſus* and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at this Day: Some weep, and others laugh at one and the ſame thing.

I don't doubt, but you have obſerved ſeveral Men laugh, when they are angry; others who are ſilent; ſome that are loud: Yet I cannot ſuppoſe, that it is the Paſſion of Anger which is in it ſelf different, or more or leſs in one than t'other; but that it is the Humour of the Man, that is predominant, and urges him to expreſs it in that manner. Demonſtrations of Pleaſure are as various; one Man has a Humour of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to pleaſe him beyond Expectation; he hugs himſelf alone, and thinks it an addition to the Pleaſure, to keep it ſecret. Another is upon Thorns, till he has made Proclamation of it; and muſt make other People ſenſible of his Happineſs, before he can be ſo himſelf. So it is in Grief, and other Paſſions. Demonſtrations of Love, and the Effects of that Paſſion upon ſeveral Humours, are infinitely different: But here the Ladies, who abound in Servants, are the beſt

beſt Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks ſomething ſhould be obſerved of the Humour of the Fair Sex, ſince they are ſometimes ſo kind as to furniſh out a Character for Comedy. But I muſt confeſs, I have never made any Obſervation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Perhaps Paſſions are too powerful in that Sex, to let Humour have its courſe; or may be, by reaſon of their natural Coldneſs, Humour cannot exert it ſelf to that extravagant degree, which it often does in the Male-ſex: For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true reaſon is, becauſe our Follies are ſtronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the diverſity of Humour, which muſt be allowed to be diffuſed throughout Mankind, might afford endleſs Matter, for the ſupport of Comedies. But when we come cloſely to conſider that Point, and nicely to diſtinguiſh the difference of Humours, I believe we ſhall find the contrary. For tho' we allow every Man ſomething of his own, and a peculiar Humour; yet every Man has it not in quantity, to become remarkable by it: or, if many do become remarkable by their Humours; yet all thoſe Humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requiſite to diſtinguiſh, what Humour will be diverting, but alſo how much of it, what part of it to ſhew in Light, and what to caſt in Shades; how to ſet it off by preparatory Scenes, and by oppoſing other Humours to it in the ſame Scene. Through a wrong Judgment, ſometimes, Mens Humours may be oppoſed, when there is really no ſpecific Difference between them; only a greater proportion of the ſame,

in

in one than t'other; occaſion'd by having more Flegm, or Choler, or whatever the Conſtitution is, from whence their Humours derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be ſaid on this Subject; tho' perhaps I have already ſaid too much; but I have ſaid it to a Friend, who, I am ſure, will not expoſe it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is intirely new, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to ſee this private Eſſay, it ſhould be ſome one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it, to publiſh a more judicious Treatiſe on the Subject. Indeed I wiſh it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true Humour, and the difficulty of finding and ſhewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to ſearch into Natnre for it, and lay it open to the Publick View.

I don't ſay, but that very entertaining and uſeful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations, and thoſe other Qualities which I have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh from Humour: But I would not have ſuch impoſed on the World for Humour, nor eſteem'd of an equal value with it. It were perhaps, the Work of long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and diſtinct Humour. Therefore every Poet muſt be beholding to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think ſuch a One deſerves to be broke, who makes all falſe Muſters, who does not ſhew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the End of the Play, with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Obſervation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Obſervation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humour in our Engliſh Comick Writers, than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon Humour to be almoſt of Engliſh Growth; at leaſt it does not ſeem to have found ſuch Encreaſe on any other Soil: And what appears to me to be the reaſon of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty, which the common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humour, is under no Reſtraint, or fear of giving it Vent; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be, will ſhew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Diſcourſe: *He that will have a May-pole, ſhall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe ſomething conſiderable too may be aſcribed to their feeding ſo much on Fleſh, and the Groſsneſs of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Phyſicians agree that. Thus you have my Thoughts of Humour, to my Power of Expreſſing them in ſo little Time and Compaſs. You will be kind to ſhew me wherein I have err'd; and as you are very capable of giving me Inſtruction, ſo I think I have a very juſt Title to demand it from you; being, without Reſerve,

Your real Friend
and humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

A

CRITICISM

On ſeveral

Modern Plays,

IN A

LETTER

To Mr. *DENNIS.*

Sir,

THo' I do by *New* Books, as ſome now a days by *New Plays*; that is, never read *Theſe*, as they never go to ſee *thoſe*, till they have gain'd a *Character*; yet finding *your Name*, with thoſe of ſeveral *Eminent* Men in the *Title-Page*, I ventur'd on an *immediate* Peruſal, without the fear of the *uſual* Diſappointment of *Modern Compoſitions*. I found my *Faith* juſtly plac'd, and rewarded with a great deal of Pleaſure; but in none other more than in that about Humour, in Mr. *Congreves* to you. The Diſcoveries are as *uſeful*, as *New* and *Juſt*; and it were to be wiſh'd, that our *Dramatic Scriblers* wou'd ſtudy it throughly, that their *Deſpair* might make them forbear Writing; or their *Induſtry* and *Genius* give us better *Comedy*. The Rules of *the little World* of the *Theatre* ſtarv'd ſtill all, that's offer'd them,

them, by this *Teſt*; the Town wou'd be better diverted, and many a *Scoundrel* paſs without being known. We ſhou'd not have ſo many Products of the *Cibbers*, the *M...gs*, the *Burnaby*'s, the *Durfey*'s, &c. the *Pix*'s, the *Carroll*'s, and the reſt of the Lady-Tribe of *Playwrights*. Then we ſhould never have ſeen the *Modiſh-Husband*: Nor the heavy Lumber of, *She Wou'd, and She Wou'd Not*, written by *Moral Colley*. This is one of thoſe *Impudent Poetaſters*, who writ without *Art* or *Nature*: Tho' in *this* Work he pretends to be extremely *regular*, tho' he underſtands not one ſingle *Rule* of the *Art*. But whatever this Author is deficient in, he wants neither *Impudence* nor *Induſtry*; for he ſpent above *Fifty Shillings* in Coach-hire to engage the *Quality* to taſt his *Olio*, which he avow'd to be his own *Natural Iſſue*; till *George Powel* diſcover'd it to be a Brat of *Antiquity*, call'd the *Counterfeits*, and very dextrouſly gets the Original up and play'd before it, which prov'd the better *Entertainment*.

Next to this came on the *Twin Rivals*, which tho' civilly diſmiſs'd by the Audience, the two Authors had great Contention for the *Infamy* of writing it: And the *Gallic*, and *Hibernian* Wits are grown irreconcileable Enemies about the Matter.

There can't now a *Murder* or a *Robbery* paſs, without a *Play* in it; and the Authors of the *Half-penny Narrations* on thoſe *lamentable Cataſtrophes*, fear the Loſs of their Buſineſs to the *Scribblers* of *Plays*. For no ſooner was *Swanſen* hang'd for *ſtealing* an *Heireſs*, but out ſends Mrs. *Pix* a Play call'd the *Stolen Heireſs*, tho' ſtolen from an old Play, call'd, *The Heireſs*. If this Lady lays about her on one Hand, the *Iriſh* Author does no leſs on the other. *The Inconſtant*, or, *The Way to win him*, ſtar'd the Town in the Face for *Two*

or

or *three* Nights, and expir'd. For the *Iriſh* ſo maul'd the *Engliſh Author*, that *Fletcher* and the *Wild-Gooſe Chace* cou'd not be ſeen through it. But what is *duller yet, and more to ſpight us*, Mr. *M....g* after two Years teizing the Players, forces on the Town a Thing he calls, *All for the Better*. It lay *gaſping* for about two Hours and Half, and *expir'd* in the midſt of *Cat-calls*, and *Hiſſing*, but not at all to the *Mortification* of the Author, who tho' twice damn'd, aſſumes new *Aſſurance*; as the *Gyants* by their Fall to the Ground, recover'd *new Force*. The War was *equally Pious*, *his* againſt *Senſe* and Poetry, and *theirs* againſt the *Gods*.

But here *make way* for the charming ——— ! 'Tis a ſtrange Thing, Sir, that People will always go out of their *Profeſſion !* I have known a very *Thriving*, *Plodding* honeſt *Tradeſman*, who has in his *own* Vocation got Money, turn his Head to *Stockjobing* or *Merchandize*, and die a *Beggar*. So ſome Ladies, when they have paſt all the *Stages* of *Lewdneſs*, finding their Faces grow ſtale in all the Brothels in Town, or elſe out of Hopes to do better, have tranſplanted themſelves to the *Theatre*, either as *Poeteſſes*, or *Actreſſes*, but ſtarv'd in their *New Vocation*, tho' they might ſtill have got *New Furbeloe-Scarves* in their ——— Tho' I confeſs they do not go ſo much out of the Way, in removing to the *Stage*, becauſe 'tis a MART, where their *Commodity* bears a *better Price*. This I ſuppoſe gave us the *Beaux Duel*; But tho' I am ſenſible ——— languiſhing Looks have been of *Force* in her time, yet I fear her *Wit* will never do mighty Matters.

I am

I can't yet get rid of the *Doxies* of *Parnaſſus*: Here comes the *Czar of Muſcovy*, an *occaſional Drama*; for Mrs. *Pix* ſlips no occaſion of *Political Plays*; and her good Friend Mrs. *B*----- who has an unuſual Eſteem for *Damn'd Plays*, never fails to bring them on: The Jolly Poeteſs ſcribles neither for Fame nor Mony, but for the Charms of *Bacchus* and *Ceres*; if the third day produce a *Bottle* and *Cacklers*, ſhe has her End; and treats Madam *B*----- as her *great Benefactreſs*.

I ſhall now paſs on to the *Yeoman of Kent*, written by that *facetious Gentleman*, Mr. *Baker*; who having before wrote a Play call'd, the *Humours of the Age*, Succeſs encourag'd him to attempt this *Noble Piece*, which *took mightily*: And to do the Author Juſtice, He ſeems to be one of the honeſteſt of our preſent Writers; for he aims not at writing Characters *above* his *Converſation*: For as a *Spunging Sharping* Lady is the *Heroine*; ſo a *Sharper* is the fine Gentleman of his Play, and gets the *Fortune*, the *Farmers Daughter*.

'Tis a ſtrange thing, Sir, that our *preſent* Authors will not be ſatisfy'd to *plague* us with their own Impertinence; but muſt conjure up the *Dead*, who have been long a ſleep with their Fathers, to *perſecute* us with the *indigeſted Stuff* of our Predeceſſors, in a more degenerate *Dulneſs*, than in the Originals themſelves. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have left us a *large Legacy* of *things*, they call *Plays*; but very *few*, which e'en *our* Stage cou'd ſupport; by *theſe Gentlemen* is the *Pilgrim* reviv'd. The *Modern* Author has made his *Lunaticks* run Mad after *Pudding*, and *Beef*, and *toaſted Cheeſe*. Well, *ſome Men* are *extreamly biting in their Satyr*.

I have obſerv'd, that if ever a Man of Parts, or a good Poet, ſtarts a *Humour* and does it

Juſtice, all the *little Scriblers* will be nimming the *ſame* in a moſt *abominable Imitation*; and this in Characters of *Habit*, and *Affectation*, as well as *Humour*, without *Juſtice* or *Propriety*. Nay, ſome of *our Writers* have been ſuch *errant Blockheads*, to miſtake the *Folly* of *Affectation*, for a *Perfection*, and tranſported *that* into their beſt Characters. Thus when Mr. *Dryden*, in the part of *Melantha*, had expos'd the ridiculous *Affectation* of *Galliciſing* in Diſcourſe, and tho' the Picture was *well drawn*, and the *Engliſh* (I ſhou'd ſay, the *Sicilian*) Frenchify'd Lady juſtly expos'd, *Signior G-----* throws the *Folly* into *all* his Parts; for his Men of *Wit*, (ſuch as they are) we find perpetualy *patching* up their *lame* Diſcourſe, with ſuch a *Motly*, *Particolour'd Diction*, betwixt *Fictitious Cant*, or *French* Words and *Engliſh*, as a *tolerable* Coxcomb wou'd be aſham'd of.

But I can forgive him the *Improbability* of his *Plots* and the Indecency, and Confuſion of his *Cataſtrophes*; I can forgive him his *Crambo*; *his Character* of the diſagreeing *Wife* and *Husband*; the *Goodneſs* of the Wife, always reclaiming her *wandering Mate*; tho' that was handed to him from *Eraſmus*'s *Colloquies*; (which he might have ſeen in the Tranſlation,) the *tedious* Scenes of *Matrimonial Quarrels*, always the *ſame*, and a long, *Et cetera*: In ſhort, I can forgive him his *entire* and *abſolute Poverty* in the *Vis Comica*, inſomuch that he's ſcarce able to make us *ſmile*, through ſome of his *Things*. I call them *Things*, becauſe they fall under *no* Denomination of *Plays*, that I know of; yet I ſay, I can forgive him *all* this, which is as much as a *moſt ignorant Scribler* can well be guilty of; becauſe in one, he *ſeems* to *aim* at a *Satire* on that *prevailing* and *ſcandalous Vice* of *Gaming*, tho' in the *diſorders* of *Baſſet*, we find the *ſame* Things expreſſed in the *ſame* manner,

manner; and Mrs. *Behn*, and the *canorous* Mr. *D*----- have long ſince brought ſomething of it on the Stage: Yet it being ſtill ſo *reigning*, and ſo *ſordid* a Vice, I can and will forgive *all* his Faults as a *Writer*; and wiſh that you, Sir, or Mr. *Congreve*, or (if any ſuch can be found) *any other* Critick Poet wou'd give us *better* Leſſons againſt it.

But, dear Mr. *Dennis*, if we find ſo little *Mirth* at their *Comedy*, we may ſupply their defect, by going to their *Tragedies*. I remember, a Poet carry'd me behind the Scenes, one Night, when the beſt of Mr. *R*---Plays were perform'd; and the Poet ſtanding near me, heard the Audience to his Mortification very Merry; he with Indignation cry'd out, *Sots! to laugh at a Tragedy*: Never reflecting, that *Laughter* never cries out without a *juſt Cauſe*: The Poet muſt give occaſion, by throwing in ſomething that is really *Ridiculous*, or the *Audience* wou'd never burſt into *Laughter*; and I aſſure you, Sir, 'tis happy for them, that the Poets *Ignorance* affords them that Belief againſt his *Dulneſs*, or they wou'd never have born ſome of *that* Gentlemans Compoſitions; as the *Fair Penitent*. 'Tis indeed a *Species* by it ſelf, for it has nothing that a *Tragedy* ſhou'd have: The *Conduct*, *Manners*, *Characters*, nay, even the darling of the *Mob*, the *Language*, are every way faulty; not to ſay *Ridiculous*. I that am my ſelf no Poet, nor cou'd ever prevail with my ſelf, to be ſo *Bold*, as to venture on a *Farce*, notwithſtanding Mr. *D*----- and Mr. *C*------ and even the *Ladies* have been ſo ſucceſsful that way; know yet ſo much what is *neceſſary* to qualify a Man to write *Tragedy*; that I wou'd adviſe *thoſe* Gentlemen, who are Ambitious of the *Buskins*, to ſtudy *Ariſtotle* well; to read him with his beſt Commentator *Dacier*;

to examine throughly into the *true Graces* of *Elocution*, and the *just Variety* of the Poetical *Diction*; and consider, how different that of the *Drama*, is from the *Narrative*; to learn, where to *swell* his *Verses*, and where to remit their *lofty Words*; *Horace* wou'd instruct him. He shou'd inform himself of the *secret Springs* and *Motions* of the *Passions*; and make himself acquainted with the *natural* way of expressing *themselves*; he shou'd know, what *Characters* are fit for *Tragedy*, and what for *Comedy*. If the Author of the *Fair Penitent*, had done this; we shou'd never have seen a *Whore* the *Heroine*, and a *Witty* the Hero. We shou'd not have found an *Italian* Husband like a *Cheapside*-Cuckold, putting up *Indignities*, that *his* Country always resents in another manner. Nor wou'd he have brought People in, who have *nothing* to do with the *Design*, or *Plot* (I mean that little Design that is discover'd in this Play,) nor have given his *Play* a notorious *Misnommer*; since from the *Characters*, it ought to have been call'd the *Termagant*, or the *incorrigible Cuckold*, or what you please, *except* what it is. For she is so far from *repenting*, that to expiate *Fornication*, she commits *self-Murder* even in a *Christian Country*. As she is *expiring* indeed, she cries *Mercy*, *Mercy*. But whether that be a *sufficient* Ground to allow her a *Penitent*, we submit to the *Casuists*, particularly to a worthy *Dame*, who is *indulgent* enough to *dying Quality*.

This leads me naturally to *Ulysses*; for in his *Prologue* the Author tells us, that he presents us with a *Virtuous* Wife, in Honour of a *Married-Life*; for then we may suppose, that he gave us a *Whore* in the foregoing, by way of Compliment to *obstinate Batchelors*.

In the Epilogue Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, (in the Perſon of *Semantha*) tells us, that

> Poetic *Rules and Juſtice do mainntain.*
> *I to the Woods am order'd backagain,*
> *To Madam* Cynthia, *and her Virgin-Train.*

But I'm affraid it would *puzzle* the Author to aſſign, what *Rules* of *Poetry* or *Juſtice* either require this *ſevere* Dealing with a Lady, who had *no* Fault of her *own*; unleſs her being the Daughter of *Eurymachus*, the *moſt worthy* of the *Suiters*, was ſo *Criminal a Curſe*. Nor ſhou'd honeſt *Æthen* have objected to *Ephialtes*, King of *Seriphos*,

This Iſland-Lord, this Monarch of a Rock.

Becauſe 'tis agreed, that his *Ithalon* it ſelf, was not much better *than* a Rock. The Scene of the *Suiters*, eſpecially their *awkward* Love is dull and *ridiculous*; and what-ever is *ridiculous*, can have no place in *Tragedy*; and it gives an *odd fantaſtic* View of *Monarchs*, to diſcover ſuch a *Scoundrel Company of* them together, as in this Play; but will make any one *Laugh*, whoſe *Indignation* is not ſtrong enough to prevent his *Mirth*. *Ulyſſes* tries *Penelope* too far, and is diſguſted, without *any Shadow* of Reaſon, at her yielding to marry *Eurymachus*, a *Powerful Prince*, of no *Ill* Character after the *Twenty* Years abſence of her Husband: Not having had the leaſt News of him in Ten Years, She does no ill thing, in the *Common* Opinion of Mankind, or ev'n according to the *Niceſt Morals*; ſo that his *Indignation* at her yielding to *ſave* her *Son* by that means, is very *Childiſh*. *Telemachus* tells *Eurymachus a Lie*, which is not agreeable to the *Character* of a *Man of Honour*, when he ſays he had the Order from his *Mother* herſelf.

But indeed this Author (whom I allow to be an *Ingenious* Gentleman) miſtakes the *Marcelleux*, for Accidents that can ſcarce *ever* happen; but which at leaſt can never bare any *Probability*, as in the *Royal Convert*; where a *King* is ſurpriz'd, when his Army was about him, and encamp'd *near* the Enemy. Theſe *Turns* of *Government* in a Play, are extreamly *Ridiculous*, and can never be brought on the Stage, with any Shew of *Probability*: They will always look like the *Revolutions of Brentford*. But Mr. *Bays* is indeed reviv'd in this Play, where the Perſons not only make *Similes* after a *Surprize*, but in the midſt of *Paſſion*. He ſeems to kill *Hengiſt*, becauſe he knows not *what* to do with him, for he is not much more Criminal, than *Rhodagune*; both are equally in Love againſt *Right*; and both going to *murder* the *Innocent*, to enjoy the *Belov'd*. *Rhodagune* is not the *Character* of a *Heroine*, but of a *Queen*; which is extreamly againſt the *Manners*, both of a *Woman* and a *Queen*. In this, as well as his other Plays, this Author ſeems like *Cleophon*, who, as *Ariſtotle* ſays, was ſo fond of *Epithets*, that he ſaid *venerable Eyes*.

I had ſome Thoughts of adding a Word, or two of *Perolla* and *Izidoro*, were it not that *Signior C----* might thence conclude himſelf a very *conſiderable* Perſon, when plac'd in a *Criticiſm* with Mr. *R---*. But this Play and *Xerxes* are of a Piece, and below all *Criticiſm*; as having not *one* Excellence to merit any *Correction*: *Ben. Johnſon's* Spunge is beſt for all, this Author ever wrote himſelf.

I am not only merry at theſe *Tragedies*, but at the *Reaſons* given by their *Authors*, for the decay of *that Poem*, viz. *the ill Taſt of the Town*; when it is the greateſt Proof that can be given of their excellent *Guſt*, ſince *no* Name nor *Intereſt*

tereſt cou'd *bribe* them, to like ſuch Stuff *miſcall'd Tragedy.*

I believe I have tir'd you, Sir; and I am ſure the Subject has made me, as *Dull*, as it ſelf. Beſides my ill ſtate of Health renders my Taſt of thoſe things ſomething languid; and my Thoughts leſs vigorous than they us'd to be: For, my Friend, aſſure your ſelf, the Reflection of making a ſpeedy *Exit* from the *Farce* of this World, is too *melancholly*, to leave any room for *Tragedy*, or the *brighter* Pleaſures. However 'tis one Comfort, that I quit a *Part* but *ſcurvily written*; not that I regret the *Obſcurity* of my Fortune; for that many a *Worthier Man* has ſunk under, as well as my ſelf; while *Knaves* and *Fools* have made their way to the *Ear* and *Favours* of the *Great*, and the Beds of the *Fair*. But Nature ſtruggles ſtill againſt a Diſſolution, which yet it muſt ſubmit to. This I hope will excuſe the dulneſs of,

SIR,

Your Servant,

Tho. Brown.

THE ODES OF HORACE

Tranſlated by Mr. Tho. Brown.

Part of the 2d Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Tranſlated. Beginning at, *Dignum laude Virum.*

1.

From dark Oblivion, and the ſilent Grave,
Th' indulgent Muſe does the brave Hero ſave;
'Tis ſhe forbids his Name to die,
And brings it to the Stars, and ſticks it in the Sky.

2.

Thus mighty *Hercules* did move
To the Eternal Palaces above:
Not all his twelve Exploits advanc'd him to the Sphere,
But 'twas the Poet's Pain and Labour brought him there.

3. Thus

3.

Thus the fam'd *Spartan* Twins did riſe,
From Ornaments of Earth to gild the Skies:
Tho' Heav'n by Turns they do obtain,
Yet in immortal Verſe, the Brothers jointly reign.

4.

And *Bacchus* too, for all his vain Pretence,
Borrow'd his Crown and Godhead hence:
He with his powerful Juice firſt taught the [Muſe to fly,
And ſhe in kind requital gave him immortality.

A Tranſlation of Ode iii. l. 1. in *Horace*
Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic Fratres Helenæ lucida Sydera, &c.
Addreſs'd to his Honour'd Friend Mr. *B.*--- going into *Turky.*

1.

SO may the Beauteous Goddeſs of the Main
Appeaſe the Horrors of the Deep,
And *Æolus* lock all his bluſtring Train,
But the auſpicious Weſtern Gales, aſleep

2.

And thou, kind Veſſel, which before this Day,
So great a Charge cond'ſt never boaſt,
With Care my dearer, better Part convey,
And land him ſafely on the *Thracian* Coaſt.

3. His

3.

His fearleſs Heart immur'd with triple Braſs
The daring Mortal ſurely wore,
Who firſt the faithleſs Main durſt paſs,
And in a treacherous Bark new Worlds explore.

4.

What Scenes of Death cou'd ſhake his Soul
That unconcern'd ſaw the wild Billows riſe,
And ſcaly Monſters on the Surface rowl,
And whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies.

5.

In vain wiſe Heav'ns indulgent Care
Lands from the ſpacious Ocean did divide;
If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare
To plow the Deep, and brave the ſwelling Tide.

6.

But Man, that buſie reaſoning Tool,
Cheap Happineſs diſdains to chuſe:
Sick of his Eaſe, the reſtleſs Fool,
At his own Coſt forbidden Paths purſues.

7.

From the refulgent Orb of Day
A glitt'ring Spark the raſh *Prometheus* ſtole,
And fondly ſtampt into a Soul,
T'inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

Strait

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,
Fevers and Ills, unknown before,
Their old infernal Manſions left,
And thro' the ſickning Air their baleful Poyſons [bore.

9.

Then Death, that lately travell'd ſlow,
Content with ſingle Victims, where he came,
Made Haſte, and eager of his Game,
Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious Blow.

10.

To what fantaſtic Heights does Man aſpire,
Doom'd to dull Earth; the Sot wou'd clamber [higher;
Heav'n he invades with impudent Pretence,
And makes *Jove* thunder in his own Defence.

An Imitation of the 6th Ode in *Horace*, l. 1. *Scriberis vario fortis, & hoſtium*----In the Year 1685. after the defeat of the Rebels in the Weſt.

W*Aller*, in never-dying Verſe,
Your glorious Triumphs may rehearſe;
His lofty Muſe for Panegyric fam'd,
May ſing the Rebel-herd your Valour tam'd.
And all the mighty Bleſſings ſhow,
Great *James*, and We to your wiſe Conduct owe.

2. My.

2.

My unambitious Lyre tunes all her Strings
To lower Numbers, lower Things;
And Gods, and God-like Heroes does refuſe
The Labour of a more exalted Muſe.
Had ſhe endeavour'd to relate
Great *Alexander*'s Deeds, or *Troy*'s unhappy Fate,
Or all the Wonders that by *Drake* were done,
Who travell'd with the Stars, and journey'd with
[the Sun;
As long a Space had the vain Labour held,
As that fam'd Town the *Grecian* Force re-
[pell'd.
As long had ſhe the tireſom Work renew'd,
As mighty *Drake* thro' unknown Seas his wondrous
[Courſe purſu'd.

3.

The humble Muſe too well her Weakneſs knows,
Nor on her feeble ſelf, dares the high Task im-
[impoſe.
Tho' had not Heav'n the Power deny'd,
No other Theme had all her Thoughts em-
[ploy'd.
'Tis hence ſhe modeſtly declines to ſing,
The immortal Triumphs of our war like-King;
Leſt her unequal ſlender Vein
Shou'd leſſen the great Actions of his glorious
[Reign.

4.

Who can with all his boaſted Fancy raiſe
To its juſt Height, Heroic *Arthur's* Praiſe,

Or

Or worthily recount the Trophies won
By our great *Edward*, and his greater Son?
But oh what Muſe of all the Tribe below
Can mighty *Mars* in equal Numbers ſhow,
Horrid in Steel, and moving from afar,
With all the ſolemn Pageantry of War,
Tho' the rough God ſhou'd his own Bard inſpire,
And join the Martial Heat to the Poetic Fire.

5.

Harmleſs Combats, harmleſs Wars,
Slender Scratches, petty Jars,
Which youthful Blood, and wanton Love,
Amongſt our amorous Couples move,
Employ my time, employ my Muſe,
All other Subjects I refuſe.

A Tranſlation of *Teucer Salamina, Patremq; Cum fugeret*, &c. Hor. Ode vii. lib. 1.

1.

BRave *Teucer*, (as the Poets tell us)
When from his native Clime he fled,
With Poplar Wreaths crown'd his triumphant [Head,
And thus he cheer'd his drooping Fellows.

2.

Where e're the Fates ſhall ſhew us Land,
(Remote and diſtant tho' it be)
We'll ſhape our Courſe at their Command,
And boldly fix, as they decree.

3. Let

3.

Let no wild Fears your Hopes betray,
Let not Diſpair your Courage pall;
When Heav'n ſo loudly does to Honour call,
And fearleſs *Teucer* leads the way.

4.

Phœbus foretold (and he of all the Powers
Commands the myſtic Books of Fate)
That freſh Succeſs ſhou'd on our Actions wait,
And new *Salamis* be ours.

5.

Then drink away this puling Sorrow,
Let Wine each daſtard Thought ſubdue,
Let Wine your fainting Hopes renew,
We'll leave the drowſie Land, and plough the
Main to morrow.

Hor. Ode 8. l. 1.

Per omnes
Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere? &c.

1.

TEll me, O *Lydia*, for by Heavens I ſwear,
You ſhan't deny ſo juſt a Prayer.
Tell me, why thus young *Damon* you de-
[ſtroy,
And nip the blooming Virtues of the lovely
[Boy.

2.

Why does he never throw the manly
[Bar;
And practice the firſt Feats of War;
Or gayly ſhining in his Martial Pride,
With a ſtrong artful Hand the foaming Cour-
[ſer guide.

3.

Why does he never graſp the pond'rous
[Shield,
And meet his Equals in the Field:
Or when the Streams ſwell with the flowing
[Tide,
With his ſoft pliant Arms the Silver *Thames*
[divide.

4. Why

4.

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his Doom,
Like an *Alſatian* Bully ſtill at Home,
That fears to walk abroad all day,
Leſt eager hungry Cits ſhou'd hurry him away.

Ode ix. Lib. 1. in *Horace* imitated.

Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum &c.

Written in the year, 1685.

To Sir *John Bowyer.*

SInce the Hills all around us do Pennance in Snow,
And Winters cold Blaſts have benumm'd us below;

Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the ſame Speed
As Priſoners advance towards the Pſalm that can't read,
Throw whole Oaks at a Time, nay, Groves, on the Fire,
They ſhall be our Sobriety's Funeral-Pyre.

2.

Never waſt the dull Time in impertinent thinking,
But urge and purſue the great buſineſs of drinking;
Come

Come pierce your old Hogſheads, ne'er ſtint us [in Sherry,
This this is the Seaſon to drink and be merry:
Then reviv'd by our Liquor, and Billets together,
We'll out-roar the loud Storms, and defy the [cold Weather.
Damn your *Gadbury*, *Partridge* & *Salmon* together
What a puling Diſcourſe have we here of the (Weather;
Nay, no more of that Buſineſs, but, Friend, as [you love us,
Leave it all to the Care of the good Folks above [us.
Your Orchards and Groves will be ſhatter'd no [more,
If, to huſh the rough Winds, they forbid them [to roar.

4.

Send a Bumper about, and ceaſe this Debate
Of the Tricks of the Court, and Deſigns of the [State.
Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to pot,
Ne'er trouble your Brains; let 'em take their [own Lot.
Thank the Gods, you can ſafely ſit under your [Vine,
And enjoy your old Friends, and drink off your [own Wine.

5.

While your Appetite's ſtrong, and good Hu- [mour remains,
And active freſh Blood does enliven your Veins;
Improve the fleet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,
Let your Friend have the Day, and your Miſtreſs [the Night.
In the Dark you may try, whether *Phyllis* is kind,
The Night for Intreaguing was ever deſign'd.

6.

Tho' ſhe runs from your Arms, and retires in
[the Shade,
Some friendly kind Sign will betray the coy
[Maid;
All trembling you'll find the modeſt poor Sin-
[ner,
'Tis a venial Treſpaſs in a Beginner:
But remember this Counſel, when once you do
[meet her,
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or ſomething
[that's better.

The x. Ode in *Horace* L. 3. Paraphraſed.

Extremum Tanaim ſi biberes, Lyce,
Sævo nupta Viro: me tamen aſperas
Porrectum ante Fores objicere Incolis
Plorares Aquilonibus.

THo you, my *Lyce*, in ſome Northen Flood
Had chill'd the Current of your Blood;
Or loſt your ſweet engaging Charms
In ſome *Tartarian* Husband's icy arms;
Were yet one Spark of Pity left behind
To form the leaſt Impreſſion on your Mind,
Sure you muſt grieve, ſure you muſt ſigh,
Sure drop ſome Pity from your Eye,
To ſee your Lover proſtrate on the Ground,
With gloomy Night, and black Deſpair encom-
[paſs'd all around.

2. Hark!

2.

Hark! how the threatning Tempeſts riſe,
And with loud Clamours fill the Skies;
Hark! how the tott'ring Buildings ſhake,
Hark! how the Trees a doleful Conſort make.
And ſee! oh ſee! how all below,
The Earth lyes cover'd deep in Snow.
The *Romans* clad in white, did thus the *Faſces*
[woe;
And thus your freezing Candidate, my *Lyce*,
[ſues for you.

3.

Come, lay theſe fooliſh Niceties aſide,
And to ſoft Paſſion ſacrifice your Pride:
Let not the precious Hours with fruitleſs queſti-
[ons dye,
But let new Scenes of pleaſure crown them, as
[they fly.
Slight not the Flames which your own Charms
[infuſe,
And no kind friendly Minute loſe,
While Youth and Beauty give you leave to chuſe.
As men by Acts of Charity below
Or purchaſe the next World, or think they
[do:
So you in Youth a Lover ſhou'd engage,
To make a ſure Retreat for your declining Age.

4.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,
As the good *Grecian* Spinſtreſs was of old;
She, while her Sot his youthful Prime beſtow'd
To fight a Cuckolds Wars abroad,

Held out a longer Siege, than *Troy*,
Againſt the warm Attacks of proffer'd Joy,
And fooliſhly preſerv'd a worthleſs Chaſtity,
At the expence of ten Years Lyes and Per-
[jury.
Like that old faſhion'd Dame ne're bilk your own
[Delight,
But what you've loſt ith' Day, get, get it in the
(Night.

5.

Oh! then if Prayers can no Acceptance find,
Nor Vows, nor Offerings bend your Mind;
If all theſe pow'rful Motives fail,
Yet let your Husbands Injuries prevail
He, by ſome Play-houſe Jilt miſled,
Elſewhere beſtows the Tribute of your Bed;
Let me his forfeited Embraces ſhare,
Let me your mighty Wrongs repair.
Thus Kings by their ownRebel Powers betray'd,
To quell the home-bred Foe call in a foreign
[Aid.

6.

Love, let Platonics promiſe what they will,
Muſt, like Devotion, be encourag'd ſtill;
Muſt meet with equal Wiſhes and Deſires,
Or elſe the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires.
And I, for all that boaſted Flame
We Poets and fond Lovers idly claim,
Am of too frail a Make, I fear,
Shou'd you continue ſtill ſevere,
To brave the double Hardſhips of your Fate,
And bear the Coldneſs of the Nights, and Ri-
[gor of your Hate.

Hor. Ode 11. l. 2.

Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, & Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria,
Diviſus objecto, remittas
Quærere, &c.

WHat the Bully of *France*, and our Friends [on the *Rhine*,
With their ſtout Grenadiers this Summer deſign,
Ceaſe over your Coffee, and Wine, to debate:
Why the Devil ſhou'd you, that live this ſide the [Water,
Pore over Gazettes, and be vext at the Matter?
Come, come, let alone theſe Arcana's of State.

2.

Alas! while ſuch idle Diſcourſe you maintain,
And with Politic Nonſenſe thus trouble your [Brain,
Your Youth flies away on the Back of ſwift [Hours,
Which no praying, no painting, no ſighing re- [ſtores.
Then you'll find, when old Age has diſcolour'd [your Head,
Tho a Miſtreſs be wanting, no Reſt in your [Bed.

3. Prithee,

3.

Prithee do but obſerve, how the Queen of the (Night
Still varies her Station, and changes her Light:
Now with a full Orb ſhe the Darkneſs does chaſe,
Now like Whores in the Pit, ſhews but half of (her Face.
Theſe Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples (adorn,
Now tarniſh and fade, that were freſh in the (Morn.

4.

But to leave off Similes for Curates in Camblet
To lard a dry Sermon, for grave Folks in Hamlet,
While our Vigour remains, we'll our Talents (improve,
Daſh the Pleaſures of Wine with the Bleſſings (of Love.
Here, careleſly here, we'll lye down in the Shade
Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-(trees have made.

5.

Your Claret's too hot----Sirrah, Drawer go (bring
A Cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling [Spring.
And now your Hand's in, prithee ſtep o're the [Way,
And fetch Madam *Trickſy*, the brisk and the gay.
Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Sattin,
Two Coolers, I'm ſure, with our Wine can be no [falſe Latin.

The

The 13th Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Para-Phraſed.

Audivere Lyce Dii mea Vota: Dii
Audivere Lyce; ſis Anus & tamen
Vis formoſa videri, &c.

1.

LOng have my Prayers ſlow Heaven aſſail'd;
But Thanks to all the Powers above,
That ſtill revenge the Cauſe of injur'd Love,
Lyce at laſt they have prevail'd.
My Vows are all with Uſury repaid,
For who can Providence upbraid,
That ſees thy former Crimes with haſten'd Age
[repaid.

2.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkward Ways doſt
[ſtrive
Th' unwilling Paſſion to revive;
Doſt drink, and dance, and touch thy Lyre,
And all to ſet ſome puny Heart on Fire.
Alas! in *Chloe*'s Cheeks Love basking lyes;
Chloe great Beauty's faireſt prize,
Chloe, that charms our Ears, and raviſhes our
[Eyes.

3.

The vigorous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,
Where ſapleſs Oaks their wither'd Trunks ex-
[tend;
For Love, like other Gods, diſdains
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd.
He too laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow,
How ſhould his youthful Fires agree wiah hoary
[Ages ſnow?

4.

In vain, with wondrous Art, and mighty Care,
You ſtrive your ruin'd Beauty to repair;
No far-fetcht Silks one Minute can reſtore,
That Time has added to the endleſs Score.
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er ſo bright,
That ſhine with their own native Light,
Will but diſgrace thee now, and but inhance
[thy Night.

5.

Ah me! where's now that Mien! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that every Grace!
That Colour! whoſe inchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led.
Strange Turn of Fate! that ſhe
Who from my ſelf ſo oft has ſtoln poor me,
Now by the juſt revenge of Time, ſtoln from
(herſelf ſhould be.

6. Time

6.

Time was when *Lyce*'s powerful Face
To *Phyllis* only gave the place;
Perfect in all the little Tricks of Love,
That charm the Senſe, and the quick Fancy (move.
But Fate to *Phyllis* a long Reign deny'd,
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride,
She conquer'd whilſt ſhe liv'd, and triumph'd as (ſhe dy'd.

7.

Thou, like ſome old Commander in Diſgrace,
Surviving the paſt Conqueſts of thy Face,
Now the greater Buſineſs of thy Life is done,
Review'ſt with Grief the Trophies thou haſt (won.
Damn'd to be parch'd with Luſt, tho' chill'd (with Age,
And tho' paſt Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might laugh to ſee that glaring Light,
Which lately ſhone ſo fierce and bright,
End with a Stink at laſt, and vaniſh into Night.

The

The xv Ode in *Horace* Lib. 3. Imitated

Uxor pauperis Ibici,
Tandem Nequitiæ fige Modum tuæ,
Famoſiſq; Laboribus, &c.

1.

AT length, thou antiquated Whore,
Leave trading off, and ſin no more ;
For Shame in your old Age turn Nun,
As Whores of everlaſting Memory have done.

2.

Why ſhouldſt thou ſtill frequent the Sport,
The Balls, and Revels of the Court ?
Or why at glittering Masks appear,
Only to fill the Triumphs of the Fair ?

3.

To *Ghent* or *Bruſſels* ſtrait adjourn,
The Lewdneſs of your former Life to mourn,
There brawny Prieſts in Plenty you may hire,
If Whip, and wholeſom Sackcloth cannot quench (the fire.

4.

Your Daughter's for the Buſineſs made,
To her in Conſcience quit your Trade.
Thus,

Thus, when his conquering Days were done,
Victorious *Charles* reſign'd his Kingdom to his Son.

5.

Alas! ne're thrum your long diſus'd Guittar,
Nor with Pulvilio's ſcent your Hair,
But in ſome lonely Cell abide,
With Roſary and Pſalter dangling at your Side.

A Tranſlation of Ode xxiii. lib. i.

Vitas Hinnuleo me ſimilis, Chloe,
Quærenti pavidam Montibus aviis
Matrem, &c.

1.

WHy flies *Belinda* from my Arms?
Or ſhuns my kind Embrace?
Why does ſhe hide her blooming Charms?
And where I come forſake the Place.

2.

Like ſome poor Fawn, whom every Breath
Of Air does ſo ſurprize;
In the leaſt Wind he fancies Death,
And pants at each approaching Noiſe.

3. Alas!

3.

Alas! I never meant thee ill,
Nor ſeek I to devour thee,
Why ſhouldſt thou then with Coldneſs kill
The dying Slave that does adore thee.

4.

Leave, leave thy Mothers Arms for ſhame,
Nor fondly hang about her,
Thou'rt now of age to play the Game,
And eaſe a Lover's Pain without her.

The xxxiv. Ode in *Hor.* l. 3. Paraphras'd'd.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine Gloria: &c.

'Tis true, while active Blood my Veins did fire,
And vigorous Youth gay Thoughts inſpire,
(By your leave, Courteous Reader, be it ſaid)
I cou'd have don't as well as moſt Men did;
But now I am (the more's the Pity)
The verieſt Fumbler in the City.

2.

There, honeſt Harp, that haſt of late
So often bore thy ſinful Maſters Fate,

Thou

Thou a crack'd Side, and he a broken Pate;
Hang up, and peaceful Reſt enjoy;
Hang up, while poor dejected I,
Unmuſical, unſtrung like thee, ſit mourning by.

3.

And likewiſe all ye truſty Bars,
With whoſe Aſſiſtance heretofore,
When Love engag'd me in his Wars,
I've batter'd, heaven forgive me, many a Door;
Lye there, till ſome more able Hand
Shall you to your old pious Uſe command.

But, oh kind *Phœbus*, lend a pitying Ear
To thy old Servant's humble Prayer,
Let ſcornful *Chloe* thy Reſentments fell,
Laſh her all o're with Rods of Steel;
And when the Jilt ſhall of her Smart complain;
This 'tis, then tell her, to diſdain
Thy ſacred Power, and ſcorn a Lover's pain.

Hor. Ode 27. l. 1.

Natis in Uſum lætitiæ Scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum eſt.

1.

TO fight in your Cups, and abuſe the good Creature,
Believe it, my Friends, is a Sin of that Nature,
That

That were you all damn'd for a tedious long
[Year
To naſty Mundungus, and heath'niſh Small
(Beer,
Such as after debauches your Sparks of the
[Town,
For a pennance next Morning devoutly pour
(down,
It would not attone for ſo vile a Tranſgreſſion,
You're a Scandal to all of the drinking Profeſſion.

2.

What a pox do ye bellow, and make ſuch a
(Pother,
And throw Candleſticks, Bottles, nnd Pipes at
(each other?
Come keep the Kings Peace, leave your dam-
(ning and ſinking,
And gravely return to good Chriſtian drinking.
He that flinches his Glaſs, and to drink is
(not able,
Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the
(Table.

3.

Well, Faith, ſince you've rais'd my ill Nature
(ſo high,
I'll drink on no other Condition, not I,
Unleſs my old Friend in the Corner declares
What Miſtreſs he Courts, and whoſe Colours
(he wears:
You may ſafely acquaint me, for I'm none of
(thoſe
That uſe to divulge what's ſpoke under the
(Roſe.
Come,

Come, part with't----What ſhe! forbid it ye (Powers,
What unfortunatePlanet rul'd o'er thy Amours.
WhyMan ſhe has lain (Oh thy Fate how I pity!)
With half the blue Breeches and Wigs in the (City.
Go thank Mr. Parſon, give him thanks with a (Curſe,
Oh thoſe damnable Words, *For better for worſe.*
Toregain your old Freedom you vainly endea- (vour,
Your Doxy and You no Prieſt can diſſever,
You muſt dance in the Circle, you muſt dance (in't for ever.

An Imitation of the 14th Epod in *Hor.*

Mollis Inertia cur tantam diffuderit (imis
Oblivionem ſenſibus,
Pocula Lethæos ut ſi ducentia Somnos
Arente Fauce traxerim,
Candide Mæcenas, occidis ſæpe rogan- (do. &c.

ASk me no longer, dear Sir *John*,
Why your Lampoon lies ſtill undone,
'Fore *George* my Brain's grown addle;
Nor bid me *Pegaſus* beſtride,
Why ſhould you ask a Sot to ride,
That cannot keep his Saddle.

2. This

2.

This was the poor *Anacreon*'s Caſe,
When doting on a ſmooth-chinn'd Face,
He pin'd away his Carcaſs.
To tune his Strings the Bard eſſay'd,
The Devil a String the Bard obey'd,
And was not this a hard Caſe?

3.

If you a conſtant Miſs have got,
Thank heaven devoutly for your Lot,
Such Bleſſings are not common.
While I, condemn'd to endleſs Pain,
Muſt tamely drag *Belinda*'s Chain,
Yet know ſhe's worſe than----Woman.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

Tranſlated By Mr. Tho. BROWN.

Mart. Epig. 5. l. 2.

Ne valeam, ſi non totis, Deciane, diebus,
Et tecum totis Noctibus eſſe velim.

IN ſome vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small Beer my Portion, and no Wine my lot:
To ſome worſe Fiend in Church-Indentures bound,
Than ancient *Job*, or modern *Sherlock* found.
And with more Aches plagu'd, and Pains, and Ills,
Than fill or *Salmon*'s Works, or *Tilburgh*'s Bills;
If 'tis not ſtill the burden of my Prayer
The Night with you, with you the Day to ſhare.
But Sir, (and the Complaint you know is true)
Two damn'd long Miles there lie 'twixt me and you;

You] And theſe two Miles, by help of Calculation,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.
You near Sage *Will's*, the Land of Mirth and
(Claret;
I live ſtow'd up in a *White-chappel* Garret:
Oft when I've walk'd ſo far, your Hands to kiſs,
Flatter'd with Thoughts of the ſucceeding Bliſs,
I'm told you're gone to the vexatious *Hall*,
Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl?
Or elſe ſtole out, ſome Female Friend to ſee;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.
Two Miles I've at your ſervice, and that's civil,
But to trudge four, and miſs you, is the Devil.

Advice to a Vintner.

Mart. Epig. 19. l. 1.

The Hint taken from *Quid te Tucca juvat.*

WHat Planet diſtracts thee, what damna-
(able Star,
To daſh honeſt *Bourdeux* with vile *Bar a Bar*?
Why ſhou'd innocent Claret be murder'd by
(Port,
Thou'lt ſurely be ſentenc'd in *Bacchus*'s Court.
As for us Drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we
(drown;
Or are decently poyſon'd, what loſs has the
Town;
But to kill harmleſs Claret, that does ſo much
(Good,
Is downright Effuſion of true Chriſtian Blood:
Ne'er

Ne'er think what I tell you is matter of Laughter,
Thou'lt be curſt for't in this World, and damn'd
(for't hereafter.

Mart. Epig. 20. l. 1.

Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes.

1.

WHen Gammar *Gurton* firſt I knew,
Four Teeth in all ſhe reckon'd :
Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out too,
And t'other two a ſecond.

2.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear
The third, when e'er it comes ;
Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,
And I'll enſure your Gums.

An Imitation of an Epigram 44. in *Mart.* lib. iii.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

THat Couſins, Friends, and Strangers fly
(thee,
Nay, thy own Siſter can't ſit nigh thee ;
That

That all Men thy Acquaintance ſhun,
And into Holes and Corners run,
Like *Iriſh* Beau from *Engliſh* Dun,
The Reaſon's plain, and if thou'd'ſt know it,
Thou'rt a moſt damn'd repeating Poet.
Not Bayliff ſowr, with horrid Beard,
Is more in poor *Alſatia* fear'd,
Since the ſtern Parliament of late
Has ſtript of ancient Rights their State:
Not Tygers, when their Whelps are miſſing;
Nor Serpents in the Sun-ſhine hiſſing;
Nor Snake in Tail that carries rattle;
Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle
Is half ſo dreaded by the Throng,
As thy vile perſecuting Tongue.
If e'er the reſtleſs Clack that's in it
Gives thy Head leave to think a Minute,
Think what a Pennance we muſt bear
Thy damn'd Impertinence to hear.
Whether I ſtand, or run, or ſit,
Thou ſtill art i'th' repeating Fit:
Weary'd I ſeek a Nap to take,
But thy curſt Muſe keeps me awake.
At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,
Thy louder pipe is ſtill a going.
Nor Park, nor Bagnio's from thee free,
All Places are alike to thee.
Learn Wiſdom once, at a Friend's inſtance,
From the two Fellows at St. *Dunſtan*'s;
Make not each Man thou meet'ſt a Martyr;
But ſtrike like them but once a Quarter.

The 63d Epigram in *Martal*, Lib. 3.

Cotile, Bellus homo es, &c.

OH *Jemmy* you're a Beau: not I alone
Say this, but 'tis the talk of all the (Town.
Prithee be free, and to thy Friend impart
What is a Beau-----Ay Sir, with all my heart.
He's one, who nicely curls and combs his Hair,
And viſits *Sedgwick* monthly all the Year:
Sings bawdy Songs, and humms them, as along
Flanting he walks thro' the admiring Throng;
All the Day long ſits with the charming Fair,
And whiſpers pretty Stories in their Ear.
Writes *Billets doux*; ſhuns all Men as he goes,
Leſt their unhallow'd Touch ſhou'd dawb his (Cloaths.
He knows your Miſtreſs: Nay, at every Feaſt
He'll tell the Pedigree of every Gueſt.
Is this a Beau? Faith *Jemmy*, I'll be plain,
A Beau's a Bawble, deſtitute of Brain.

The Contented Whore.

An Imitation of Epig. 66. in *Mar.* l. 12.

Formoſa Phyllis nocte cum mihi tota,

1.

TO Charming *Celia*'s Arms I flew,
And there all night I feaſted;
No God ſuch Tranſports ever knew,
Nor Mortal ever taſted.

2.

Loſt in the ſweet tumultuous Joy,
And pleas'd beyond expreſſing;
How can your Slave, my Fair, ſaid I,
Reward ſo great a Bleſſing?

3.

The whole Creation's Wealth ſurvey;
Thro both the *Indies* wander:
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs ſquander.

4.

The richeſt Spoils of Earth and Air;
The rifled Ocean's Treaſure;
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far
To purchaſe ſo much Pleaſure.

5. She

5.

She bluſhing cry'd-----My Life, my Dear,
Since *Cælia*, thus you fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nancy*.

An Imitation of *Uxor vade foras*.

In *Mart.* l. ii. *Ep.* 105.

SWeet Spouſe, you muſt preſently troop and (be gone,
(Or fairly ſubmit to your betters;)
Unleſs for the Faults that are paſt, you attone,
I muſt knock off my Conjugal Fetters.

2.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of (Love,
(You know well enough what's my Meaning,)
You ſcorn to aſſiſt my Devotion, or move,
As if all the while you were dreaming.

3.

At Cribbage and Put, and All Fours I have ſeen
A Porter more Paſſion expreſſing,
Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous (Scene,
And the Height of the amorous Bleſſing.

4.

Then ſay I to my ſelf, is my Wife made of (Stone,
Or does the old Serpent poſſeſs her ;
Better Motion and Vigor by far might be (ſhown
By dull Spouſe of a *German* Profeſſor ?

5.

So *Kate* take Advice, and reform in good (Time,
And while I'm performing my Duty,
Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime
Of paying all Scores with your Beauty.

6.

All day thou mayſt cant, and look grave as a (Nun,
And run after *Burgeſs* the ſurly ;
Or ſee that the Family buſineſs be done,
mnd chide all thy Servants demurely.

7.

But when you're in Bed with your Maſter and (King,
That Tales out of School ne'er does trumpet,
Move, riggle, heave, pant, clip me round like (a Ring,
In ſhort, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

The Fable of the Bat and the Birds.

In Imitation of that of the *Buzzard* in the *Hind Panther*. In the Year 1689.

IN ancient Times, as learned *Æſop* ſhows,
'Twixt Birds and Beaſts a fatal War aroſe.
But whether this from State-Intrigues did flow,
Or to ſome Church-Pretence its birth did owe,
Or depredations made, concerns us not to know.
Weighty, you may be ſure, the Cauſe was thought
Which ſuch an univerſal Tumult wrought.
Picqueering Parties firſt began the Fray,
A ſad Preſage of the enſuing Day.
At laſt the War was ſolemnly proclaim'd,
The hour of fighting ſet, and both the Leaders (nam'd.

The fooliſh Bat, a Bird obſcene and baſe,
The ſcorn and jeſt of all the feather'd Race;
Or by fantaſtic Fears, and Scruples led,
Or by Ambition mov'd, his Party fled,
Joyn'd with the Beaſts, and eager to engage,
With popular Harangues urg'd on a feeble Rage:
As Fortune wou'd, on an ill-fated Day,
The Beaſts drew out their Forces in Array:
The different Kinds their Grudges laid aſide,
And for the common Safety now provide.
Ev'n their old Piques, and warm Diſputes for- (got,
The *Hind* and *Panther* joyn'd upon the Spot;
And by one mutual League of Friendſhip held,
Prepare for the rough Buſineſs of the Field.
When lo! the Birds in numerous Bands ap- (pear,
And

And with repeated Crys attack the Rear;
Give a fierce Charge, and back like *Parthians*, (fly,
To repoſſeſs the patrimonial Sky:
Then ſtrait deſcending, with redoubled Might,
They ſpend their Fury, and renew the Fight.
Pale Victory, all trembling and diſmay'd,
With doubtful Wings the purple Scene ſurvey'd.
At laſt, propitious to her feather'd Kind,
Declar'd her Favour, and the Scale inclin'd.
Whole Hecatombs the cover'd Field poſſeſt,
And gave their Foes at once a Triumph and a (Feaſt.
Their ſlaughter'd Young the *Rachel*-Dams de- (plor'd,
And many a Widdow'd Cow mourn'd o'er her (Horned Lord.

The generous Eagle (ſo his Stars ordain)
Chaſes th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain:
Their General gone, the Reſt like Lightning (fly,
A cheap unfighting Herd, nor worth the Victo- (ry.

And now the Birds with eager Haſte purſue,
Thro' Lanes, and devious Tracks, the ſcatter'd (Crew.
Among the Reſt, beſet with Dangers round,
The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found:
'Tis pity Fame ne're Chronicled his Taker,
But all Records agree, they found him near (*Long-acre*.
Percht on a Pole, they brought him to the Bar,
Where the full Houſe ſat talking of the War.
Strait at the ſight, a various Noiſe began,
Which thro' the ſpacious Hall, and neighb'ring (Lobby ran.
Each Member in the publick Mirth concurr'd,
And droll'd upon the poor Apoſtatizing Bird.

Firſt

Firſt, Parrot *Settle* open'd wide his Throat,
Next Cuckow *Rimer* always in a Note;
And Peacock *Chetwood*, of the Clergy kind;
But his Poetic Feet diſgrac'd the Train behind.
And *Creech*, and *Norris*, Blackbirds of Renown;
And Corm'rant *Higden*, for devouring known.
Nay, to augment the Hardſhip of his woes,
Owl *Durfey* clapt his Wings, and hooted in the
(Cloſe.
When now their Raillery began to ſpare,
(And faith 'twas too much for one Bird to
(bear)
The Eagle order'd ſilence in the Room,
And thus aloud pronounc'd the ſhiv'ring Lub-
(ber's Doom.
Beaſt of a Bird, thus to deſert thy Friends,
And joyn the common Foe, for baſe ungene-
rous Ends;
What Puniſhment can ſuit ſo black a crime?
Hear then, and ſtand accurſt to all ſucceeding
(Time.
From all our Diets be thou firſt expell'd,
Or thoſe in flowry Groves, or thoſe on Steeples
(held,
When our gay Tribes in youthful Pomp appear,
To joyn in Nuptial Bands, and meet the ſmiling
(Year.
Nay more, to make thee mortifie and grieve,
To Buzzard *Shadwell* we thy Places give.
Him we appoint Hiſtorian of our State,
And Poet Laureat of the Woods create.
Outlaw'd our Realms, and baniſh'd from the
(Light,
Be thou for ever damn'd to ſteal abroad by
(Night.

The

The Fable of the Horſe and the Stag.

1.

THe Horn-arm'd Stag deny'd the Horſe
The priviledge of the Common,
Till ſtarv'd, for Want of equal force,
He begg'd Aſſiſtance from a Man.

2.

For why? reſolv'd at any Rate
To get his Share of Paſture;
He rather choſe to champ the Bit,
Than leave the Stag ſole Maſter.

3.

With Man aſtride he march'd to fight
A Foe that durſt not face him;
For he with Strangeneſs of the Sight
Was frighted from his grazing.

4.

Nor had Sir *Palfry* much to brag
He got by his Adventure;
Since Man, from routing of the Stag,
Commenc'd perpetual Centaur.

The Fable of the Wolf and Porcupine.

In anſwer to

The Argument againſt a Standing Army.

1.

Sgrim with Hunger preſt, one day
As through the Woods he poſted,
A Porcupine found on the Way,
And in theſe Terms accoſted.

2.

Our Wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd,
Then let's ſit down and prattle
Of Towns inveſted, Sieges rais'd,
And what we did in Battle.

3.

The Plains a pleaſing Proſpect yield,
No Fire, nor Deſolation;
While Plenty reigns in every Field,
And Trade reſtores the Nation.

4.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,
And tho' none ſeeks to harm ye,
In time of Peace about you bear
Methinks a Standing Army.

5. Friend,

5.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,
The War's at length decided,
But 'gainſt ſuch tricking Blades as you,
'Tis good to be provided.

6.

Cenſorious Fame ſhall never ſay
That too much Faith betray'd me;
Who thinks of me to make a Prey,
Muſt at his Coſt nvade me.

i

7.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,
Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr,
The Sharpers, that wou'd me beguile,
Shall find they've caught a Tartar,

The Fable of *Apollo* and *Daphne*,

1.

Apollo once finding fair *Dauphne* alone,
Diſcover'd his Flame in a paſſionate (Tone;
He told her, and bound it with many a Curſe,
He was ready to take her for Better for Worſe.
Then he talk'd of his Smart,
And the Hole in his Heart,
So large, one might drive thro' the Paſſage a (Cart.

But

But the ſilly coy Maid, to the Gods great A-
(mazement,
Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt through
(the Caſement.

2.

He following cry'd out, my Life and my
(Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear.
You think me perhaps ſome Scoundrel, or
(Whoreſon,
Alas! I've no wicked Deſigns on your Perſon.
I'm a God by my Trade,
Young, plump, and well-made,
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the
(Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting be-
[hind

3.

I'm the Chief of Phyſicians; and none of the
(College
Muſt be mention with me for Experience and
(Knowledge:
Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its Name I
(can call,
And do more, than the beſt Seventh Son of 'em
(all.
With my Powders and Pills,
I cure all the Ills,
That ſweep off ſuch Numbers each Week in
(the Bills.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the
Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

4. Beſides

Beſides I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-garden.*
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of (Wit,
I ſet my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit.
I'm at *Will's* all the Day,
And each Night at the Play;
And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay.
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled (her Speed,
And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable freed.

7.

Now had our wiſe Lover (but Lovers are blind)
In the Language of *Lumbard-ſtreet* told her his (Mind,
Look Lady what here is, 'tis plenty of Money,
Odsbobs I muſt ſwinge thee, my Joy and my (Honey.
I ſit next the Chair,
And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,
Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can com- [pare.
Tho', as wrinkled, as *Priam*, deform'd as the (Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been (civil.

A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H——,

On his being a Cuckold.

SIR,

I Am none of the best Comforters in the World; however, yours is so common and easie a case, that any one may set up for a Doctor, and pretend to prescribe Remedies for it. You send me word, you are a Cuckold, and desire my Advice upon the Matter: Why, is this a time to complain of Cuckoldom? You ought to have reconciled your self to that point long ago, before you ventur'd into the Holy State, and not to mortify with the thought on't now, when you can't help your self. A Soldier should consider before he lists himself, how he can bear the Loss of an Arm or Leg; if he meets with an unlucky Shot, 'tis but the Chance of War, and if he comes off in a whole skin, 'tis more than he cou'd expect, and Providence used him better than he deserv'd. The Oracle in *Rablais*, to which you are no Stranger, long ago declar'd, *That every Married Man either has been, or is, or will be a Cuckold*; and cou'd you ever hope to elude an Oracle? For my part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every Post: You have been long Jealous of your Wife, and now it comes home to you, for Jealousy does as naturally ripen into Cuckoldom, as a Caterpillar into a Horned Insect, call'd a Butterfly. However, you have got this by the Bargain, that it has cured you, God be thanked, of your Jealousy, which is one of the worst Tormenters a

a Man can have; and who would not bear with a ſawcy Companion to get rid of the Devil. But after all, what you complain of is no Diſgrace, you ſhare it in common with the *Cæſars* and *Pompeys*, and moſt of the Hero's of former Ages, and with the *N*——— and *M*——— of this, beſides an infinite number of Dukes, Marquiſſes, Earls, Biſhops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Arch-Deacons, Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls; and who wou'd regret to be joyn'd in ſo good a Company?

But *your Family's diſhonour'd*, and ſo, perhaps, it has been Twenty times ſince the Conqueſt. I told you before, I had no extraordinary Hand at Comforting. A thouſand other Families have been ſubject to the ſame Calamity, and why you ſhould expect to fare better than your Neighbours, I don't underſtand. *But if I had deſerved it from my Wife.* Why, ſo much the better ſtill: Other People uſe to comfort themſelves in their misfortunes, by reflecting upon their Innocence, and why ſhould not you? If your Wife has a fancy to go to the Devil, let her ne'er loſe her Longing: rather than that ſhou'd happen, do by her as *Charles* the fifth is ſaid to do by a flying Enemy, build her a Bridge to go thither.

Well, but *what would you have me do?* you ſay, *Job*, and *Plutarch*, and *Seneca*, have been ſo often preſcrib'd to People in your Condition, that I won't offer them to you. My Advice is then, that you'd come to Town, as ſoon as you can, and take a Lodging in *Cheapſide*, or near *Whitehall*, and there, I'll paſs my Word for't, you'll be thought no Monſter; tho' you unmannerly Folks in the Country ſtare are at a Cuckold, as much as here we do at a King's Evidence juſt after a new Plot, yet *London*'s a civil place, and we think him no Prodigy here. But if your Affairs won't give you leave to come to Town, my next Advice is, to retaliate upon your

Neigh-

Neighbours, plant Cuckoldom as thick as you can in your Hundred; and for that End, get in with the Aunts, the Nurſes, and Midwives; but above all, ſecure the Church, and get the Clergy on your ſide. When your Numbers are grown pretty conſiderable, make a Deſcent into the next Hundred, and ſo on, till you have made the whole County of a Piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the reach of Scandal, your Multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably as we do here in *London*. But *what ſhall I do with my Wife?* I have already told you; Build her a Bridge, and loſe no time.

I am,

Your Loving Couſin,

T. B.

To W. Knight, *Eſquire.*

Written in the time of the Froſt, Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,

'TIS a ſign I am never weary of keeping a Correſpondence with you, ſince I can afford to do it at this terrible Juncture, when the Ink friezes as I write: But you muſt expect nothing elſe from me but what you would hear in every Coffee-houſe, were you in Town, and that is, to be entertain'd about the Froſt. The common People here are of Opinion, that the Northern Monarch, who has done us the Honour of a Viſit, has brought his own Country Weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good Inſtance; for they remem-

ber, that when the *Morocco* Ambaſſador was here, we had the hotteſt Summer that ever was known. Thus, according to theſe merry Philoſophers, every Foreigner, that comes to ſee us, takes care, like *Nicholas* in the *Virtuoſo*, to bottle up ſome of the Air of his own Climate, and retails it among us here.

It has been a general Complaint, that all the Seaſons but Winter have been of late inverted. Mr. *Flamſted*, you know, has pretended, that the Sun has been out of Order this good while; and a Friend of yours, who loves dearly to ſit up a-Nights, being asked what was the Reaſon, that he never ſaw him, replied, that he cou'd not endure to ſee ſick Folks. 'Tis no Wonder that he can do no more in *January*, ſince for eight Years laſt paſt, he has not been ſcarce able to maintain his Summer Quarters, and Winter has had the Impudence to bully him even in his own Dog-days. Indeed, if he decays in Proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have Mercy, ſay I, on Dr. *Burnet*'s Hypotheſis of the *Charterhouſe*, for he'll be no more able to cauſe a general Conflagration, than *Parr* was to get a Baſtard in the Hundred and Fifty Second Year of his Age.

But to leave off theſe Metaphyſical Contemplations.— If this ſevere Seaſon laſts many Days longer, it will as effectually by the Orthodoxy of Peoples Conſtitution, as the new A——— concerning K. *J*——— will ſhew who is *Stanch* to the Government, and who not. We uſed to ſay in the late Reign, that if Popery proved to be long-lived, 'twould ſoon be found, who were in the Intereſts of the Whore of *Babylon*. But this Froſt, I conceive, will make truer and juſter Diſcoveries; for a Man, if he's wickedly inclin'd, may play a thouſand Tricks with his Faith, and no body be the wiſer; but the Devil is in him if ſuch ſearching

Weather

Weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquiſition) does not extort very unlucky Confeſſions from his Carcaſe, eſpecially if in his younger Days he ſtudied Natural Philoſophy in *Covent-Garden*. I can't tell how it fares with you in the Country, but here in Town Water is ſcarcer than its oppoſite Element, Fire.

A Friend of mine happen'd, yeſterday, to be in a Tavern Kitchin near the Cuſtom-houſe, and complaining of the cold; Lord, ſays a Sea-Captain to him, this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt, no more, as God ſhall judge me, than a Tooth-picker is to the Mainmaſt of the *Britannia*. I made the North-Eaſt Voyage with Captain *Wood*, and have been in a Country, Sir, where they don't bury between *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*. What, ſaid my Friend, don't the People die all that Time? Yes, a Pox on them, they die faſt enough, but the Ground is as hard as a Flint, and they are forc'd, in their own Defence, to pile up their Dead Folks in the Belfry, as we do Faggots in a Wood-yard, and tye pieces of Paper about their Necks, for all the World, Sir, (as your good Houſewifes in the Country do about their Cordial Bottles) to know them again, and ſo they bury them at Spring of the Year. Sir, ſays my Friend to him, you ſeem to be an honeſt Gentleman, and I don't doubt but what you tell me is true; for I, in my Time, have been a piece of a Traveller, and have paſs'd a Month or two among the *Samoeids*, where it is ſo exceſſive cold, that, as in *Italy* and other hot Countries, they forbid the Prieſts to Preach out of the *Canticles* during *July* and *Auguſt*, for fear of putting ſome odd Whimſies into the Heads of the People: So here, the Patriarch of *Moſco* forbids all the Clergy, under pain of Suſpenſion, not to make the leaſt mention of the Roaſting that is us'd in the other World, leſt they ſhou'd ſet all their Congregations a long-

ing to be there. In ſhort, noble Captain, the Parſons take as much care to conceal the Doctrine of H—ll Fire, for the Reaſon above-mention'd, from the poor Inhabitants of this Country, as they do the Bible from the Laity in *Spain*. The Captain graciouſly thank'd my Friend for his News, and ſo they parted.——

One wou'd be apt to imagin 'twas in ſuch Weather as this, that *David* pen'd the Pſalms, where he adviſes People to look to their Ways. The Streets are ſo exceſſive Slippery, that a Man runs through half the Dangers of an *East-India* Voyage, in paſſing only from *Temple-bar* to the *Change* in a Coach, and if he ventures it on Foot, he's oblig'd to walk with the ſame Precaution upon the King's Highway, as your Fellows in *Bartholomew-Fair* manage themſelves upon the high Rope. For want of obſerving this Direction, a Country Gentlewoman t'other day met with a ſad Miſchance at the corner of *Fetter-lane*, for up flew her Heels, and off came her Commode, and ſhe unluckily diſcovered a hideous breach in her Fabrick, at which two Foot-Soldiers ran away in a Fright, and a grave Citizen that paſſed by was exceedingly ſcandalized. The Phyſicians and Chirurgeons however are no Loſers by this Seaſon, for what between Phthiſick and Fever, (which really make a handſome Figure in the Weekly Bill) and thoſe providential Bleſſings call'd broken Arms and Legs, both Profeſſions find as much Imployment, as Dr. *Oates* will tell you the Pimps had at *Whitehall* in the Reign of King *Charles* II. Our Divines need not be overnice as to what they Preach; for there is ſuch everlaſting barking in the Churches, that tho' the Parſon had the Lungs of twenty Trumpeters, yet 'twere impoſſible to underſtand a Syllable he ſays. Some Phthiſicky old Gentleman leads up a Cough, his next Neighbour immediately takes the hint from

from him, a third purſues it, and ſo the Snow-ball rowls merrily on, till at laſt the whole Congregation joyns in the Chorus, and one ſide of the Church anſwers the other as regularly and harmoniouſly, as two contending Nightingales in a Hedge, or the Vicars in the new Quire at St. *Pauls*. The *Thames* is in great Danger of being made a Captive, and of wearing Fetters, which he generouſly endeavours to throw off every Tide; and never was ſo true an Emblem as now, of that noble ſpirited Iſland, of which he is the Defence as well as Ornament, which can never have Chains put upon it of any Continuance.

I am ſorry to find by your laſt, that your Neighbour Mr. *H*——— grows Fat upon Marriage, for I don't ſee how he can anſwer it to his Conſcience. Marriage is a Lean, Hungry, Craving Soil, on which he that can fatten, may raiſe an Eſtate in *Scotland*, or recover from an Ague by removing into the *Hundreds*. Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory tells us of a Biſhop, that ſuſpended one of his Prieſts for no Crime, but becauſe he had a double Chin. That Prelate cou'd not be perſwaded, that his Curate Preached and Pray'd, and minded the Buſineſs of his Pariſh, ſo long as he carried ſuch an unapoſtolical Badge about him. Pray acquaint your Friend Mr. *H*——— with this Adventure of the double Chin, and tell him from me, that neither Canon, nor Civil, nor Common Law, will juſtify him in making a *Sine Cure* of his Wife.

I am,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Tho. Brown.

SOME REMARKS UPON Marriage.

By Mr. BROWN.

Marriage being the Port, or Haven, at which moſt of the Sons and Daughters of *Eve* deſign to touch, ſooner or later; 'tis no Wonder, that People are univerſally curious, to know how this tickliſh Ceremony is perform'd in other Countries. We find here at Home, that the firſt Place in the Common-Prayer-Book, that young Maidens generally dip in, is the Service of *Matrimony*. I once knew a raw Girl, that cou'd readily make all the Reſponſes in that Office, before ſhe could Anſwer to one Queſtion in her Catechiſm. Which occaſion'd her Father, who was a grave old Gentleman, to wiſh, that thoſe of her Sex would take as much care to prepare themſelves for their latter, as for this their firſt End; for ſo it proves to moſt of them.

It has been frequently ſaid, that *Marriage* and *Hanging* go by Deſtiny, but for my part, I am no Predeſtinarian; neither do I believe, with the reſt of the World, that *Matches* are made in Heaven, any more than I believe that all Oxen are bought and ſold there, before they come to *Smithfield* Market. But tho' I am no Admirer of Deſtiny, as I ſaid before, yet I would not have any one infer from thence, that I believe there's no manner of Reſemblance between *Hanging* and *Marrying*: For *Hanging*, with Reverence be it ſpoken, as well as *Marrying*, is perform'd by tying a Knot, which Death only diſſolves; and they agree too in this particular, (which is more ſuitable to the Occaſion of the Book) that all civiliz'd Countries in the World obſerve different Faſhions in one no leſs than the other.

The Roman Catholicks make a Sacrament of *Matrimony*, and in Conſequence of that Notion, pretend it confers Grace. The Proteſtant Divines don't carry Matters ſo high; but ſay, this ought to be underſtood in a qualified Senſe, and that Marriage ſo far confers Grace, as, generally ſpeaking, it confers Repentance, which every body knows is a ſtep to Grace.

It muſt be confeſs'd on all hands, that *Marriage* is the moſt ſerious Action that a Man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our Later End, with Fear and Trembling. For this reaſon, I cannot endure to hear People paſs their ill-natur'd Jeſts upon ſo holy an Ordinance. If it is a Man's good Fortune to meet with a good Wife, he ought to date his Happineſs in this World from that very Moment; and if ſhe proves not as he deſires, he ought to look over the Catalogue of his Sins, and interpret it as a Viſitation, or at leaſt to take it patiently. For my part, commend me to that Gentleman, who having married a Lady of an extraordinary Capacity, never complain'd of his Fate,

Fate, nor made his Spouſe uneaſy, but honeſtly thank'd GOD, that now he had a Hole to put his Head in.

The Ladies that read a Book call'd *Marriage Ceremonies*, will find ſufficient reaſon to thank Providence, that they were born in ſo good-natur'd an Iſland as ours is, where the Preliminaries to Marriage are nothing near ſo moroſe and ſevere as they are in ſome places in the World. To give an Inſtance of this, our Author of the *Marriage Ceremonies* tells us, *p.* 51. *among the Sabrians* (a ſort of Mungril Chriſtians, that live on the Confines of *Perſia* next *Turkey*) *the Parties meeting together at Church, the Miniſter makes the Bride ſwear before the Women, that ſhe is a Virgin.* As ill an Opinion as the World unjuſtly entertains of our Females, I am very well ſatisfied, that there are above Forty Thouſand Conſcientious Wives, within the Bills of Mortality, that would have loſt all, before they would have taken ſo raſh and inſnaring an Oath. How is it poſſible that a Woman ſhould poſitively ſwear to an imaginary Thing, which may be loſt (the Lord knows how) between ſleeping and waking? This I am ſure of, that no Husband was ever a jot the ſecurer, for preſcribing Arbitrary and Unlawful Oaths.

Yet as great a Hardſhip as this may ſeem to be, it is nothing in compariſon of Hardſhips practis'd in ſome Countries, even after the Nuptial Ceremonies are perform'd. Thus we find in the ſaid Book, *p.* 42. *that among the Greeks, if the Women find in the Bed the next day any Sign of a loſt Virginity, they make a great Feaſt; but when that is wanting, they ſay nothing, the Bride-groom ſending back the Bride to her Relations and Friends.* The ſame inhuman Cuſtom is likewiſe obſerv'd by the *Perſians*, as the Reader may ſee, *p.* 64. *by the* Moors *of* Morocco, *p.* 73. *the Inhabitants of the Kingdom of* Fez, *p.* 75. *by thoſe of* Algiers *and*

Tunis

Tunis *p.* 79, *by the* Spaniards, *who retain this Cuſtom from the* Moors, *p.* 22. *and lately by the* Jews *in* Barbary. As for the later, I don't wonder at it, to find ſuch Uſage among them, becauſe they were a ſtiff-necked People, that was always demanding Signs, and Tokens; nor among Infidels and *Mahometans*; but that any Chriſtians, that are happily freed from the Levitical Bondage, ſhould ſtill hanker after the old ſuperſtitious Leaven, is a matter of the greateſt Aſtoniſhment to me. I cannot but reflect with Horrour, how many Ladies in *England*, that now live comfortably with their Husbands, and are bleſſed with a numerous Iſſue, had been Shamefully diſcarded and ſent home, if ever ſuch an unrighteous Faſhion as this had got footing among us. It ſeems to argue a great deal of Cruelty in the Men, that they ſhou'd reliſh no Pleaſure, but what comes at the Expence of their deareſt Conſorts. But it is my daily Prayer, that Providence will protect the Free-born Women of *England* from ſuch bloody-minded Husbands.

But tho' the greateſt part of the World, are ſo extravagantly fond of Virginity, yet we find there are ſome People that have other Notions of things. Our ſaid Author, *p.* 88, acquaints, *That when one of* Conchin *Marries, whoſoever he is, he may not lie with his Bride the firſt Night, but is obliged to give her to a* Bramine, *who lies with her, and that they believe this to be a Favour and a good Omen.* I hope their Pariſhes in this Country are not of a large extent, otherwiſe the Prieſt has more Work upon his Hands than he will go through with, unleſs he keeps a Curate or two to relieve him, when Marriages come in thick. The Holders-forth of our Conventicles affect to be thought great Pains-takers, and really deſerve the Name, for their Bands will teſtify for them, both in the Dog-days, and out of the Dog-days, that they Sweat exceedingly. But, alas! what is this, if

Con-

conſidered in the ſame Scales with the Drudgery that theſe Prieſts undergo in their Miniſtry. I have often wonder'd that the Popiſh Clergy, that ſtand up ſo ſtiffly for the divine Right of Firſt-fruits, don't troop in ſhoals to this Kingdom, when they voluntarily pay ſuch an extraordinary Tribute to the Church.

'Tis obſervable, that in moſt Countries of the World this Ceremony is perform'd by the Prieſthood, who, if they equally pretended to the Power of *Looſing*, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Buſineſs upon their Hands than they cou'd well diſpenſe with. Only in *Turkey* Married People are join'd together by the *Cadey*, or Civil Magiſtrate, and here in *England*, in *Oliver*'s Time, by a Juſtice of Peace; the Reaſon alledg'd for it then was, that none was ſo well qualified to Marry others as he, who, by his Office, was impower'd to lay People by the Heels, and put them into the Stocks.

As I have already taken notice, *Virginity* is reckon'd ſo Eſſential to *Marriage* in ſeveral Countries, that the poor Bride is inhumanely diſmiſs'd, and ſent Home to her Relations, if ſhe be found defective in that particular; but, in this Author, we ſhall find, that all the World is not of this Humour. In *Pegu*, of the *Marriage Ceremonies*, p. 96. *The King, and thoſe of the greateſt Quality, lie not the firſt Night with their Wives, but admit others, and pay them Bountifully that will give themſelves the trouble.* With all due reſpect to our Women be it ſpoken, I humbly conceive, that one half at leaſt, of the Married Men in this Kingdom, if they would ſpeak their Minds freely, muſt do their Wives this Juſtice, as to own, that they ſav'd this *Porters Drudgery*, as a Monarch (not inferiour to *Solomon* for Wiſdom) rightly call'd it. Our Neighbours of *Scotland*, before they came to be civiliz'd, uſed to

lie

lie the firſt Night with the Bride, their Vaſſal; but now they have flung up ſuch a troubleſom piece of State, and make their Tenants drudge for themſelves.

We rail at the Church of *Rome*, and not without reaſon, for exacting Implicite Obedience from her Sons, but alas, what ſignifies it to take a few Articles upon the Credit of the Prieſt; but to take a Wife, as our Author tells us they do in *Muſcovy*, and other places, without ſeeing her once, or knowing what Defects ſhe may have, is ſomewhat hard upon the Subject. Heaven be prais'd, that here in *England* we are not forc'd to buy a Pig in a Poke; nay, there are ſome Married Men in the World, that were as intimately acquainted with their Wives before Marriage, as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free Government, and to have *Magna Charta* on one's ſide.

To conclude theſe Reflections, it is my hearty Advice, That all Unmarried Perſons wou'd chuſe themſelves proper Spouſes by the firſt Opportunity, in order to recruit thoſe numbers that have been deſtroy'd in the Wars, and not ſuffer their Talents to lie buried in a Napkin, for which they muſt ſeverely anſwer one Day. And as for thoſe that are Married, the beſt way they can take, as I preſume, is to live as eaſy as they can, and following the good Counſel of *Hobſon* the Carrier, ſo to manage themſelves, as not to tire before their Journeys end.

Another LETTER *to Mr.* H.....

Being a farther Conſolation on his CUCKOLDOM, *&c.*

By Mr. BROWN.

SIR,

I Find by your Anſwer, that my Advice had not that good Effect upon you which I expected. You ſtill complain of your Unhappineſs, and diſturb your ſelf and your Friends with Chimera's of your own creating. If I thought complaining wou'd make you a Farthing the better, I wou'd outweep a Church-ſpout, and out-lament a Widow that has bury'd three Husbands, and now laments for a fourth: Or if I thought you wanted any Spiritual Cordials, I wou'd ſend you a Cart-load of Sermons, to teach you that Patience which the Preachers of them cou'd never practice. But you are a *Malade imaginaire*, and *Moliere* wou'd ſooner bring you to your ſelf, than a Divine. In ſhort, think no more of the Viper that ſtung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what People do in *Spain* upon theſe occaſions; but what have you and I to do with them? Are we to regulate our eating by the Sots of *Lapland*, or to go naked in Complaiſance to the Salvages under the Line? Had you liv'd in

Spain,

Spain, perhaps I had preach'd Revenge to you, and out of great Concern for your Perſon, adviſ'd you to venture the Gallows, becauſe forſooth your Wife with the Sweat of her Brows had earn'd Damnation. But ſince you live in a Country where the People are wiſer, than to be enſlav'd by ſuch fooliſh Notions, pray ſuffer your ſelf to be govern'd by the Maxims of it. I tell you once more, Cuckoldom is no Scandal in our Nation, and if you were the Firſt and Ancienteſt—— in *England*, I cou'd ſay no more to you. If 'tis the Rarity that makes the Monſter, you'll never come within the number of them. 'Tis only the Marry'd Men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly ſpeaking, are the Monſters here, as in *Guiana*; 'tis not thoſe that have huge Lips and flat Noſes, but thoſe that have them otherwiſe, are really the deform'd.

The old *Romans*, who may be ſuppos'd to have had as juſt Sentiments of Honour as the niceſt *Dons* of *Caſtile*, were guided by wiſer Maxims. In caſe of Infidelity, the Wife was ſent Home with Infamy to her virtuous Relations, but no manner of Diſgrace reflected upon the Husband. *Pompey*, the Conqueror of ſo many Kings; *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence; and *Cæſar*, the Maſter of the Univerſe, had all of 'em Wives, that prov'd as errant Recreants as yours, yet we don't find that they thought themſelves a Farthing the worſe for it, or that they rail'd at their Stars, or flew into ſuch Extravagances as you do. *Cicero* in particular, that has written ſo many Conſolatory Treatiſes, to relieve a Man under all the Misfortunes and Accidents of Human Life, as Baniſhment, Poverty, the loſs of Friends, old Age, Diſgrace, and the like; yet never thought it worth his while to part with one ſingle drop of Comfort out of his Philoſophical *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle, to cure the Heart-burning of a Cuckold. And, *Jack*, ſhall it ever be ſaid, to the Infamy

ſamy of old *England*, that Heathens, Uncircumciſed Heathens, cou'd practice that Patience, which you, that, God be thanked, live under a meeker Diſpenſation, cannot reconcile your ſelf to.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that the *Romans* bore this with the greater Reſignation, becauſe they cou'd make themſelves Amends out of the Sex, and marry another Wife as ſoon as they had diſmiſs'd the former. On the other hand, I think 'tis happy for you that you live in a Chriſtian Country, where they won't let you cut your Fingers the ſecond time with a Knife, as long as the Inſtrument that wounded you laſt is in being. There's a Fable in *Æſop* that fits your caſe exactly, therefore pray liſten to it with due Attention and Reverence. A Shepherd kept a Flock of Sheep near the Sea, and obſerving it to be wonderful calm for a long time, had an itch upon him to turn Merchant-Adventurer; that is to ſay in plain *Engliſh*, a Gentleman liking the outſide of the Fair Sex well enough, picks out one to his Purpoſe, and reſolves to Marry. So he converts his Sheep and other Moveables into a Purſe of Money, buys a parcel of Dates, and puts to Sea. That is to ſay, furniſhes him a Houſe, provides a fine Suit of Cloaths, goes to *Dukes-Place*, and Marries. A Tempeſt ruffled him cruelly there, (this Tempeſt, *Jack*, by the by, is Cuckoldom) that he was forc'd to throw his Dates over-board to lighten his Ship; that is to ſay, his Wife was ſo damn'd a Thorn in his ſide, that he was forc'd to Drink her to Death, to get rid of her. And thus, with much ado, eſcapes to Shore, and returns to the old Place to follow his old Profeſſion; that is, breaks up Houſe-keeping, and lives privately, as he did before. A few days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the Gills; that is, ſome of the Sex ſmile and ſimper, as if they had a deſign to hook him into Matrimony again; a Plague take

take you, ſays he, for a Diſſembler: What, your Chops water for more Dates, I warrant; but I'll ſee you hang'd before you ſhall have any. I don't queſtion, *Jack*, but that there are twenty and twenty Women in your Neighbourhood that long to be fingering your Dates, but if you'll follow the Shepherd's Example, they ſhall all loſe their Longing.

Well, we have got over this troubleſome Point, and now nothing vexes you, but that your Wife ſhou'd run away with a Soldier, (a confounded Enſign I think you call him) and an ugly Fellow too. But this is the moſt fantaſtical Complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in mind of an *Iriſh-man* in the Civil Wars, that when he was going to be hang'd, ſet nothing to Heart, but that he muſt be truſs'd up in a Halter, and not in a Withe. If your Houſe was robb'd, I ſuppoſe it wou'd be all a caſe to you, whether it was a Beau or a Chimney-ſweeper, that did you the Honour to rifle you: And in your preſent Misfortune, what Relief wou'd it be to you, that a Blue-Garter planted your Horns, any more than a Blue-Apron, the Duce take me if I can ſee. But you, I find, are ſomewhat of *Beſſus*'s Humour in the Play, who comforted himſelf after a good Kicking, that his Honour had not ſuffer'd, becauſe in the firſt place 'twas a Lord that kick'd him, and ſecondly, 'twas done with a Spaniſh-Leather Slipper. In your next Letter I expect to find you Lamenting, becauſe the Fact was done under a Hedge, or upon a bare Floor, and not with the uſual Accommodations in a Bed. Once more, *the Fellow was ugly*: Why, ſo much the better ſtill, the Cockatrice of your Boſom will have the leſs to ſay for herſelf another Day, and that ought to be no little Comfort, *Jack*, to one in your caſe. Beſides, it juſtifies the old Saying, *That Subjects and Wives, when they revolt from their Lawful Sovereigns, ſeldom chuſe for a better.* As for her pitching upon a Sol-

dier to be her Gallant, I don't wonder at it. The Gentlemen in Red, and their Brethren in Black, have for ſeveral Ages been in Poſſeſſion of the Sex, the latter upon the Account of their Secrecy, which may be the Reaſon, perhaps, why they wear the Roſe, the Badge of Silence, in their Hats; and the other, upon the ſcore of the mighty Performances which the Women expect from them. The Ladies imagine them all to be Heroes, and as the Laity formerly believ'd, that Black conferr'd Grace and *Greek*, ſo they vainly think, that Red gives the Wearers of it Courage and Vigour above their Neighbours. If we may believe Antiquity, *Vulcan* had a broader Back than *Mars*, and was the ſtronger made of the two, yet the latter with the powerful Charms of his Embroider'd Coat and *Steenkirk* Cravat, ſo won the Goddeſs's Heart, that ſhe was eaſily tempted to Cuckold the poor Blackſmith. In ſhort, Women are like Mackarel, bait but a Hook with a piece of Red-Cloath, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the Chapter of Uglineſs, from which we have digreſſed, I told you before, 'twou'd make it the worſe for your Wife at the Re——on, but upon ſecond Thoughts, I don't know but ſhe may have a great deal to ſay for herſelf. You are a handſom Fellow, *Jack*, I own it, but perhaps have convinc'd her by ſorrowful Experience, that, as the Proverb has it, all is not Gold that glitters. Who can tell but your Wife has read Natural Philoſophy enough to know, that where the Ground was the roughеſt, the moſt unpromiſing Surface, there the richeſt Mines lye below.

After all, whether it is ſo or not, Variety is a mighty matter, and much may be ſaid on ſo fertile a Head. People love to alter their Hands, tho' it is not always for the better, a clear inſtance of this we find in *Plautus Amphitryo*. *Jupiter*, who

by

by the high Poſt he ſtood poſſeſs'd of, one wou'd think, ſhould have no groſs Palate, lies with *Alcmena* the very Night before ſhe was deliver'd of two chopping Infants. The Lady for her part was complaiſant, that's certain; but Women, generally ſpeaking, are not ſo refractory as Camels are, that when they have got their burden, riſe up, and will carry no more: So this is no great wonder. But what the Duce ſhou'd bewitch a Lover, that had the whole Univerſe before him, to make his Son *Mercury* Pimp for him for the ſpace of Twenty-four Hours by the Clock, to put himſelf to the expence of a Miracle, to make the Moon and the reſt of the Stars do double Duty, to keep back the Sun, and make an univerſal diſorder in Nature, and all to carry on a fooliſh Intrigue with a big-belly'd Woman? 'Tis agreed by all the *Dutch* Commentators, that he wou'd never have done ſo much for *Juno*, his Lawful Spouſe, in one of her moſt engaging Moments, with all the Advantages of Dreſs and Art to recommend her, much leſs under ſuch embarraſſing Circumſtances. What then may we imagine to be the Reaſon of it? Why, that partly Variety, and partly the itch of making a Cuckold, engag'd him in this Expedition. But all this while I forget that I am pleading for your Wife, like the Biſhop that was employ'd to write againſt *Luther*, and turn'd one of his Party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your Scruples, and endeavour'd to make you *rectus in curia*; but before I conclude, give me leave to tell you a ſhort Story. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance had a Tenant that rented about ſome 40 Shillings a Year of him: The Hutt he liv'd in was a ſad wretched Hole, made up of a few feeble Poles, cover'd with Mud, Dung, and Straw: 'Twas not to be mention'd on the ſame Year with a Crows Neſt, either for the Materials, the Convenience, or Architecture of it.

The leaſt puff of Wind ruffled it more ſeverely than a Hurricane does a Ship in the *Indies*. The Diſcharge of a Gun at a quarter of a Miles diſtance, wou'd give it a Tertian Ague for a Fortnight. Then as for the Furniture, it was all of a piece with the Building, half a ſcore Wooden Spoons, with a Platter of the ſame Metal, a broken backt Chair, and what they call'd a Bed, by a bolder Catachreſis than is to be found in all Mr. *Cleveland*. It was not ſo much as Furniſh'd with a Suit of *Grubſtreet* Tapiſtry; I mean, a ſet of Proteſtant Ballads, or the Devil tempting a *London* Prentice, or the Tanners Advice to his Children, or the Royal Family on Horſeback, to keep the poor Walls in Countenance. The Fellow's whole ſubſtance was a Bee-hive, half a Score Cabbages, and an Apple-Tree in the Yard, on the Succeſs of which he depended more than the Con———tes on that of a Campaign in *Flanders*: A Tit that ſharpt for his Livelihood on the Common, but as lean as a Projector's Footman; a Cow, whoſe Milk was Meat and Drink, and her Tail an Almanack to the Family; with a Cock ſtrutting at the Head of a Progeny; and a brace of Pigs Educated within-doors, and ſerv'd with as much care as the Heir apparent to the Cottage. His Muſick, when he came home, was to hear a litter of Young dirty Children ſquawling on one ſide of him, and the above-mention'd *Meſſieurs de Porcraugnac* grunting on the other, and his rank two-handed Spouſe (that never had a drop of Water touch her Face ſince the Parſon ſprinkled her at the Font, by the ſame Token even then it made her cry out) endeavouring to keep the King's Majeſty's Peace between them. Yet amidſt all this Poverty and Filthineſs the Fellow look'd merry, and in good Humour, ſnor'd as contentedly at Church as the beſt of his Neighbours, in an old *Sunday* Coat, that had outliv'd ſix Generations, ſtill whiſtled at his Work, and

what

what is more, without any of the Pariſh to aſſiſt him, once a Year got his Wife with Child, as if he breakfaſted every Morning on the Duke of *Buckingham*'s famous Broath. So his Landlord ask'd him what ſhift he made to keep himſelf ſo chearful and merry? Why Maſter, ſays he, when I think of ſuch fine Folks as your Worſhip, that ride in your Coaches, and eat and drink of the beſt, without doing any thing for it, why then, an't pleaſe you, I can't forbear curſing my old Father for begetting me under ſuch a ſtarving Planet: But when I conſider how few are in your caſe, and how many Millions in the ſame condition with my ſelf, if not in a worſe, why then I ſet my Hand to my Plough, and jog on as merrily as I can. *Jack*, this Story needs no Application; do but think of the Millions you have on your ſide, enough to confound the Turk and Pope, nay, to carry the whole World before you, if you knew your own ſtrength; do but think how many Noblemen and Courtiers you have to lead the Van, how many Cits to bring up the main Body, how many Soldiers to Fight, Lawyers to Plead, Phyſicians to Preſcribe, and Divines to Pray for you, and I dare engage you'll ſleep heartily upon't, and perſecute me with no more of your whining Letters: Who am,

Your humble Servant,

Tho. Brown.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Phyſician of my Acquaintance, that has heard of your Misfortune, call'd upon me this Morning, juſt as I had ended my Letter, and leſt my Advice ſhou'd fail of making a good Impreſſion upon you,

was ſo kind to ſend you the following Preſcription. If theſe Precepts won't Cure you, we muſt proceed to Topics, and one of the beſt Remedies I know, is what follows. When your diſcontented Soul labours with a little Brow-Anguiſh, take a Child's Coral, with Whiſtle and Bells to it, moiſten it with faſting Spittle, and rub your Forehead with it *ter in die horis Medicis*. It will make your Brow-Antlers cut eaſy, for ſome Cuckolds are as froward under the breeding of Horns, as ſome Children are under the breeding of Teeth. Once more Adieu.

A LETTER *to the Reverend* Mr.——— *in* SUSSEX, *Grazier, Phyſician* and *Parſon.*

I Have had a mind to write to thee this long while, but the Misfortune on't is, that a Man does not know how to accoſt thee, without being at the pains to conſult the Herald's Office. *Geryon*, of tripple-headed Memory, gave his Subjects, I ſuppoſe, the ſame trouble, who, when they came to deliver a Petition to him, found themſelves as much embaraſs'd, which of his Heads to addreſs to, as I find my ſelf at preſent, under which of your three Capacities I am firſt to conſider you. In ſhort, I am told, you have got three Strings to your Bow, that you are a Parſon, a Grazier, and a Phyſician. Now which of theſe is your top Profeſſion, I mean, that which brings you in moſt Money, the Lord knows: However, hoping the beſt ſtill of the Church, this comes to tell you, Reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good Fortune, and wiſh you all the Proſperity you can deſire. All

All your Friends here in Town are extreamly pleaſed at your grafting the Grazier upon the Clergyman. You have reduc'd things, they ſay, to their primitive Condition, and joyn'd two Trades, as the World makes them now, that liv'd peaceably together long before the Flood. The old Patriarchs, you know, were both Prieſts and Graziers, and had an equal Juriſdiction over their two-legg'd and four-legg'd Congregations. When Paganiſm got footing in the World, the caſe was ſomewhat alter'd; Then Sacrifices came in play, and the Prieſts and Graziers turn'd Butchers; which noble Imployment, ſome malicious People will tell you, their Succeſſors have kept up under another Diſpenſation.

But as for your joyning the Phyſician to the Divine, they are not ſo well ſatisfied. Some wonder'd why you wou'd take up a Profeſſion that lies under the Imputation of being in the Hands of Atheiſts: But Gentlemen, ſaid I, don't trouble your ſelves for that matter; for let a Parſon tack a Hundred other Profeſſions to his own, yet I'll engage, that like Oyl among other Liquors, the Clergyman will float uppermoſt. Beſides, who knows but it was your ill Fortune to live amongſt ſuch a Refractory perverſe People, as *Don Diego*'s were, that wou'd not knock off in any reaſonable time, but lived long, on purpoſe to ſpite their Relations, and defraud the Church of its Perquiſites. The Ropes grew mouldy, and the Bells were in danger of forgetting their Notes for want of Exerciſe, and the Graſs in your Church-yard, for want of being corrected by the Spade, grew ſo ſcandalouſly and enormouſly high, that the Arch-Deacon complain'd of it at the Viſitation. Then the poor Sexton, God help him, finding no Imployment from the Dead, was in a fair way to be ſtarv'd among the Living, and had as little to do as a Pimp at *Newmarket*,

when the C———t is not there: Then he and you, oh! I beg your pardon, Doctor, then you and he, under the Melancholy Yew-Tree that faces the Church-Porch, all-alone like Mr. *Dryden*'s two Turtles in the Siege of *Granada*, coo'd and murmur'd to each others Moan, and made as mournful a Conſort between you, as two Seamens Widows in a Brandy Shop near the Navy-Office. Husbands complain'd of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands, for ſticking ſo unmercifully long to one-another; and what is a dreadful thing to conſider, there had like to have been a general Inſurrection of all the young Fellows againſt their moſt unnatural Fathers for the ſame Account. To prevent theſe, and a thouſand other Inconveniences, I think it was very diſcreetly done of you, to ſet up for a Phyſician, and now I don't queſtion but the Bells troll merrily, the Ropes are made tractable with uſing, the Churchyard looks like a place of Buſineſs, and your Sexton can afford to treat himſelf with a Capon at Supper.

As I was reading *Caligula*'s Life t'other Morning, you came into my Head, I proteſt, and I cou'd not forbear to wiſh, that it had been your good luck to live under his Auſpicious Reign. That Emperor, who was not partial to his own Species, but heartily encouraged Merit where-ever he found it, whether in Man or Beaſt, 'twas the ſame thing to him; generouſly beſtow'd a fat Parſonage upon his Horſe *Incitatus*, whom, by the by, he deſign'd to make Lord-Mayor of *Rome* the next Year, but granted him, I ſuppoſe, a Diſpenſation to officiate by a Curate, becauſe the poor Brute had a natural Impediment in his Speech. So I was thinking with my ſelf, if this noble-ſpirited Prince cou'd preſent his Horſe to a rich Living, what Preferment wou'd he have refus'd to a Gentleman of your Ability, had you lived in *Rome* at that time. But you have prevented

vented all these Wishes in your Friends, by the wise Course you have taken to get Money; for the Devil's in't if three gainful Trades in *Confederacy* cannot make a shift to keep the *French* Wolf of Poverty from the Door. Some People, indeed, think you come within the Canon about Pluralities, but that is a Jest; they may as well call a double-Chin a Plurality, and then the Lord have Mercy on the Wicked, and give a Bear and Fiddle that scandalous Name, which wou'd touch the Copyhold of half the Curates in *Wales*. I wou'd fain know why the Incumbent, where the Benefice won't keep Body and Soul together, shou'd not be suffer'd to make himself Amends in some other Imployment, as well as your Mercers in a Country Village, to sell every thing, from Broad-Cloath and Sattin, down to Tape and Pack-Thread. Besides, all the World knows that the Reformation stript the Church of Confession, and several other advantageous Points, which kept the Laity in good Order; now what cou'd better supply the Absence of these things, than the Profession you have taken up, since we find the World is so wickedly given, that they have a greater Regard for their Transitory Bodies, than their Souls; so now if any of your Parishioners are obstinate, don't threaten 'em with the Ecclesiastical Court, but ply them with Pills, don't Excommunicate them, but give them Physick, for that will sooner send them to the Devil than the Censure of the C———h.

I, that am at so great a distance from you, please my self now and then with the Thoughts, that I behold you in your own Dominions, with as busie a Face as a Country Attorney standing at his Door with a brace of Pens in his Hair; sometimes I see you in the Pulpit knocking down Sin like an Ox, sometimes handling of Bullocks in the Market, and from thence sent for to feel the Pulse of a Farmer's

Plump

Plump Daughter *in ordine ad Spiritualia.* Then out comes the Clyſter-Pipe, and when that is Adminiſter'd, the Prayer-Book is lugg'd piping hot out of the ſame Pocket, to beg a Bleſſing upon't. The Harmony of Authors too in your Library muſt needs be admirable *Culpepper*'s Midwife, and Dr. *Sherlock* upon Death; *Harvey de Lue Venerea*, and *Burgeſs* of Original Sin; *Colebatch* of Acids, and *Twiſſe* of the Goſpel-ſweets; the Diſpenſatory and the Concordance, a Father and an Urinal-Monger. But what pleaſes me moſt, is to hear, that you are grown the Graveſt Perſon in all the Country. Whatever you do, keep to your Gravity, and that will keep you. Some People, I know, will call it Dulneſs, and to ſay the Truth, Dulneſs and Gravity like the two *Soſia*'s in the Play, reſemble one-another ſo much, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them, but no matter for that; ſtill hold to the Text of Gravity, for the topping Men in all Profeſſions are protected by their Gravity, as the Towns in *Holland* are by the Mud and Dirt about them.

Having been told of ſeveral of your Cures, I wiſh we had you here in Town, to ſhow a Piece of your Skill upon an old Acquaintance of yours, who is troubled with a dead Palſie on one ſide, which I am afraid he will never recover of till Death or you come to his Relief. I mean poor *Harry S*——— who has lately married the Widow *D*———. For my part, I can never ſee him, but I think of the Embalmer in *Herodotus*, that committed Fornication with a dead Body. St. *Francis*, that was forced to run into a heap of Snow, to correct the Inſolences of Nature, wou'd have turn'd as cold and motionleſs, as *Lot*'s Wife at the very ſight of her. A generous well-bodied Calenture, ſuch as they have under the Line, may perhaps put her Blood into Motion, but a common ordinary Fever can no more

warm

warm her, than you can roaſt a Surloin of Beef by a Farthing Candle. By this you may gueſs what a wretched Condition your Friend is in. If there is any thing in your Art, that can give this Gentlewoman a civil lift into the other World (for really ſhe is too good for this) you are deſired to communicate it, and beſides a good round Gratuity, *Harry* promiſes you ſhall Preach her Funeral Sermon; ſo that after you have deſtroyed her with your Pills, you may likewiſe murder her with your Oratory.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

Tho. Brown.

A LETTER *to Madam ..... kept by a* JEW *in* Covent-Garden.

AT my coming to Town, I was ſurpriz'd to hear two Things, That the Duke of *Savoy* had quitted the Confederates and gone over to the *French*, and (what ſtartled me more) that Mrs. *Lucy*——— had thrown off her old Chriſtian Acquaintance, and revolted to the Jews. Faith, Child, I could never have imagined, that you of all the Women in the World wou'd ever have choſen a Gallant out of that Religion, which clips and diminiſhes the Current Coin of Love, or could ever be brought to like thoſe People that liv'd two Thouſand Years on Types and Figures. But, perhaps, you fancy'd the Nation for *Sampſon*'s ſake, of brawny Memory. If you did, you are like to loſe your

your longing; for you may as well look for ſome of the Race of the two Giants at *Guild-hall* in *Cheapſide*, as for any of *Sampſon*'s Progeny in *Dukes-Place*. Some of your Friends alledge in your Juſtification, that you were wholly directed by your Intereſt in this Choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our Stateſmen and Senators, our Divines, Merchants, and Lawyers, act all upon that Principle; and why a poor frail Woman ſhould not be allowed the ſame privilege, I cannot ſee. So then, I find 'tis neither Circumciſion nor Uncircumciſion that avails any thing with you, but Money, which is in reality of all Religions, and you only put in Practice what your kind Keeper's Anceſtors did formerly in the Wilderneſs, that is, you fall down before the Golden Calf, which, the *Rabbies* ſay, was ſome excuſe for their Idolatry. Upon this foot I'll allow you to grant ſome Favours to your Old-Teſtament Spark, ſo long as his Pot of *Manna* continues full, and you find him like the Land of *Canaan*, flowing with Milk and Honey. However, in the mean time, conſider how his Predeceſſors ſerv'd the *Ægyptians*, and let it not diſturb your pious Conſcience to uſe him in the ſame manner. For your Comfort, all our Caſuiſts agree, that it is no more ſin to cheat a *Jew*, than to over-reach a *Scot*, or to put falſe Dice upon a Stock-jobber. And now, old Friend of mine, to tell thee the Truth, I have a great Inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the Reaſon: If thou hadſt kept ſtill within the pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another ſo intimately well before, that I ſhould have lain under no great Temptation to treſpaſs with thee. But ſince thou haſt admitted an Interloper into thy Boſom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his Quarters, and am reſolved to Cuckold this *Eleazar*, this *Aben-Ezra*, this Son of Circumciſion, only to ſhew my Zeal to Chriſtianity.

nity. Therefore meet me, dear *Lucy*, this very Evening in the Pit, for I long to know, firſt, how thou mad'ſt a ſhift to paſs the *Levitical* Muſter with him; and ſecondly and laſtly, to be inform'd, whether *Aaron*'s Bells make better Muſick than ours.

Adieu.

A LETTER *from a Gentleman in* Holland, *to his Friend in* England.

YOU may imagine I lead none of the moſt comfortable Lives here, when I tell you, that I am quarter'd in a little pimping Village on the Frontier of *Flanders*, where I have no Men to converſe, and no Women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect *Barbarian* to them, and ſo I believe I ſhould be, if I liv'd among them till Doomſday. For all I know, they may wiſh me at the Devil, and curſe me, when I fancy they are at their Compliments. However, this is no more temptation to me to learn their croaking Language, than I ſhould have, if I were marry'd, to imitate the jealous *Italian* in *Poggius*, who gelt himſelf on purpoſe to know whether his Wife was true to his Bed. Then their Liquor is ſo abominable, that there's no enduring it: rather than do pennance in ſuch vile ſtuff, two of my Soldiers are forc'd to fill their Guts with Water every Day, and then ſtand upon their Heads a quarter of an Hour together, to make themſelves giddy, which gives them ſome feeble Repreſentation of Drunkenneſs. In ſhort, I am grown ruſty for want of Exerciſe, and paſs away my time as uneaſily, as a poor Carp that has been us'd to

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range in a River, does in a little Ciſtern of Water at a Fiſhmonger's by *Temple-bar*. However, I could make a ſhift to bear the Brutality of the Men, if the other Sex made me amends, but i'faith they are cold to ſuch a degree, that neither Love nor Wine can unthaw them. I muſt needs own, I have the ſame Quarrel to the generality of your Women in *London*, as the Clergy have to the Laity, that is to ſay, they know too much; but a plague on't, the Females here have the contrary fault, and are ſuch flegmatic, ſtupid Creatures, that a Man muſt live the Age of a Patriarch among them, to teach them to fetch and carry. In ſhort, you may ſooner teach a *Laplander* Algebra. Tho' the *Virtuoſi* may be miſtaken in their univerſal Character, yet I thought Love had an univerſal Language, which was underſtood from Pole to Pole, and that he kept an Exchange in all corners of the Earth, where the two Sexes might barter their Commodities; but here it ſeems this Traffick is not practic'd, tho' they trade in every thing elſe. By Signs and other Motions, I can make a ſhift to tell them what I would eat and drink, but I cannot, with all that my Eyes can ſpeak, with all that my Fingers can expreſs, make the Women underſtand my meaning, ſo as to relieve my more preſſing Neceſſities. Looking once with a Languiſhing Ridiculous Air, as People in Love uſe to do, my Landlord's Daughter thought I was ill, and a Phyſician was preſently ſent for, (ſo I gueſs'd him to be, by the Clyſter-pipe hanging by his ſide) but I had the grace to refuſe the Civilities he deſign'd me. To try her yet farther, I put a Pledge into her Hands, which the Women in all other parts of the Globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the value of, but ſhe look'd upon it as unconcern'd as a *Cheapſide* Cit does at a Cuckold, and returned it me back, and yet the Wench was plump and handſome, was paſt twenty,

ty, and ſeem'd to be made of the ſame good-natur'd Materials with the Women in *England*. 'Tis a common Saying, but untrue, that no Nation is ſo barbarous, but Love and Religion have got footing in it. If we may believe our modern Travellers, the *Hotantots* have no Religion, and I have found, by ſorrowful Experience, that the *Dutch* Women have no taſte of Love; whether this proceeds from their natural Coldneſs, which produces the ſame effects here that Grace does in other places, or whether their Buſineſs, to which they are no leſs bred than the Men, proves too prevalent for all amorous Impreſſions, I can't tell; but this is certain, that as a Modern Author expreſſes himſelf, we find among theſe Pagan People *un certain uſuage de pruderie quaſi generalement etabliet je ne ſcaj quelle vielle tradition de continence, qui paſſe de mere en fi,le comme une eſpece de Religion*. In ſhort, if Love be a Deity, there are no ſuch damn'd Atheiſts in the World, as in this ſtrange Climate. 'Tis true, in other places thoſe of the fair Sex, may be too profuſe in their Offerings, but as the Divines rightly obſerve, Superſtition is better than Prophaneneſs. Thoſe few here that pretend to own his Power, pay their Oblations to him with as ill a Will, as a breaking Tradeſman pays his Taxes to the Government. It does not come from any generous Principle within, the Heart has no ſhare in the Sacrifice, and the Soul, which in other Countries loves to aſſiſt and go along with the Body upon theſe occaſions, is as unconcern'd here, as a Tradeſman's rake-helly Prentice at a Quakers Meeting. Not but that there are Whores and married Women too in this Country (which may ſeem to deſtroy what I have ſaid before) but the latter know no more what Gallantry means, than they underſtand *Arabic*; and the former are ſuch rampant Mercenary Devils, that they wou'd lick old

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Lucifer's Cloven-Feet for a ſingle Gilder. In ſhort, there's not one honeſt *Rahab* to be found among them to juſtify the Profeſſion, and Love has ne'r a Court in all the ſeven Provinces, where a man can be heard in *forma pauperis*: which is a ſad thing for us poor Soldiers, that are not over-ſtock'd with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, thoſe that paſs for Maids are ſuch inſenſible things, that one may ſucceed much ſooner in his Pretenſions elſewhere, than he can here make himſelf underſtood; or, to expreſs my ſelf in the Language of *Weſtminſter-hall*, one may get his Cauſe try'd, enter upon the Premiſſes, and levy a Fine elſewhere, before he can put in his Plea here, let him uſe all the Art he can. The young fellows are made of the ſame unthinking Clay, they ſometimes talk of the Flames of Love, but 'tis ſo as we at this diſtance of the Siege of *Troy*, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an Article of Faith with them, that no Evacuation is ſo refreſhing as a Belch, that nothing warms but Brandy, and that nothing is worth a Man's courting but Money.

Gueſs then what a diſmal Pennance I have undergone in this wicked place; but now, Heaven be praiſed, my Perſecution is like to be at an end, for next week we are order'd to joyn the Army at *Nivelle*, where I hope to meet good ſtore of Champaign, and to make my ſelf amends out of the Female Recruits that are arriv'd from *England*. Come Battel and Murder, Bloodſhed and Deſolation, Fire and Faggot; in fine, any thing but *Dutch* Women, and the Curſe of Sobriety. Thus prays

Your moſt obliged Servant.

The End of the Fourth Volume.